

February 20, 1932

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

5¢ a copy

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

10c in
Canada

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



SHIVELY

The Strange Attacks on Mr. Hoover - Page 7

EB. 20, 1932

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*"send up a taxi, quick!
I must catch the 8.02"*

A perfectly good car in the garage but-

This morning of all mornings—a few rumbling turns, a feeble sputter from the engine—then silence. It's a waste of time now to keep pressing on the starter, for long-drawn-out "wet" gas starts have weakened the battery. "Wet" gas vaporizes only partially in a cold engine. It resists the spark just as wet wood resists the match. Starting difficulties, oil dilution, engine trouble and repair bills are inevitable. The *new and better* Texaco is a "dry" gasoline. It forms a "dry" vapor, because it vaporizes *completely*. It goes into the

cylinders to work—not to waste. In the coldest weather it starts with the starter. *That* kind of gasoline saves your battery, your time—and your temper. No longer is safe lubrication threatened by excessive oil dilution. No longer are you paying the bills for "wet" gas troubles. **Your car was built to give you pleasure—*winter* and summer.** Start getting it today. Fill up the tank with *new and better* Texaco, the original "dry" gas. And for the finest in premiums, use "dry" Texaco-Ethyl. There is no better gasoline.



© 1932, The Texas Company

THE TEXAS COMPANY • Texaco Petroleum Products

The New and Better

TEXACO GASOLINE

for instant starts



"True to America's Finest Traditions"

Integrity—an invincible power all through life!

It is the power back of every one of the more than 2,600,000

Buicks produced during the past twenty-eight years.

It explains the extra value of the new Buick for 1932, priced as low as \$935, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.

A Buick through and through—with Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine, Wizard Control and big, roomy Body by Fisher.

So fine, so faithful that three people buy Buicks to every one who buys any other eight of comparable price.



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM . . . PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

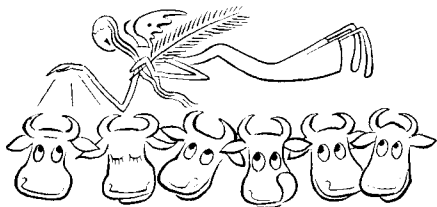


Next Week

WHEN Helen Stevens, the great American tennis champion, received from her grandfather Stephan Stephanovitch, absolute monarch of Illyria, that small (and practically unknown) Balkan kingdom, an invitation to visit him, she felt irresistibly drawn toward the wild, colorful and romantic country of her ancestors.

King Stephan was delighted. "Da bome," he exclaimed when he saw her, "what a queen she would make!" But there were other Illyrians with other plans—notably Crown Prince Milan. Helen, in fact, was basely plotted against and had it not been for John Brent, a lean and agile American oil man, and Arnim Radescu, a very polished mountain brigand, the worst would unquestionably have happened. As it was, however, opposition forces, amid the drum of machine-gun fire, the boom of heavy artillery and the scream of airplanes, moved for the control of Illyria. And love, as might have been expected, played the trump.

Mr. Arthur Train has captured these elements of romance and incorporated them in "The Unguarded Queen," the first part of which appears next week for your delectation and to the glory of Illyria, Mother of Eagles among the High Mountains. *Da bome*, what a story!



NOW you may visit any cow stable in Iowa without having your ears blasted, your heart broken or your better nature challenged by the fanfare of bugles, the bellows of bovine agony, angry words from the farmer and pacifistic purrs from politicians. The great cow war is over. You hear nothing but the musical ping of pure milk hitting the pail and the happy farmer singing This is the Missus—or something. Our roving Walter Davenport, turned war correspondent for the occasion, tells you all about it in "Get Away From Those Cows."

TO ALL those unheroic souls who go through life cravenly playing safe we dedicate the story of Elmer Gill. On one bright, brave day Elmer, who had resolutely avoided risk all his life, asked his boss for a bigger salary, deliberately drew one hundred dollars from the savings bank and proposed marriage to Miss Perrigo, his fellow employee. Then he went home to tell his stepmother what he had done—the most trying task of all. What changed Elmer Gill from a worm into a lion, from a side-stepper into a man of direct action? Nothing else but love, as you will learn from Hugh MacNair Kahler's amusing short story, "Swashbuckler."

THE rise of Gene Tunney really begins in his next week's chapter. Home from the war, broke, forlorn, his left arm giving him trouble, he besieges managers and promoters for a fight.

THOMAS McMORROW, S. B. H. Hurst, Owen P. White, Grantland Rice, Arthur Somers Roche, Freling Foster and others work every day till the cows come home.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

February 20, 1932

Cover—Paul Shively

Page 7—Arthur Train

THE STRANGE ATTACKS ON MR. HOOVER: Whence they come and what they amount to.

Page 10—Arthur Somers Roche

THE GRACIOUS LADY, Part II: Clayborne opens fire.

Page 12—Roark Bradford

THE MONEY MAZE: Explored by a dusky financier.

Page 14—Gene Tunney

A MAN MUST FIGHT, Part III: The championship of the A. E. F.

Page 16—Leona Dalrymple

ON THE LADDER: A gay romance.

Page 18—Alan LeMay

WINTER RANGE, Conclusion: Kentucky leads his trump.

Page 21—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

CAPITAL CHATTERBOX: What's being said in Washington.

Page 22—Grantland Rice

SAFETY FIRST: Hott Schmeling's viewpoint.

Page 25—K. S. Crichton

A FLOP IN DES MOINES: Sybil's cure for boredom.

Page 29—The Short Short Story

HOLE-IN-ONE: By Dana Burnett.

Page 32—Alexander Woolcott

HOW TO GO TO JAPAN: A travel lesson by our distinguished Orientalist.

Page 44—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Brightness out of the North and balm from the South.

Page 47—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: Factual *hors d'oeuvres*.

Page 58—Editorial

FAIR PLAY FOR THE PRESIDENT.

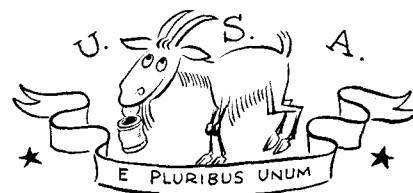


Any Week

MRS. GEORGE JUDD of North Platte, Nebraska, gives us a pat on the back for being "in sympathy with the working man." Madame, if we weren't we'd be traitors to ourselves.

"LET'S see," soliloquized Mr. J. George Thorpe of Chicago, "if I go bankrupt my creditors throw me out and appoint someone whom they can trust to take my place. But if a city goes broke do the politicians move out? They do not. They blame it on their taxpaying creditors. And the funny part of it is that the taxpayer stands for it. That's what's the matter with this country."

NOTICING quite a furor in our Fair Enough department, we investigated. We found that it had received a letter from Dr. F. M. Vessells of Perryville, Missouri, wherein the doctor contends that Congress has as much right to make an ass of itself as its critics have.



"AND I would like to suggest," goes on Mr. M. T. Howes of Roseburg, Oregon, who seems to have been reading the foreign news, "that Congress pass a bill making the goat our national emblem instead of the great American eagle."

MRS. ANNA B. CROAT of Bismarck, North Dakota, does not say that Collier's will save the country, but she does claim (and rightly, too) that whatever comes, Collier's will be "practically indispensable."

AS IF we hadn't trouble enough, along comes Mr. Charles Lent of Brooklyn, New York, suggesting that we "debunk college fraternities and sororities." Maybe we're growing timid but we'd think twice—yes, maybe thrice—before debunking even ourselves.

STILL we can't help shaking hands with ourselves now and then when we receive letters like Mr. Charles B. Dunham's. He writes from Albany, New York, that he travels all over the state and "in every nook and corner I find people reading Collier's. The inquiry meets you everywhere: 'Have you read so-and-so in this week's Collier's?' Then Collieritis breaks out throughout the gathering."

AND even the celebrated Doc John R. Brinkley of Milford, Kansas, can't cure Collieritis. When you contract that, you've got something. Like Mr. Gus Shaeffer of Milwaukee.

"You," writes Mr. Shaeffer, "give me a pain in the neck."

With spring just around the corner, too.

A
D E M O C R A C Y
I N I N D U S T R Y



IN THE PAST TEN YEARS the number of Bell telephone calls made daily in this country has doubled.

The American people do not double their use of anything unless it returns a dollar's worth of value for each dollar spent.

A telephone in your home costs only a few cents a day. Yet it brings to your service the use of billions of dollars' worth of property and the efforts of hundreds of thousands of skilled workers. Fair pay to the workers and a modest profit on this property is all you pay for. There are no speculative profits in the Bell System.

Everyone, from the president down, works for salary and pride of achievement.

More than six hundred thousand people are shareholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. There are shareholders in every state of the Union. About half of them are women. One out of five is a telephone employee. But no one owns as much as one per cent of the stock.

The Bell System, in the best sense of the word, is a democracy in industry . . . operated in the best interests of the people who use it.

A M E R I C A N T E L E P H O N E A N D T E L E G R A P H C O M P A N Y

OXYGEN



What Oxygen does to coffee flavor

- (1) Loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting
- (2) Coffee in old-fashioned cans or cardboard cartons loses 45% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting

All due to the attack of Oxygen—always in the air

IT'S THE AIR INSIDE THE PACKAGE THAT RUINS COFFEE FLAVOR!

in *any* coffee package cheats you of *flavor*



"What perfectly glorious coffee—only someone as clever as you could have made it."

"Oh nothing of the sort. I am clever enough though to insist on Maxwell House—it's the only way to get full flavor."



**Full
FLAVOR
Full
VALUE**

THURSDAY NIGHT

Don't forget to tune in on Lanny Ross and the famous Maxwell House Orchestra—broadcast over WJZ—N.B.C. chain, every Thursday evening, 9:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

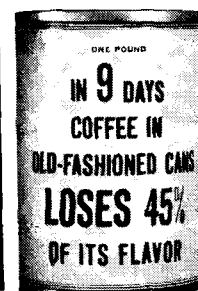
Only Maxwell House is completely protected against this coffee racketeer —by the VITA-FRESH Process

THE moment coffee comes from the roaster, Oxygen, in the air, attacks it—rapidly stealing away its flavor.

So, whenever you buy coffee, whether it is packed in paper bags, cartons, moisture-proof wrappings, old-type cans or vacuum, it's important to remember one question if you want to get the full flavor you pay for.

THE
FLAVOR
YOU
PAY FOR

THE
FLAVOR
YOU GET



The question: IS THERE AIR *INSIDE* THE PACKAGE?

If there is—coffee deteriorates, loses flavor.

If there isn't, coffee keeps its full flavor indefinitely.

Only one coffee is packed by the method that completely removes and excludes all trace of air (Oxygen) from the sealed can. That coffee is Maxwell House—packed by the new Vita-Fresh Process.

It's the same famous Southern blend of fine coffees that has delighted two generations of coffee lovers but it tastes finer—indefinitely finer than *any* coffee has *ever* tasted, as it comes to you with all its deliciousness intact.

Ask your grocer for a pound today. At the very first sip you'll discover what a world of coffee enjoyment you've been missing.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

The Strange Attacks on Mr. Hoover

By Arthur Train

Copyright, 1932, by P. F. Collier & Son Co.
Reproduction, in whole or in part, without
special permission is expressly forbidden.

All statements of fact made in this article have been verified by us from authentic records which have been made available to the author and to Collier's

THE EDITOR.

THE natural ambition of every embryonic American is to become President of the United States. Every young mother who fondly gazes upon her sleeping baby entertains the hope, however remote, that he may some day occupy the White House. The influence of this oftentimes unconscious ambition is a powerful stimulus to good citizenship. The familiar anecdotes of our national heroes heard in childhood—Washington refusing to tell a lie, Lincoln studying by flickering fire-light, Roosevelt leading the charge up San Juan Hill—inculcate ideas and values, as nothing else can, of honesty, industry and courage.

It makes no difference to the modern boy that the cherry-tree story is "bunk." Bunk or no bunk, he knows that Washington was an honest man and that Roosevelt was a brave one. They were. Without these qualities neither would have risen to the leadership of the nation. As reasonable human beings we know that they were human, as all men must be human, but we take pride in the qualities that gave them eminence. There is no fault to be found with "debunking" engaged in for an honest purpose. But if the purpose be dishonest the result is clearly detrimental to the public interest.

Hardly one of our Presidents—certainly none of our greatest—has escaped defamation of the vilest sort. Washington, Adams, Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland, Wilson, Roosevelt—not one but was "pierced to the soul with slander's venomous spear"—during life or by more cowardly assassins after death.

The height of infamy was achieved by the ex-convict who published a book, widely read, in which he falsely charged a dead woman with having murdered her husband, a former President—now frankly admitted to be an atrocious libel by the woman who acted as the author's amanuensis. Yet no action of any sort



Mr. Hoover in 1914, the chairman of the American Relief Commission

was taken against author or publisher.

Within the last six months a litter of scurrilous books have appeared attacking the President of the United States and purporting to expose his unfitness for his present high office. Scandal-mongers and libelers batten on one



*To Mr. Hoover.
With my feelings of deep gratitude for the eminent services he rendered to the Belgian people.*

Albert

October 1917

The signed photograph which King Albert of Belgium presented to Mr. Hoover in 1917

another. In the next six months we may expect to see other such books, all compounded out of the lies purveyed by the first.

Written with tricky art and apparently challenging libel suits, the authors evade direct misstatements of fact upon which such proceedings could be based, but accomplish their ends by malicious innuendo, deliberate false interpretation and poisonous generalities. These books are a mass of falsehoods, misstatements and totally unsupported assertions.

Irreparable Damage

But "slander lives upon succession," and accusation once made against a person in the public eye, even when recognized as false, may remain imbedded in the reader's mind, in spite of a retraction by its author. The original sensational libel is "news"—it's disproof is a matter of secondary interest.

The danger of this sort of stuff is that someone reading it will say, "Well, of course the part I read was rubbish, but there may be something in it." There is nothing in it. Not one of us who has been in active business for thirty years but could be made the victim of like unfounded misrepresentations.

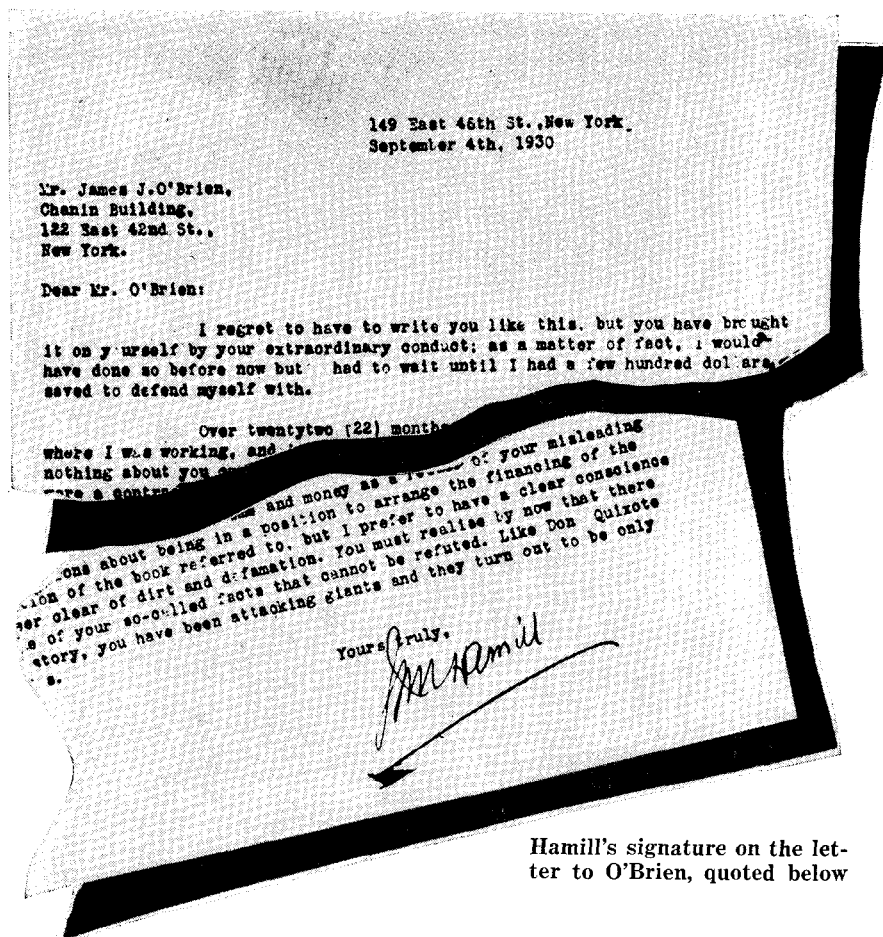
It is unthinkable that the President

could abandon his executive duties to prosecute criminal libel suits against every knave who may defame him. Moreover, should he yield to the temptation to do so, he would be accused of using the power of his office for purposes of private vengeance and of seeking unduly to influence the courts by his personal prestige. On the other hand, to initiate the punishment of his libelers by indirection, through possible prosecutions for the violation of Federal or local statutes, would be beneath his dignity and it would lay him open to the charge of seeking to evade the direct issue or the necessity of appearing as a witness.

Yet such atrocious falsehoods cannot be let go by default.

Someone ought to answer these attacks, and, although it is manifestly impossible by reason of mere limitation of space to reply to all of them, a few are so emphasized that they should be disposed of once for all. Since most of these books derive their material from the same polluted source, the supposedly "documentary evidence" contained in Hamill's *Strange Career of Mr. Hoover Under Two Flags*—a title cleverly suggestive of *The Strange Death of President Harding*—it may be taken as the protagonist of all of them.

The preface states that "some of the



Hamill's signature on the letter to O'Brien, quoted below

biggest publishers in the United States turned the book down." From the first pages, in which the author sneers at the little boy who "missed all the fun we have come to associate with the very thoughts of childhood" and his efforts to work his way through college "by collecting the laundry" of his more wealthy classmates, to the last, when he charges that Mr. Hoover and all associated with him in the work of Belgian relief "became rich by working for nothing," it is a venomous diatribe calculated to arouse the indignation of any fair-minded American, irrespective of party, who may read it.

Hamill, the author of *The Strange Career*—an alien, born in Liverpool—and James J. O'Brien, the ex-policeman who hired him to collect the data for the book, have quarreled and have aired their grievances against each other in the New York courts. It is a sordid story and hints at mysterious ramifications. Hamill has brought two suits against O'Brien for failing to pay him for his "material" and for withholding it from him; and O'Brien procured an injunction, since vacated, against the further publication of *The Strange Career* on the ground that he alone, and not Hamill, has the right to print it. In his sworn affidavits O'Brien claims that about two weeks before the last Presidential election Hamill sought him out in his office and that, on Hamill's representing himself as a qualified person, he employed him to go to England to see what he could find.

On his side Hamill says that he had a good job with a "Vent Lighter" company and had been working up the President's past career as a side line, when O'Brien called on him one day giving him "to understand he was quite some man; a very important figure politically; well fixed financially." Hamill says O'Brien hired him to go abroad to get the dirt, paying him sixteen hundred dollars. Hamill went over, spent a lot of money, sent O'Brien some highly dubious stuff, came home broke, but "confident that we had nothing to do but write out the material and make barrels of money."

Incidentally, O'Brien has stated that he expected to sell fifteen million copies

of the book at a dollar a copy. Soon, however, each began to suspect that the other was double-crossing him. Hamill became frightened lest O'Brien—"editing" the manuscript—would run too close to the libel line and that they would both land in jail. In addition he wanted more money for himself. Why should O'Brien be in on it at all? So on September 4, 1930, he wrote to O'Brien, demanding the return of the material.

Hamill Spills the Beans

Here are the concluding paragraphs of his extraordinary letter. Those who are at all inclined to credit the fantastic accusations in *The Strange Career* should read it:

... I have fine tooth combed the life of Mr. Hoover and can safely state that there is hardly a month of the twenty years from 1897 to 1917 that I do not know where he was and what he was doing, and all this I have communicated to you.

During all this time you have kept promising as usual that you had arranged publication, or that it was only a question of a day or two, etc., etc. I now know that none of these statements were true. . . .

Meanwhile you wrote up some literature yourself, which I have seen and read, and which is, in my opinion and to my knowledge, nothing but a farrago of nonsense and a cruel, wicked and a malicious libel on the President of the United States.

Now I want to make plain to you that the documents I obtained in England were obtained at my expense and are my property; they were intended for a compilation of a true and accurate account of the life of Herbert Hoover, and were entrusted to you so that you could arrange publication, and for no other purpose, and I object to them being used for purposes of slander and libel, and I object to you keeping them in a place of concealment from me, their rightful owner, and I will instruct a lawyer to demand discovery and production of these documents, which I have grave reason to fear may fall into evil hands, judging by some of your associates, whom you have many times described to me as crooks.

Furthermore, some of these documents I entrusted to you were stolen. You have had them in your possession over a year. You knew they were stolen then and you know they are stolen now. You know which ones they are: They include the Office Copies of the Supreme Court of judicature, 2 or 3

Somerset House documents, and 11 volumes of Reports on the Relief of Belgium. Many a night's rest I have lost over these papers and I have finally decided to clear my name in the matter, no matter what it costs, and must ask you to return me these papers and books by Friday, September 13, 1930, at the latest, to my office at Room 830, 15 Park Row, New York, by messenger between the hours of 9 A. M. and 6 P. M. and not otherwise, so that I can restore them to their rightful owner. Should you fail to do so, I shall be obliged, much against my will, to take very serious steps, and you know what that means.

Still further, the only thing genuine about some of these papers is the paper they are written on, you know what I mean, and I have told you so a score of times, and yet in spite of that you have, to my knowledge, recklessly sent through the mails a copy or extract from one of them to various senators in Washington, thus, I have been told by a lawyer, publishing a libel and forgery in the district of Columbia. And yet, any one with the slightest intelligence could have seen that this particular document was a forgery from the numerous errors of fact it contains as regards Kingsley, Tenney, the steamer, the family that did not exist, and most important of all that the party who is supposed to have made it was in Australia at the time, having left London on September 23, 1904. I understand that the authorities in Washington have a copy of this precious document of yours, which they must have received from one of your friends. I must, therefore, disclaim having any connection whatever with this alleged publication of libel, for I have no desire to spend the rest of my days in the penitentiary for aiding and abetting the publication of a lie or for *Conspiracy* to publish a libel. You know what that means, too.

Still further, the "book" you talk so glibly about to all and sundry, has been written almost in its entirety by me, as I can easily prove from copies of part of it in my possession, and from statements of fact in citations that are incorrect, some of them from papers that never existed, and which I have deliberately inserted in case such circumstances as these should arise. However, as the additions you have made are, in my opinion, the crudest kind of libel, I object to your printing, publishing or copy-righting, or attempting to print, publish or copyright anything I have written, in connection with any libel, or to your using any of the documents I have entrusted to you in any such attempt at libel, and I will take all steps legal or otherwise to prevent it, as long as I know that it is a libel.

Finally you know that no decent publisher or individual would touch this material as it is, and that at best in its present form it can only serve for attempted blackmail of which I absolutely wash my hands.

I have lost a lot of time and money as a result of your misleading representations about being in a position to arrange the financing of the publication of the book referred to, but I prefer to have a clear conscience and steer clear of dirt and defamation. You must realize by now that there are none of your so-called facts that cannot be refuted. Like Don Quixote in the story, you have been attacking giants and they turned out to be only windmills.

Yours very truly,
JOHN HAMILL

O'Brien refused to return the stuff, so Hamill went over to the New York Public Library, dug out most of it again (where he could have got it in the first place), dressed it up and took the manuscript around to one Samuel Roth, alias William Faro, Inc., a native of Austria, thirty-five years old, but now a naturalized

citizen of the United States, and a publisher and dealer in obscene literature who has served two terms in prison. A lawyer was called in and after a considerable toning down of certain parts of the book, it made a surreptitious appearance, offered by mail to the *Faro* "list."

"Herbert Hoover, Englishman"

The character of this "evidence"—illustrated by the author's selection of his frontispiece, a photograph of "Mr. Hoover dining with friends in Australia under the Union Jack," for the purpose of proving that Mr. Hoover was an Englishman because at the age of twenty-four he was working in Australia for a British firm of engineers—is about as conclusive as a claim that any reader of *Collier's* who attended a banquet while traveling in Poland must therefore be a Pole. Similarly, the fact that Mr. Hoover maintained a home in London, from which he directed the Belgian Relief, and, when he came to America in 1917 to take up his work as Food Administrator, registered as a dinner guest at a New York club as "Herbert Hoover, London, England," is made the basis for the statement that he "was an Englishman" and came over here "to serve British, not American, interests." As Mr. Hoover was at that time a resident of London, engaged upon public service, he could hardly register as being from his California home at Palo Alto. Yet later on the author, oblivious of the inconsistency, declares that "the Belgian Relief was organized to keep Germany in food" and that "Hoover's appeals and statements broadcasted throughout the world, for the purpose of tapping the fountain of human charity allegedly for the Belgians, were in reality to keep Germany supplied with food." Strange object indeed for any "Englishman."

This apparent confusion is explained to the author's own satisfaction by his vile assertion that this man who conducted the relief of Belgium, and afterwards of war-devastated Europe for five years, without salary and paying every cent of his expenses, including travel, out of his own pocket, seized this opportunity to make millions for himself and his associates! "The prospect



Herbert Hoover at 27

was a new and marvelous one for Hoover. . . . Here was a source of wealth he never dreamed of—a mine deeper and richer than any ever explored by pick and shovel—the heart of the world!”

According to Hamill, “the simple, bald truth is that Hoover had nothing to do with the organization of the Belgian Relief at all, that Belgium did not need food relief other than ordinary soup kitchens that existed even here in times of dislocation of business. The whole scheme was planned by Germany for the purpose of securing the enormous food supplies of Belgium. The Belgian Relief, regarded by Belgians as a nuisance rather than a savior, was the cause of prolongation of the dreadful war with all its horrors and miseries and the loss of millions of lives, including our more than 126,000 brave American boys.”

The “Murder” of Edith Cavell

Edith Cavell (whom Hamill charges specifically with being a British spy) knew all about it. Hence, because she might tell—had, in fact, told—“it was up to the Germans to find out who was informing the British government of the leakage in the relief supplies.” Hamill then by innuendo accuses Emile Francqui and the Belgian National Committee of conniving at her execution by furnishing her with a lawyer who would plead guilty for her to the charges of “conducting troops to the enemy.” But, according to the author, the charge was “merely a blind.” “They did not want to try her on a charge of spying and let the facts come to life . . . she knew that the ‘relief’ meant to Germany all the difference between victory and disaster. So she was suppressed. She knew too much about wheat and lard, rice, beans and peas, and she was ‘put on the spot.’ She stood in the way of ruthless men.”

Hamill charges our minister, Brand Whitlock, and his secretary, Hugh Gibson, with indifference to what was to come—and by inference, far worse. He then says that one word from Hoover might have saved her! But Hoover did not want to save her! Oh, no! And then Hamill pictures his own victim “swinging out of the porch gate of his London home—to catch the underground for

the city. At the street corner he snatches a paper from a newsboy. Across the page is splashed in huge letters: The Murder of Miss Cavell. Horrors, the whole terrible stink was out!”

Well, it is out now, at any rate! We know who murdered Edith Cavell. . . . Herbert Hoover, assisted by Vernon Kellogg, Brand Whitlock, Hugh Gibson, Edgar Rickard, and—why not?—Woodrow Wilson!

It is with disgust and indignation that one attempts to formulate, out of such a mélange of insinuation, charges which the author himself carefully avoids making definite. Yet in order to refute them it is, unfortunately, necessary to reiterate them. The incidents in Mr. Hoover's imaginary past upon which the strange author of *The Strange Career* devotes most of his literary effort are Belgian Relief, the Zinc Corporation, the Burma Mines, the supposed employment of coolie slave labor in the Transvaal, the Chinese Mining case and the defalcation in 1902 of one of his partners, Albert Stanley Rowe, in a firm in which Mr. Hoover was also a junior.

The chapters on Belgian Relief accuse Mr. Hoover and all those connected with him in high authority of making huge profits out of the greatest benevolence in the world's history. Masses of statistics are served up purporting to support the assertion that not only was “starving Belgium” a myth, but that it was a fiction created to victimize Germany, and kept alive to enable Hoover and his associates to line their pockets with the savings of their fellow Americans given in charity. This atrocious charge is based on the fact that while the Belgian National Committee distributed the foodstuffs, clothing and

medical supplies, the Commission for Relief in Belgium, of which Mr. Hoover was the head, was vested with the function of raising the money, buying and shipping the food and attending to the banking end.

How Belgium Was Saved

Now, there were two classes of beneficiaries among the Belgians: (a) Those who had money but could not buy food; and (b), those who had neither food nor money. So long as there was no food to be had, one class was as badly off as the other. Either would starve unless food were obtained. Mr. Hoover obtained it. But in distributing it to those who were in need he naturally did not give it for nothing to such as were able to pay for it. By means of a carefully organized system, in conjunction with the Belgian National Relief, foodstuffs and other necessities were directly distributed gratis through free ration cards and soup kitchens and supply stations to the poor (class b), but the ration cards were sold to those who had the means to buy (class a). Moreover, food was sold at a profit, not only to cover cost of transportation and distribution, but to increase the funds available for the relief of those in destitute circumstances. Those Belgians who had money were thus induced to contribute to the support of their compatriots who had none. This marginal “profit” the author by innuendo would have his readers believe that Mr. Hoover stole!

To comprehend the workings of the vastest and most efficient charity the world has ever known would require months of study and the reading of several hundred separate reports. The results can be presented here only in

elementary terms. Those who care to inform themselves further may read the eleven volumes of reports of the Belgian National Relief, those of the Commission for Relief in Belgium; the Statistical Review of Relief Operations, by G. I. Gay, and Public Relations of the Commission for Relief in Belgium by G. I. Gay and H. H. Fisher—these last available in 800 libraries in the United States alone—in which every penny is accounted for, and from which all of Hamill's charges and insinuations may readily be shown to be false.

The accounts of the Commission for Relief in Belgium were audited and approved by the international firm of Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co., the actual books being kept by certified accountants appointed

by them. Moreover, the contributing governments of Belgium, Great Britain, France and the United States each maintained the most careful supervision through their foreign offices and secret services, as well as by employing their own expert accountants in checking and approving the reports. No more definite accounting system could be devised.

Every cent given by charitable people anywhere in the world to the Commission for Relief in Belgium was spent in charity, especially free meals for the needy. After the close of operations in June, 1919, the balances remaining were used for the benefit of the people of Bel-

gium and northern France, with the full and explicit consent of the governments of those countries—in Belgium for educational purposes and intellectual exchanges with this country, in France for child welfare.

Those who had a part in this great work, either as officers of the Commission for Relief in Belgium or as contributors, may well regard it as written in letters of gold upon the proudest page of our national history.

And yet this man has the unscrupulous audacity to accuse Mr. Hoover of “starving” the Belgians in 1917 by not properly rationing them. “The grave-diggers were busy that winter,” says he, “in the biting, cruel cold. What did Hoover care? Men had died for him in Australia, China, Africa, in Burma. What were a few thousand Belgians more or less? On with the racket!”

That the Belgians do not share Mr. Hamill's views of Mr. Hoover's relief work may be inferred from the fact that on August 1, 1918, King Albert, by royal decree, in appreciation of Mr. Hoover's “inestimable services” rendered to the Belgian population, conferred upon him the unique title of “Friend of the Belgian Nation.” On a wall of the White House hangs one of the President's most valued possessions—a simple photograph of the King of the Belgians in field uniform. It is inscribed “To Mr. Hoover, with my feelings of deep gratitude for the eminent services he rendered to the Belgian people—Albert.”

The Homage of Engineers

The author of *The Strange Career* seeks to convey the impression that practically every enterprise Mr. Hoover touched throughout his professional career was tainted with fraud, stock-jobbery and corruption; that he actually had no proper training and no reputation as a mining engineer (“Hoover, the rube, uncouth, uncultured, half-baked, half-educated” are his terms), and that even after his relief work in Belgium he was so totally unknown that when he was appointed Food Administrator in 1917 “not one member of the Senate or the House knew his record!”

If one were inclined to be jocular the query might suggest itself as to whether Hamill intended to reflect so much upon Mr. Hoover as upon Congress. Certainly if Mr. Hoover were the tyro in engineering the author alleges, it is remarkable that he should have been selected as the recipient of the Gold Medal awarded by the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America in 1914; that he received several other medals from engineering societies; that he was chosen president of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers in 1920, and president of the Council of Federated Engineering Societies in 1921, and elected honorary member of nearly all the American engineering societies before he came into political life.

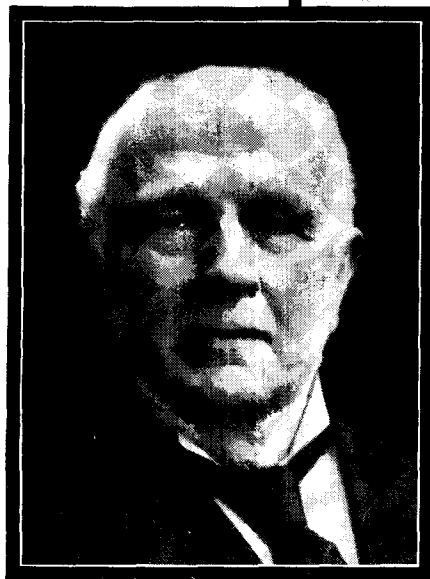
In two separate chapters—*The Zinc (“Stink”) Corporation* and *Tigers in the Jungle*—Hamill charges that Mr. Hoover flimflammed the stockholders of two great corporations and “froze out the original investors.” The facts are that Mr. Hoover in 1905 happened to be managing director of the Zinc Corporation, an Australian development, at a time when millions of tons of zinciferous tailings were lying in the dumps and regarded as worthless. He conceived the idea that they could be turned to account, bought millions of tons for his company and after much experimentation advocated the adoption of the flotation process, never before used. The decision was reached only after repeated failures in other directions, and

(Continued on page 51)



Tong Shao-yi (seated), former premier of China and chief stockholder of the Chinese Engineering and Mining Corporation, whose comment on Mr. Hoover's administration of his company's affairs is quoted in this article

© Van Dyk, London



Justice Joyce, who presided at the Chang trial in London, in which Mr. Hoover was a witness

The Gracious Lady

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

DEAN RESOLVE and Rita Clayborne, both of whom are prominent in New York society, are in love—and Rita has a husband, the profligate Sam Clayborne, with whom she is miserable.

Realizing that Rita can never be happy with Clayborne, Dean begs her to divorce the man and marry him. To give her time to think the matter over, he goes to Europe for six months. Returning, he receives a radio message: "Sweet of you, Dean, but I don't care for you enough to marry you." The message is not from the woman he loves—his "Gracious Lady"; it is from an old friend, Jinny Carpenter!

Mystified, Dean leaves the boat and, following an interview with his father, Sturgis Resolve, who warns him to beware of Sam Clayborne, goes to the Resolve home. A letter from Jinny Carpenter is awaiting him. Why on earth, she wants to know, had Dean cabled her a proposal.

Half an hour later, Dean is in the Clayborne drawing-room. Rita enters, seems overjoyed at seeing him, kisses him. Then—"Dean dear," she says, "I'm leaving for Reno tonight. I've spoken to Sam—he consented."

As they leave the room—both radiantly happy—Clayborne appears. "Ah, Resolve," he exclaims. "I thought I'd find you here. I want a little talk with you." Dean draws himself up. "I," he replies, "want no talk with you." "Afraid?" sneers Clayborne. Dean smiles. "No," he says calmly. "I'm not afraid."

Clayborne, pale with anger, is silent for a moment. Then—"Well, Mr. Resolve," he snaps out, "you better be afraid!" And, his face twisted into a queer grin, he moves a step nearer the man his wife is preparing to marry.

II

RESOLVE felt a sudden weakness. It was like that queer moment of panic he sometimes felt just before the start of a race, when doubts of his ability as a skipper leaped into his mind, and when it suddenly seemed that his muscles were flaccid and unresponsive to his will. It had never been fear, this moment of panic; it had been, rather, a conceit that made him dread possible failure, possible derision.

It was not, this moment of panic, though, *exactly* like those other moments. In those moments he had been conscious of an inner determination to see things through, had been aware that the mood would pass, and that the haze would leave his eyes and his muscles become obedient to his will.

No, this was different. For this was a feeling almost of nausea, of self-disgust, of horror at the leering grin of Clayborne. Resolve had not always been untouched by the sordid in his twenty-eight years, but he had managed to preserve a decent self-respect. There were no husbands or brothers whose hands he could not shake without self-reviling. He had never—or rarely—to face the sneers of his own conscience.

He didn't have to face them now. His relations with Rita had been perfectly aboveboard. Sam Clayborne had not had taken from him by Resolve anything he possessed. The heart of Rita no longer belonged to Clayborne, had departed from his ownership long before Resolve had looked upon her in Margery Kingston's drawing-room.

BUT there was something hurtful to Dean's pride in himself—and in Rita—in the thought of debating with Clayborne—with anyone—his right to take her away with him. A brawl—and one seemed imminent—with Clayborne meant scandal. It meant that he, Dean

Resolve, who had conducted himself with a highly scrupulous decency all his life, whose standards were clean and honorable, would find himself at the mercy of wagging tongues.

That didn't particularly matter. If a man knew that he had behaved well enough, it wasn't too important that people not conversant with the exact facts thought differently. But it did matter that Rita would be exposed to the blast of gossip and innuendo.

Of course, the little world that was all that amounted to anything in his eyes, his and Rita's friends, knew of their love for each other, and would know, inevitably, the moment her departure for Reno became common property, that she and Resolve had come to a decision. And the newspapers and the gossip weeklies would publish hints not too veiled.

BUT that was not the same thing as a brawl, an open scandal, and unless Resolve were utterly unable to read a man's intentions in his angry eyes, his sneering lips, brawl and scandal were in the mind of Clayborne.

Rita, his Gracious Lady, exposed to that sort of thing! One had only to look at Sam Clayborne to understand that scrupulosity of action and thought were matters unknown to his code. It was all very well for Resolve to have told himself that if Clayborne didn't like it, he'd be made to like it. Facing the man, looking at him, reading his ugly mood, made matters seem not so simple.

"Sam!" Rita's voice broke the silence which Resolve squirmingly felt had been dominated by Clayborne.

"I'll talk to you later," said her husband. "And I'll have plenty to say. I want to talk to Resolve now."

The panic left Dean; his muscles felt solid again. His mind cleared. After all, there seemed no way of avoiding the situation. Well, then, he'd get it over with quickly. If Clayborne wanted a brawl, he'd get it.

"SAY what you have to say—and get it over with in a hurry," he said.

Rita interposed again.

"Sam! We've threshed this all out. I've told you that I'm leaving you—you agreed to a divorce—"

"Oh, did I? Well, let's see if Resolve agrees to it." His thick lips moved as though he masticated some pleasant tidbit. "It's all very well for you to talk big about facing the world and that sort of thing. Maybe you can face the kind of scandal I'm prepared to give you, but what about Resolve?"

"But you agreed—" Rita's voice died away.

"Sure, I agreed. Think I wanted you dashing out of the house before I was ready? That was a couple of weeks ago that we had our little chat. Things have happened since then. Seen your father yet, Resolve?"

"Exactly what do you mean by that?" asked Dean.

"Exactly what I asked," retorted Clayborne. "Before you hurry off with another man's wife, have a long, friendly chat with your father. Maybe he'll tell you some things that will surprise you."

"What has his father to do with my—our divorce?" asked Rita.

"Maybe nothing. Maybe a whole



"Go on, take her with you," said Clayborne. "And you, Rita, you hear Resolve talk to his father"

lot," replied her husband. "But I'm talking to Resolve now. You keep out of this."

"It would be too much to ask you to be civil, wouldn't it?" asked Resolve quietly.

"I don't know where you get off to ask me anything," said Clayborne. "A man that sneaks into another man's home, makes love to his wife—"

"Oh!" Rita's hands went to her burning cheeks.

"DON'T like the sound of it when it's put that way, eh?" said Clayborne. "Because you showed me you had something on me, and because I wasn't quite ready to show my hand, you thought I'd take this lying down, didn't you? Well, I admit you've got plenty on me. And what of it? I've got enough on Resolve's old man—"

"If you're speaking of my father, say 'Mr. Resolve,'" said Dean.

He was enraged with himself for the speech the moment he had uttered it. It seemed, somehow, to add melodrama to the tawdry.

"Yes? You're giving me orders, eh? Well, I can drop the mister when I talk to him, and that's good enough for me. When a man owes me a million flat, and hasn't any way to pay it, I don't have to be particular about what I call him. I find that people looking for extensions on their notes aren't too fussy about the way you treat them.

"News to you, eh?" He leered at Resolve. "Didn't know that Mr. Sturgis Resolve thought the depression was all over, and let himself in for a dip in speculation in real estate? Well, you run down to the office and talk it over with him and then see if you want to run off with my wife."

"You don't seem to understand, Clayborne," said Resolve. "I'm not running away with your wife. Your wife is leaving you. Later on, God willing, I'm going to marry her."

"Maybe there's a difference, but I don't see it," said Clayborne. "And you've got it all wrong, anyway. If she leaves me, if she brings suit, I'll bring a countersuit, and I'll name you."

"You know, of course, that if you do, I'll kill you," said Dean quietly.

"Please, Dean," said Rita. "It—it doesn't matter—if you don't mind—my being—soiled by him, Dean."

"He couldn't do that, Rita; no one could; nothing could," Dean assured her.

"And nothing could be prettier," said Clayborne. "But that isn't all, Resolve. That killing talk—well, any time you want to take the job on I won't be hard to find. And I won't be hard to find, either, if you or Mr. Resolve dig up a million somewhere and want to hand it to me. And let me tell you something else—get that million in a hurry, or I'll put Resolve and Company into bankruptcy so fast—"

HE PAUSED for breath, and glared at Resolve.

"That was the talk you wanted with me?" asked Dean.

"That's the general idea. There's more of it. There's details that won't cheer you up too much, but let it go as it lays."

Resolve nodded. He turned to Rita: "Shall we leave, my dear?"

The crimson had left her cheeks; the anxious face into which he gazed was white beyond its ordinary marble pallor.

"Dean—perhaps—"

"You—you're not afraid of—him?" He indicated Clayborne with a nod.

"Not for myself—but for you—"

"I think I can take care of myself," said Dean quietly.

"And of your father?" asked Clayborne.

"And of my father," said Resolve. "Rita—let's go."

"And I'm to stand here and let you take my wife out of my house, am I?" demanded Clayborne. "You rush here from the boat—I come in—I find her in your arms—she's bought tickets to Reno—her trunks are at the station now—and I come home and find her in your arms—"

"Which is untrue," said Resolve.

"Try and make a jury believe it," said Clayborne. "Her lover—your mistress—"

Resolve hit him as the word passed his lips. Clayborne fell against the wall. His right hand went to his pocket. Resolve, on tiptoe, bent slightly at the knees, stared at him.

"Go on—draw it, Clayborne," he said. "But if you do—"

He paused, with that instinct of the born fighter who realizes that his own speech may distract him from the danger at hand. Clayborne's clawing hand hesitated, relaxed, fell at his side. His other hand brushed at his lips, thicker now from the impact of Resolve's blow.

"Two of you—my wife and a Resolve," he muttered. "And if I got you—her story—and if I didn't—I like the odds a little different, Resolve. I know you think I'm afraid of you. You've hit me. You probably think you could lick me. I'll give you plenty chance to find out about that some day—soon, Resolve. But just now—you'll want to see your father, Resolve. I'm just telling you—you see him. When I settle with you, Resolve, I want you to know all that's happened to you—and your father."

HE WAS not talking, Resolve knew, to draw his antagonist off guard. If that hip pocket contained a pistol—and Resolve would have wagered his soul that it did—it would not flash into view now.

"Go on—take her with you," said Clayborne. "And you, Rita, you hear Resolve talk to his father. You're crazy about this man, eh? Well, see if you want to ruin him. And you come back—you turn in those tickets to Reno. When I come in tonight—I want you here."

"I'll not be here," she said.

"No? That's what you're saying now. You may change your mind. I think you will."

"And I know I won't," she said. "And what I've said before, Sam, I say again. If—you interfere—I won't leave you a shred of pride. I—I'll go with Dean—"

"Rita," interrupted Dean.

He touched her arm, and she shuddered like one awaking from a dream. She reached for a fur coat that lay upon a chair in the hall. Resolve picked it up, held it for her. His hand brushed the nape of her neck, and he felt himself trembling at the slight contact.

With mock ceremony Clayborne threw wide the street door.

"Don't forget, Rita. I'll be expecting you back for dinner. And you, Resolve, I'll be seeing you."

They, neither of them, made any reply. Rita passed through the door and Dean followed her. And he had an uncomfortable feeling that, in some subtle way, Clayborne was the victor in the scene. There was something of certainty about the man's manner that troubled Dean.

There was a hint of snow in the day now. The January sun, that had been brilliant half an hour ago, had withdrawn its light. Chill had entered the air, and overcoats that had been unbuttoned during the forenoon were wrapped tightly about people now. The taxi man that had been waiting for Dean had drawn on heavy gloves and

(Continued on page 40)



Illustrated by John H. Crozman

Resolve would have wagered his soul that if that pocket contained a pistol it would not flash into view now



Lightning rewarded Zeno with a steady, understanding gait all summer

The Money Maze

A mystery of the cotton fields. Guess what Zeno did with all his money

By Roark Bradford

AN UNEXPECTED wave of prosperity rolled a five-dollar bill into the pocket of Zeno Gates, and Zeno was happy. He was not hilariously happy; he was just middling happy, with a mild joy bubbling contentedly inside him. It was the first actual money Zeno had seen for a whole year and he was cautious in his enthusiasm.

"Did I so much as scrunch a grin on dis face er mine," he told Old Lightning, confidentially, "de Bossman would bust a singletree over my nappy haid."

Lightning and Zeno had made a cotton crop in that eight acres by Cuckleburr Bayou and the long months of battling Johnson grass in the growing cotton had brought a close understanding between man and mule. Lightning was the meanest mule on the place and the Cuckleburr Bayou plot was the meanest field to work. But Old Lightning could drag a double-shovel plow through Johnson grass roots like no other mule on the place, and the bayou plot, once you whipped out the grass, would make more cotton than any other eight acres in the whole Red River bottoms.

"De Bossman holler hard times so hard," Zeno said, while Lightning dozed in the shade of the commissary building, "and de hongry town niggers fight-in' to git out hyar to pick dis cotton at fawty cents a hund'ed, and de tawk goin' de rounds which say hit might not be no crop a-tall, next year—"

He stopped talking and fingered the bill which lay so inconspicuously in his

overalls pocket. The contrast was completed. Times were hard because nobody had any money. Zeno had five dollars, and that was money. "Money what a man works to git, and de good Lawd Hisse'f knows I worked—"

Cautious by nature, Zeno walked over to the blind side of a tall cotton wagon and pulled the bill from his pocket. It was his, all right. The Bossman had given it to him, not five minutes before. Nor was there any mistake about it; the Bossman was holding that long gray-back book in his hands when he paid off. For a year, now, every time the Bossman picked up that book he wrote figures about rations and stuff that in some strange way had to do with next year's cotton crop, to see if Zeno would pay out.

HE STROKED the bill in his hand. It was dirty and wrinkled but it was soft and velvety to the touch. "A genuine frogskin, all right," he concluded. He identified the Arabic "5's," and with some labor spelled out "The United States of America," with great satisfaction. "Yep," he declared, "hit's five waggin wheels all wropped up in dis little piece er paper."

He turned the bill over and eyed the reverse side critically. There was a heap of writing on that side which he did not trouble to read. "Seem like," he mumbled, "hit had ought to be a eagle on dis thing somewhars." He tried to recall how the money looked, the year before, but he couldn't quite remember.

He frowned his doubt again when he examined the picture of Abraham Lincoln on the bill. "And dat," he decided in disgust, "ain't even Uncle Sam's pitcher." He scrutinized the portrait more closely and found some hope. "Onless," he added, "Uncle Sam wa'n't wearin' his stovepipe hat when he had

his pitcher tuck." The note of optimism grew. "I reckon dat's hit," he concluded. "Uncle Sam had his pitcher tuck widout his stovepipe hat on." It sounded more reasonable, once he had said it, and he laughed at his own lack of wit for not recognizing the probability at first. "Sho', dat's hit," he de-

Illustrated by
Harry
Burne



Widow Duck loved to dance,
and she patted her feet and
clapped her hands in time
with the music

clared. "Cou'se Uncle Sam tuck his hat off to git his pitcher tuck for money. 'Specially on five days er rainy weather like dis'n. I bet he tuck his shoes off, too, efn you c'd jest see dat far down in de pitcher."

Satisfied as to the authenticity of the bill once more, his happiness returned to its even bubbling. He was a little man, and very black, but he was patient and steady and, above all, conservative.

The two factors—patience and steadiness—were what put that five-dollar bill into his pocket before the rest of the Negroes on Red Chute plantation "paid out" at the commissary for the running expenses for the year just passed. It took patience and steadiness to work against the Johnson grass in the Cuckleburr plot and the Bossman knew Zeno had these qualities when he assigned the field to him. It took patience—endless patience—and steadiness to handle the strong-willed, strong-muscled Lightning in the troublesome grass roots. But Lightning rewarded Zeno with a steady, understanding gait all summer, and Cuckleburr Bayou turned in the biggest crop of cotton ever gathered on the first picking. There were nine full bales on the first gathering, with possibly three or four more

to open. If Red Chute land yielded a bale to the acre, the crop was considered remarkable. More than a bale was a miracle.

"Well," said Zeno, "I reckon I better git over to Shreveport and git dis bill back in circulation. Lemme see what I'm gonter buy me." He checked off each item on his fingers: "Shoes and overalls and some candy, maybe, and red pop. And maybe a purty dress for Widow Duck." He grinned guiltily at the idea of buying Widow Duck a dress, but it was all in his imagination and he continued, defiantly and boldly: "I'll buy dat lady some stockin's, too. I'm gonter cou't dat widda woman to she marry me. I'm gittin' sick and tired er cookin' my own victuals, and she kin pick nigh on to fo' hund'ed pounds er cotton a day, too."

THAT settled, Zeno sauntered back to the commissary where half a hundred Negroes were congregated in small groups. The "town" Negroes, brought out each day to help with the cotton picking, were receiving their pay, and the plantation men and women were drawing rations for the coming week, talking, arguing and generally enjoying a quiet Saturday afternoon. The women were giggling and gabby; the men were boastful. Money was in circulation among the town Negroes and the plantation women were sweet-talking them. But the plantation men were having their fun, too.

"Yeah, you got money," a cropper

named Brother was saying to the town man who had walked off with Brother's girl. "You picked cotton all dis week, and now you got fo' dollars and a dime."

"And you," retorted the town Negro, "you picked all de week, and you farmed all last summer, too, and you ain't got fo' coppers and a dime."

Brother laughed. "Yeah," he said, "but I kin wawk in de commissary and come out wid a side er middlin' and a sack er meal and a can er syr'p and go home and eat. And you? Did you so much as pick up a box er snuff in dat commissary, de Bossman would shoot you seven times wid dat six-gun he got in de drawer."

Laughter from the plantation workers encouraged Brother, and he continued: "Boy, you's hongry. Take yo' little old fo' dollars and a dime and buy you somethin' to eat. Buy a heap, too, son. 'Cause you ain't gonter git no more to next cotton-pickin' time."

Zeno sidled unobtrusively into the group and sat down on the commissary porch. "Dem niggers," he said, sagaciously, "had ought to save dey money. Times is purty tight, f'm what I hyars."

"Hunh?" Brother grunted in surprise at Zeno's talk. Zeno seldom talked to anybody except his mule. "Aw, Zeno!" Brother said. "Boy, you sho' tawks smart. Fo'ks thinks you's a fool, most er de time, but you got a heap er sense in dat nappy haid er yo'n."

Zeno was cagy. He knew such a compliment from Brother was the fore-

runner of something less pleasant. He said nothing.

"Zeno," Brother continued with much interest, "somebody told me you had done paid out, on de first pickin'."

"Un-hunh," grunted Zeno.

"And," Brother went on, "somebody told me you drawed some natchal money f'm de Bossman, on top er dat."

"Un-hunh," confirmed Zeno.

"How much?" asked Brother.

"Not much," said Zeno.

"How much?" pressed Brother.

"FIVE dollars," Zeno replied bluntly. "Wow!" roared Brother. "Five dollars!" He shouted to the crowd. "Dis nigger got five dollars and he say hit ain't much!"

Then, for Zeno's ear only, Brother said: "Zeno, now le's I and you git dat bill changed and you leave me take ha'f to my crop gits settled. I c'd use dat money right now. I'm fixin' to buy a gal some stockin's."

"Me too," Zeno stated, abruptly.

"You?" demanded Brother. "You ain't got no woman to buy nothin' for, fool! Go on and leave me take some er dat bill. I tell you, I'm cou'tin' a lady—"

"Send de lady to me," Zeno challenged. "I buy her some stockin's. And a dress, too, efn she ack sweet for me."

"Aw, go on, Zeno," Brother urged. "You's jokin' at me and I'm tawkin' business. You know you ain't got a friend on dis place to buy stockin's for."

Zeno enjoyed being master of the situation. He looked across the lot and saw Lightning. "I got a mule," he said. "I might go buy Old Lightnin' a pair er socks for plowin' so good. And a red necktie, too. Me and dat mule sho' went up and down de rows, last summer. I might buy him a hat and a big see-gar, too. I and dat jackass sho' done a heap er sweatin' in dat Johnson grass."

"Aw, quit foolin' wid me," Brother growled, "and tawk sense, or I might git mad right hyar. Is you gonter leave me take dat money, or ain't you?"

"Naw," Zeno said, positively.

"Well, all right den," grumbled Brother.

"Cou'se hit's all right," agreed Zeno. "Hit's my money and hit's my 'naw'. Hit's bound to be all right."

They argued a while longer, but Brother knew he was beaten and he lost enthusiasm. He gave up finally, and left to make some jokes with a town girl who emerged from the commissary with her money in her hand.

Zeno sat still, thinking, in his casual way. He didn't like Brother, but he envied him. Brother was big and smart. Zeno was neither big nor smart, and he knew it. But Brother had said he talked smart when Zeno remarked that the town Negroes ought to save their money. Well, that was smart talk, all right. The Bossman himself had said it—that was where Zeno picked it up. Maybe it was smart to save your money. Maybe—

"MONEY in yo' pocket make sweet tawk in yo' ear." It was Widow Duck, and she spoke the proverb expressly for Zeno's ears. She was a tall, big-boned woman of not many words, but she had determination and capacity for work which had kept her two young children fed and clothed since Thayer's sad death the winter past. She stepped off the porch with a mannish stride and sat down by Zeno.

Zeno's mind was so busy with the wisdom of saving money that her approach failed to startle him.

"Hunh?" he said, blankly, as she sat down. Then, recognizing her, he responded with his usual greeting: "Tol'able; and you, Widow Duck?"

"I didn't ax you how you feelin'," Widow Duck said. "I said efn a man

(Continued on page 55)



Tunney at Coblenz, Germany, with Bob Martin, while on a tour of the Army-of-Occupation area after winning the A. E. F. championship

You can still hear the echoes. Five thousand doughboys howled themselves into delirium because Gene Tunney massacred an M. P., the biggest and toughest M. P. in France too—Bob Martin. They were ready to elect Gene President. But Gene had to be satisfied, a little later, with the championship of the A. E. F.

AS a reward for winning the Wuerhl match the top sergeant of the company, a great old soldier, granted me an extra day off guard duty. On the second day I was advised by the orderly who came shouting through our bunk house that "Private Tunney would fall in for guard mount at 10:13." Though I now was the post champion I was to see that no favoritism would be shown. For one who enlisted in an organization inspired by the slogan "First to Fight!" doing guard duty around empty balloon sheds and airplane hangars two hours on and four off, twenty-four on and twenty-four off, was a let-down. Of all the tasks I have been called upon to perform in my life, guarding empty balloon sheds was the most boring.

Presently I began trying to figure out how I could get away from this kind of work and yet do my bit. I thought if I could fight often enough, successfully, for the small glory that came to our unit of marines in this large camp, it would justify my being relieved of this awful task. With this in mind I went to the captain of the company and asked him if he could not arrange another fight for me, not mentioning my full plan. He said, "Why, Private Tunney, I do not believe you ought to think of boxing any more. You have the spirit all right but you get hit so much. Why do you let your opponents beat you up that way? Can't you do anything about avoiding such punishment?"

I answered, "Captain, you must remember that I had but three days in which to train for this match with Wuerhl, while he had been training for months. You know, Captain, a boxer cannot fight and do guard duty. If I could get off guard duty for a week or so and train every day you would see a different-looking fighter."

He said, "All right, Private, I will have a talk with the top sergeant and

see what can be done about it."

It was not long until the athletic officer of the camp came to our company commander and asked him to have me box the champion of Gievres in a special boxing carnival that was to be held in the balloon shed on Thanksgiving Day. Believing there might be something in my reasoning, Captain Barthe decided to give me a chance to prove it.

In Condition Again

My opponent turned out to be Sergeant Howard Morrow, who had been a second-rate professional before he got into service. I again borrowed the shoes and trunks. With a week's training under my belt I was a more effective fighter. I knocked out Morrow in six rounds before 10,000 soldiers. I went into this match with far more confidence than I had before the Wuerhl match. I had begun to know something about myself.

Back to guard duty. Another big boxing carnival in the balloon shed was arranged for Christ-

A picture of Tunney made just before he successfully defended his title against Tom Heeney

A Man must Fight

By Gene Tunney



International Newsreel

Bill McCabe, Tunney's friend and adviser

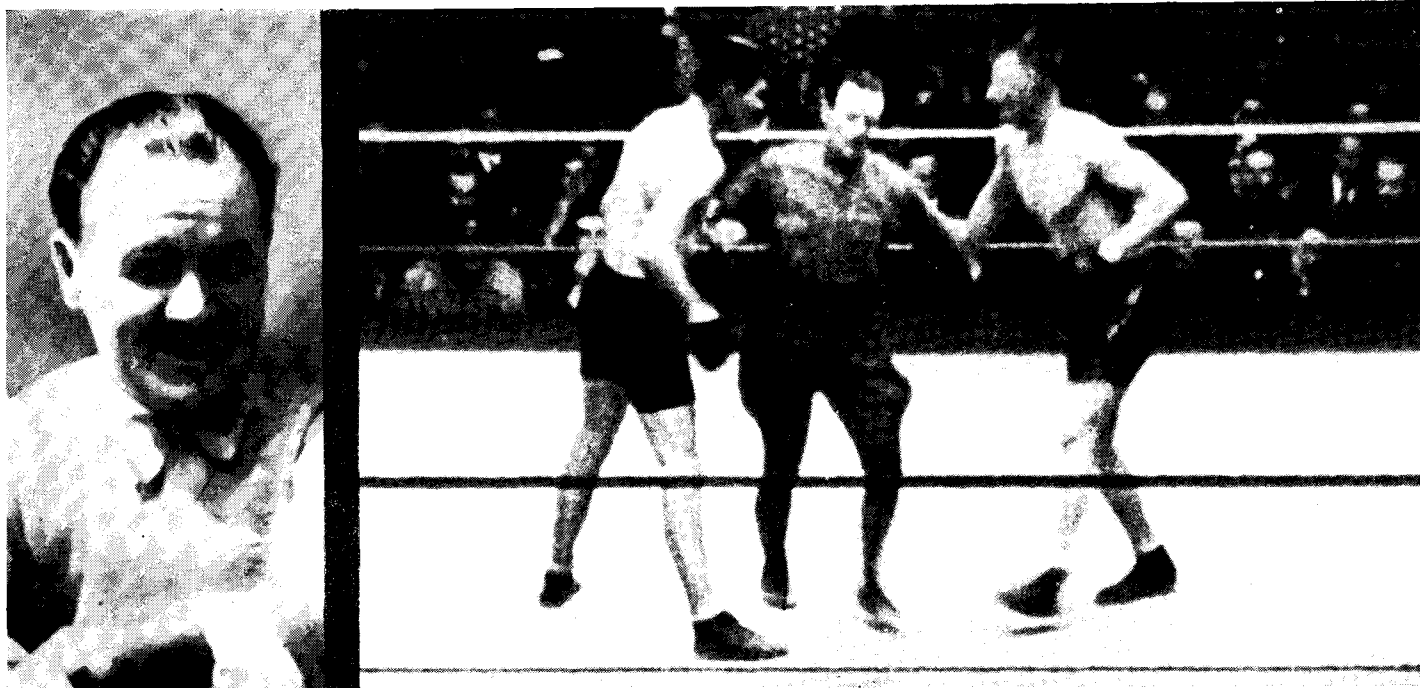
mas afternoon. Our camp was again challenged, this time by Is-sur-Tille. Being the recognized champion of the post I naturally was selected to be the representative of Romorantin. On this occasion several carloads of officers laden with francs accompanied the Is-sur-Tille champion, who turned out to be Tommy Gavegan, a first-rate fighter from Cleveland.

Gavegan had fought before enlistment all the near-champions of the middleweight division and was always considered a smart, game, hard-hitting middleweight contender. This match was a new experience altogether and gave me some worth-while knowledge about ring psychology.

The Goat-Getters

We were called to the center of the ring by the referee, Joe Gorman, whom I had not seen before. He had been brought from another camp so that there would be a neutral arbiter. Joe is now a very capable and successful referee in California. Gavegan was accompanied to the center by a Y. M. C. A. secretary, Bob Liggett, now business manager of the St. Paul Dispatch. Subsequent to this fight, Bob became a close friend of mine.

After Gorman told us we were to box under the straight Marquis of Queensberry rules, Gavegan turned to him and with a poker face asked, "When I knock him down can I stand over him and hit him as he gets up or must I step back ten feet and wait until he rises?" The referee, who was a stranger to us both and



International Newsreel

Tunney's chief second, Jimmy Bronson

Tunney winning the A. E. F. light-heavy-weight championship against Jamison in Paris

to the camp, was slightly abashed by this. Presently he replied, "No, you do not have to step back ten feet but you cannot stand over him either." Whereupon Liggett interpolated, "Well, if Tunney is not knocked cold you mean Tommy will not have to stand back ten feet."

Though this was a new experience, I realized quickly it was an attempt to prepare me for an inevitable knockout. They were applying a little psychology. I said impatiently to the group—Liggett, the referee and Gavegan—"That's a lot of bunk!" and, turning, walked to my corner to await the bell. The referee, who was not a party to this little scheme, suddenly realized what was taking place. He followed me to my corner and said, "Don't mind that; they are just trying to get your goat, kid."

I was indeed naïve. I thought this a most unsportsmanlike trick to play. I did not forgive Bob Liggett for some time.

Not being able to get Captain Greene's shoes for this match, I was forced to borrow a pair of football shoes from which we pulled the cleats. There was no rosin on the canvas and no padding under it. While trying to move around with the stiff-soled football shoes I slipped all over the place. This went on for two or three rounds. I was in a quandary. At the end of the fourth round, realizing I was losing, I said to my second, Gunnery Sergeant Gill, "Pull off those shoes. I am sure I will do much better without them."

Disappointed Gamblers

I fought the next eight rounds in my stocking feet and at the end Gavegan was tired and weary. The referee called the fight a draw. I thought I had won. Gavegan thought he had won. The 10,000 spectators, every one of whom had bet one way or the other, were as divided as the principals. The officers who came over with Gavegan were greatly disappointed at not returning with an extra carload of francs. It was a sure thing from their point of view, with odds as high as 3 to 1. Being one of a marine company of 250 men in a camp of 10,000 soldiers affected my support in this fight considerably. Every member of our company bet every sou he could beg, borrow or steal, but that was a mere drop in the bucket compared with what the supporters of Gavegan had to bet.

Had it not been for a motor mechanic

and gambling fool named Slim Estheridge, who came to my support with thousands of francs, I would have entered the ring with comparatively very little backing.

The next match in the balloon shed was against Johnny Newton, who had been the Army middleweight champion on the Mexican border and who was champion of St. Aignan. Newton was one of those boys who had all the mannerisms of a great and confident champion—the kind that upon entering the ring walk to every side shaking hands with friends and acquaintances and nodding to many imaginary ones. Johnny also could put any champion to shame in the loosening-up calisthenics in his corner before the start of a fight. The well-secured ring shook to its foundations as Johnny did his warming-up stuff. It did the same in the sixth round when Johnny tumbled to the canvas for the count.

After Newton was eliminated there was a dearth of worth-while opponents in our section of France. I had to look for new worlds to conquer or go back to guard duty. A friend of mine, Andy Anderson, who is now a detective in Brooklyn, New York, got leave to go to Paris for a few days. I had not seen Paris. The ambition of every soldier in France was to see it. The stories we heard from lucky ones who visited it overfired our imaginations. Why not try to get a fight in Paris? What an idea! Accordingly I asked Anderson to go either to the Knights of Columbus or the Y. M. C. A. headquarters when he got to Paris to see if they would not be interested in having me come up to fight in one of the mixed matches that were being staged once a week by both organizations. The mixed fights were between doughboys and French professionals.

As Andy was a devout Catholic, he leaned toward the Knights of Columbus, believing they should have the privilege of being the first to exhibit the great Romorantin champion to the metropolis of France. Presently a telegram came from Jake Carey, Director of Athletics for the Knights of Columbus in France, asking would I accept a match against K. O. Marchand, the French middleweight, on January 13, 1919.

Would I? Well, I dashed 200 yards to the company headquarters in twenty seconds flat, or less, to show the telegram to the company commander and ask his permission. It was given without hesitation. Overnight I became not only the most prominent member of the

marine company but the most popular. It was discovered I could take two seconds with me.

The top sergeant immediately appointed himself one of my seconds. All kinds of offers were made me but I chose a close friend as the other second. Mark T. Eagleton, who is now one of the most promising young lawyers in the state of Missouri, was my choice.

We arrived in Paris after a whole day's travel. It being my first railroad trip in France as a passenger, I slipped into a first-class compartment. When the ticket taker came around and saw our party was made up of two privates and a top sergeant he insisted we go back to the second- or third-class cars. The more he insisted the louder I repeated, "No compre." We got to Paris as first-class passengers.

We decided to get up early the next day and see as much as possible of Paris before reporting at the theater in Rue St. Martin to do battle with K. O. Marchand. Naturally I was late for the fight.

Marchand Changes His Mind

Good old Billy Roche had despaired of my coming and put Marchand in against another American boxer called Izzy Green. I appealed to Billy Roche, whom I had met for the first time. I told him I was from the west side of New York and that I had seen him referee in Madison Square Garden many times. I advised him that if I did not fight somebody in Paris, when I got back to Romorantin my company commander would punish me for making him the victim of a hoax.

Billy listened sympathetically and said, "I'll see if I can't make Marchand give up Green and take you on instead." I asked him to do all that was possible.

When Marchand, who had boxed in the United States and Australia before the war, where he learned English, heard Billy's proposition he said he would have to see "Tooney." So Marchand came into my dressing-room to look me over. I was stripped, rather gangling-looking, had no pugilistic badges of honor, and on the whole made a very unprepossessing appearance for an alleged fighter. As Marchand beheld me he said, "Oui, oui, Beelle, this Tooney all right. Oui, I box heem."

Marchand and I fought a whirlwind first round. The doughboys were standing on the backs of their seats shouting and screaming. It seemed that

Marchand was not a favorite with the boys because he was knocking out American soldiers every week for their particular entertainment.

After a fiery exchange in the beginning of the second round I happened to land a swinging left uppercut followed by a right to Monsieur Marchand's midriff. He folded up and was duly counted out by Jack Lewis, the doughboy referee, who now runs a boxing club in Syracuse, New York.

Izzy Green, who had all the appearance of a veteran pugilist, turned out to be the weakest kind of a set-up. A young French lightweight who was nothing but a novice knocked him stiff in the third round after giving him an awful beating. Marchand later is reported to have said to Jake Carey, "Eyes, sometimes zay make meestake!"

I was quite the hero of Paris in military circles the following day. Unfortunately, due to my traveling orders, I was not to enjoy much of

this glory; I had to leave for camp that evening. Back at guard duty several days later I received a second telegram from Jake Carey asking me to come up to Paris to box another Frenchman on January 31, 1919. Again the company commander gave his consent and the expected scramble for an appointment as second followed. This time a medico asked Captain Chambers, our doctor, to intercede for him. This he did by going directly to the company commander. I was advised that orders had been written for the medico and another. I could choose him. This time I chose a good-natured, jolly Irishman, Jack O'Hara, from Montclair, New Jersey, who worked in the galley. I knew I must somehow stay in with the kitchen help!

When I got to Salle Wagram, where the match was to be held, I discovered there was no Frenchman to box and that an M. P. from Le Mans had agreed to take me on. I asked his name and was told it was Sergeant Bob Martin. I recognized the name immediately, as almost every week in the Stars and Stripes there was an account of Martin knocking out some Frenchman or doughboy at these Paris shows. He was considered by many of the critics and doughboys as the most dangerous man in the A. E. F.

When we got under way and I saw how awkward and apparently inexperienced Martin was, I thought what an awful joke this match was going to be. I was hitting him at will and could easily avoid his counter attempts and leads. To me it was inconceivable that a fighter who knew so little and was apparently so poor could be considered by anyone as being a promising boy. It got so easy that in the beginning of the second round I started clowning and when he missed I laughed with the crowd at his ludicrous attempts. I had relaxed. He started an awkward left from which I pulled back with a smile on my face, not taking into account the terrific straight right that was following it until it hit me on the jaw.

The blow had so much force that it picked me up and precipitated me through the air to the ropes, on the other side of the ring. I bounced against the ropes and as I rebounded he had a long left swing started which I ducked. This was followed by another right haymaker that I took on top of the head. This one felt as though a crossbeam over the ring had snapped and fallen on me.

(Continued on page 36)



This head was the property of the only Mobra in Greenwich—Jane

SO," ANTHONY said in the taxi, "that's that. Girls, I suppose, do this sort of thing right along. They lead you on and they're full of sweetness and light until your scalp is practically numb. Then they neatly knife it off, hang it up with the others and give you the air."

"This time, at least," said Paula Campbell, avoiding his eyes, "you've said it a little differently."

He angrily tossed his cigarette through the open taxi window. A girl in the car abreast of them glanced with approval at his fine dark face and excellent shoulders.

"You did practically the same thing to Spence Anderton—"

"Oh, Anthony, please! You're actually tiresome."

She probably wasn't even pale, he thought bitterly. Her skin and hair had always made him think of cream and blackberries.

"Well," he said, "thanks, though, for the buggy ride. I've had a wonderful time. When do you leave?"

"I've told you twice, Tony. Tonight, late. I'm motoring back to Long Island with some friends who live at the Tarlton."

"I meant Tod Henderson's yacht."

"Tomorrow noon."

"I suppose," he said rather formally, "I didn't realize that your feet are really on the ladder. And maybe it's human when you're on the fringe to want the thing you haven't got. But social position! What'll you have when you get it?"

"Have I said—"

"You don't have to say it," he retorted. "By tomorrow night, of course, you'll be turning the slow, azure eye-wash that finished me on Mrs. Henderson's rummy son. Ask him about the Follies girl who tried to lead him to the altar with an automatic in her hand. There's technique, Paula."

"Don't be coarse!"

"COARSE!" said Anthony. "I'm sweet and old-fashioned. I'm a sentimental boob. Funny, your old man was a grand old roughneck, Paula. Believe me, a Scotch gamekeeper's son who can crash the Big American gate in the steerage and end up with a couple of million dollars in his fountain pen is nobody's poor relation. He saw America first, all right. They didn't even have a chance to lock up the gate receipts."

"Well, my old man was a country doctor. He had to borrow money to send us to Yale. And if Old Man Truslow hadn't backed Jack's hunch in Wall Street, we'd still be selling bonds. I want to marry you. And you—I've got a strong hunch, Paula, that you've made up your mind to marry Tod Henderson and his celebrated heebie-jeebies. If

you have, you probably will. What you want hard enough, you sometimes get. It's a darned good thing, though, to be absolutely sure you want it first. I thought I wanted money. So did Jack, my brother. Now that we've got it, neither one of us is quite as sure."

"Oh, don't be silly. You have to have money."

"Just the same," he said, "if Jack and I hadn't sold short in the fall of 1929, I probably never would have had money enough to fall for an expensive girl like you. That's something. And Jack's wife would have continued to be happy in the undistinguished prosperity of Riverside Drive. Furthermore, the Social Register would have remained a remote volume of unessential print like the Farmers' Almanac and Pilgrim's Progress. My sister-in-law," he reminded, "has been mauling a few social rungs herself this winter for the sake of her small daughter, Sally Bell. In eight or nine years now, Sally Bell will be a debutante and at a Park Avenue coming-out party you have to entertain the proper thirsts. Otherwise the thing's merely a brawl."

"Anthony, really, you are amusing," Paula murmured. "Bitterness is so frightfully mid-Victorian."

Anthony longed violently to slap her.

AS A TOPIC of conversation, it occurred to him then, his ambitious sister-in-law offered certain needed opportunities for indirect assault. He took them remorselessly, his inflections deft with irony.

"Vera's technique, since she's handicapped by marriage," he pointed out smoothly, "is entirely different from yours. She sneaks up on the social ladder through an interest in the poor. In this way she gets a swell toe-hold on exclusive doorsills for public bridge parties and charitable benefits. So far, I gather, it hasn't been so helpful. It's merely given her a shirty bunch of names to quote. When the cocktail shaker goes off and the Tod Hendersons slide correctly under the proper tables, the door is still closed. But you have to hand it to Vera. Vera, too, had a big idea. The house she's rented in Greenwich for the summer is directly opposite Peter Mobra's country home."

"She's clever," Paula shrugged.

"Jack thinks she must have gotten wind somehow of the Mobrays' plans for the summer. He was pretty sore. About all he did about it, though, was to blow up and buy himself a bunch of dogs. Vera raised the roof. Great Danes. Twelve of 'em. I feel sorry for Jack. Vera's so different. I hope to Heaven she gets where she's going so she'll get it off her mind."

Every tone was barbed. The girl beside him stifled a yawn. Thank Heaven, he had closed

his Sutton Place apartment to summer with his brother.

"Haven't you a train or something to catch, Anthony?" she reminded.

"If I miss the whole shebang," he said rudely, "my apartment is still there. The Mobrays, Vera tells me," he went on with tart enthusiasm, "are practically the most distinguished family in America. By that, I gather, if somebody picked an ultimate gilded six to roost on a social flagpole, the Mobrays would be five of them and Tod Henderson wouldn't be the sixth."

"Don't be a dumb-bell, please!" she said frigidly.

"What I'm wondering now," he said with a shrug, "is just how my sister-in-law will go about establishing any sort of helpful contact with the famous Mobrays. All you can see from Jack's place are the big Mobra gates, stone walls, a porter's lodge and remote roofs concealed in shrubbery. It looks to me, Paula, as if this summer I'm in for a

swell demonstration of what a husband's life is like when his wife's on the ladder."

"Don't use that ridiculous phrase again!" Paula flared. "It sounds common."

THEY quarreled twice around the park and east to Madison Avenue.

"Don't get out," she said at the Tarlton.

He clung in instant surrender to her careless hand.

"And don't forget, Tony. You said you'd write. You promised—"

"Like hell!" he said indignantly.

He wrote at midnight in his brother's house in Greenwich and scrawled unhappily at the end of the letter:

"Yours until the ax falls. ANTHONY."

Three days after the Henderson yacht had left for Europe, he wrote again.

Pell Graham, who dwelt in summer



at Shippan Point, met him one morning on a train and felt as if a cloud had settled over him. The weather, Anthony told him, had been depressing, the country bored him and his niece was a pill. "Pill!" Pell sputtered. "Sufferin' snakes, I thought somebody told me once that she was considered an exquisite child."

"I'm fairly certain," Anthony said, "that that isn't all of the trouble. The chances are she's a couple of tons behind in spinach and I know she's got the wrong kind of a dog. Right. A Pekinese. A small snooty insect with a tinny yap. His name is Shoebutt. Funny," he added, "Jack's six feet tall and looks what he is, a darned good athlete, and how anything like Sally Bell happened to him is more than I can make out."

Whereupon he bogged down in the society column and read the list of guests on Tod Henderson's yacht.

"I'm afraid, Vera," he told his sister-in-law dryly that night, "you've taken an overdose of misinformation. The Peter Mobrays are in Europe."

"My Lord," roared Jack cheerfully, "do you mean to tell me I've rented all this suburban grass and real estate for Vera to come up here and stage a flop?"

Vera looked indignantly at her brother-in-law and raised her eyebrows.

He was, even his brother had to admit, a difficult guest. He moped a great deal and secretly burned in the fireplace in his bedroom large quantities of discarded writings which he composed on

letter paper in protracted periods of seclusion.

The cynical trend of his humor at times was disconcerting.

There was the Sunday, for instance, when Sally Bell, shrieking, had rescued the Pekinese again from her father's Great Danes.

"My child," Jack was roaring, "they don't even know yet precisely what he is."

The junior partner of Scott Brothers, Brokers, had contributed an awestruck whoop.

"Hold everything!" he shouted. "I've seen a Mobray. I have actually seen a Mobray! Or rather the head of a Mobray."

"Quit yelling!" Vera said, aghast. "Where?"

"It was peering over the wall," he told her solemnly. "And it had on it a diabolical grin about twelve years old and the large matter-of-fact face of a healthy female child."

"You're crazy," Vera said. "There's nobody over there but the servants."

NEVERTHELESS this head, one of the maids discovered within the week, was the property of the only Mobray in Greenwich. Jane. Peter Mobray's youngest child.

"Alone!" Vera exclaimed. "In that enormous house! The governess is in the Greenwich Hospital. Appendicitis. Jack!" His sister-in-law's new and English accent, Anthony perceived, was growing maternal. "I've half a mind to write little Jane a note and ask her

to drop in whenever she feels like it. What do you think?"

"Sure. Why not?" Jack said heartily. "Maybe the poor kid's lonesome."

Not even Vera, it turned out, was prepared for the alacrity of little Jane's initial drop. Vera was in town dining with a cousin. Sally Bell was weeping. And Scott Brothers, Brokers, were under the porch probing around with sticks and poles for the Pekinese. Shoebutt had been under there for thirty-six hours, taking a stand which, unless he came forth presently and ate something, might very well be his last one.

Anthony, discouraged, was backing out with his pole for air when the Mobray arrived.

"Hist, Jack!" he warned. "Crawl forth at once and save the family honor. It comes. A Mobray. This minute it approaches. A large kid in knickers."

A dismal thud resounded under the porch.

"Come out of there, you damned pinhead!" Jack roared in a muffled voice.

Miss Mobray, openly cheered, pounded up at a gallop.

"What's all the hullabaloo?" she called hoarsely to Anthony.

"Confidentially," he told her, "my brother is indulging a secret hope that he can scare the Pekinese to death."

Miss Mobray's baritone roar of mirth appalled him.

"Are you or are you not a Mobray?" he demanded. "Anything you say will be used against you. My conduct depends entirely on your answer."

"Jane," said Miss Mobray, snickering. "Jane Mobray. Where are the dogs?"

On such a hair, he told Paula later in a letter, hangs social advancement. Jack's Great Danes had turned the trick.

Jack, backing out with his pole, turned upon her a hot and startled countenance streaked with grime and perspiration.

"Gimme the pole!" exclaimed Miss Mobray. She disappeared on her stomach.

IN THE region of Shoebutt's lair, noisy sounds of opinion emanated presently from both parties and Miss Mobray wriggled back into view encrusted with mire and cobwebs and dragging an inelegant object which proved to be Shoebutt at his worst. Jack swabbed him around unfeelingly in the grass and passed him to Sally Bell. Both uttered sounds of lamentation complicated considerably by the arrival of Mr. Pell Graham, who considered it highly amusing to drive up barking.

"Well," said Miss Mobray, "that's that. Not much to do up here, is there? Mike and I both cheered when the note came."

"Who in heck's Mike?" Anthony asked her.

"Mike," Miss Mobray grumbled, "is the chauffeur. My spare time, he says, gives him the jim-jams. He's sore because I won his sweater."

"Won it!" Three male minds spoke crudely with a single voice.

"Poker," said little Jane. "Mike says he certainly pulled a boner when he taught me to play. Enid'll have a fit though. Enid Rossiter, my governess. She's got appendicitis in the hospital."

"Gran'ma Mobray," Jane told them further that night when Jack, diverted, had made her stay to dinner, "is afraid Enid'll marry somebody and chuck the job. That's why she packed us up here. Gran'ma says Enid's too handsome to drag me around Europe where nice people go because they divorce so easy and a good governess is a rare bird for a Mobray to keep. But Mike says the joke's on Gran'ma this time account of the hospital. He says ten to one she'll marry one of the doctors."

"Hah!" Pell said alertly. "A knockout, eh?"

"Boy," said Miss Mobray, "you'd be surprised."

Already, three enchanted young men learned over their coffee, the trail of this gorgeous young woman had been blocked on several continents by fallen gentlemen knocked senseless by the blight of instantaneous love. In Deauville strange men followed her home. Jane liked it. In an aerial flight from Paris to London a pilot had practically lost his mind. Miss Rossiter's appearance in any hotel

lobby plunged whole staffs into agitated handsprings of service. In Biarritz—

"Enough!" Pell Graham begged. "When's she coming back?"

Vera at half past nine arrived in a taxi. By then a poker game was in progress near a window and little Jane had most of the chips. You couldn't tell him, Anthony said, baffled. It must be inherited.

"Jack!" Vera's voice congealed the party. "May I speak to you, please? Good evening, Pell."

Anthony, nudged, trailed along behind his brother to back him up.

(Continued on page 48)



Illustrated by
C. C. Beall



"Mamá," Sally howled, "she hit me different places and every time I got up she knocked me down"

Winter Range

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

AT THE Bar Hook ranch, where the owner, Campo Ragland, lives with his pretty daughter Jean, two men—John Mason and Zack Sanders—have been murdered. Who killed them? Determined to solve the mystery, Kentucky Jones, a young cattle dealer, gets a job at the Bar Hook.

Strange events follow. Someone steals a picture—the photograph of a man on horseback—from the ranch house. Led by their foreman, Bill McCord, men of the SS ranch (owned by Bob Elliot, Ragland's bitterest enemy) kill Jim Humphreys, of the Bar Hook, and Ragland refuses to retaliate. Joe St. Marie, a cowboy, claims to have seen the "ghost" of Mason.

Watching Jean (who has been acting suspiciously), Kentucky falls in love with her. And the girl, he knows, loves him. . . . His investigations reveal: (1) That Mason was killed with Ragland's rifle; (2) that the rifle is hidden in Jean's room; (3) that, shortly after the murders, Ragland had been seen cleaning the weapon; (4) that Sanders had been killed with the gun found in his own hand—a gun belonging to one Ted Baylor. . . . Lee Bishop, Ragland's foreman, is shot by Bill McCord and some of his men. Dying, he gives Kentucky certain facts which give him a plausible theory as to how Mason met his death. . . . Jean, greatly agitated, comes to Kentucky, implores him to leave the country. Kentucky will make no promises. But after the interview he knows that, on the day of the murders, Jean's father had gone gunning for Elliot; that, to protect her father, Jean Ragland had stolen the picture of the man on horseback—one of Mason! . . . A heated interview between Kentucky and Ragland follows. Each, apparently, believes the other killed Mason. . . . Kentucky telephones the sheriff, Floyd Hopper. "Arrest Ted Baylor and Bill McCord, and bring 'em both out here," he says. "I'll give you the one that killed Mason!" Hopper is greatly excited. "Which one is it?" he shouts. "Which one?"

"Neither one!" Kentucky replies calmly—and hangs up the receiver.

Conclusion

THE long dusk of the winter rim had given way to night, star-bright and frostily clear, before a car was heard upon the Waterman road. Kentucky Jones walked out alone in shirt sleeves.

"Where's Campo?" Sheriff Hopper demanded, climbing out from behind the wheel.

"He's here. Come on in."

Into the light of the kitchen Sheriff Floyd Hopper now herded the four other men who were with him. They were Ted Baylor, whose eyes were alert and watchful and perhaps slightly puzzled in a poker face; Bill McCord, grimly expressionless; Bob Elliot, looking sardonic and self-sufficient; and a blond Norwegian-faced young deputy named Willie Helmar.

"You-all just have a cup of coffee and make yourselves at home," Kentucky said. "Sheriff, Campo and I would like to talk to you a minute, here in the other room."

"All right," Hopper said.

"You fellers sure are a secretive bunch," Bob Elliot grumbled, warming his hands over the stove.

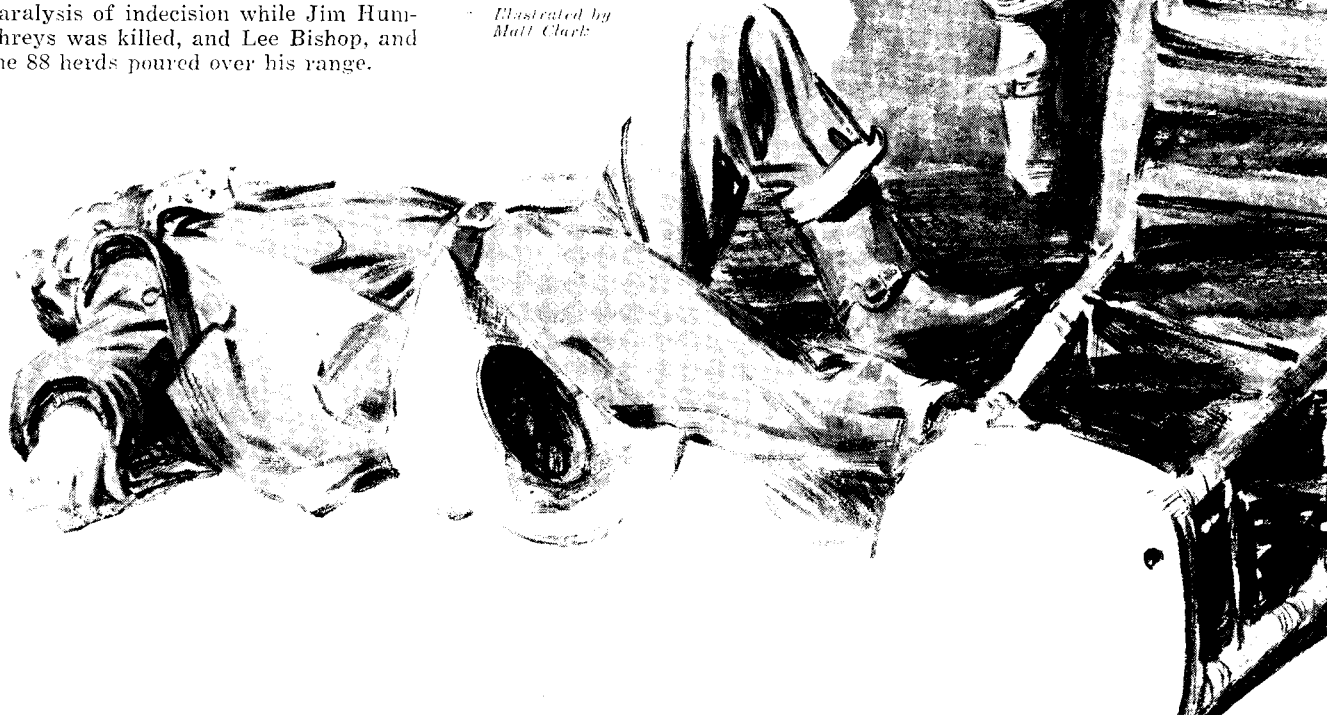
"Come on in, if you want to, Bob," Kentucky said. "You might just as well sit in on this."

Elliot accepted, following as Kentucky led the way through the main living-room to a little room at one side, which the boss of the Bar Hook used as a sort of office. This room was small, and its gunracks and deer horns made it seem smaller, as if there were hardly room for the three men to find places here. Kentucky Jones could not look at this trophy-cluttered room, which gave a curious effect of being a cross-

section of Campo Ragland's soul, without thinking of that other contrasting room at the other end of the house, which belonged to Jean's mother. So different must have been the people who made those rooms that the wonder was not that Mrs. Ragland was now far away but that she had ever been able to make herself a part of this household at all.

Here among his things Campo sat, backed into a corner. His heavy desk was pulled diagonally across in front of him, as if he were at bay there, futilely barricaded. He sat on the small of his back, his chin dropped upon his chest; from beneath the sweeping dome of forehead his eyes regarded them as redly as the eyes of a dog in firelight. Suddenly Kentucky wondered if Campo's evident sense of standing stubbornly at bay had been caused more by himself and Sheriff Hopper than by the now far-off woman who had made him fear a showdown upon Mason's death—fear it so that he was held in a paralysis of indecision while Jim Humphreys was killed, and Lee Bishop, and the SS herds poured over his range.

Illustrated by
Mull Clark



In the shadows of a recessed window-seat Jean Ragland sat, her feet drawn up under her so that she looked very small and no more conspicuous there than a kitten.

Sheriff Hopper said, "Howdy, Campo; howdy, Miss Ragland."

Campo flicked him a glance, then dropped surlily red eyes to his thick, freckle-blotched hands; his mouth moved as if he were about to spit, but remained closed.

Kentucky Jones began the making of a cigarette. "Seems like we been a little bit disorganized out here, Hopper," he said. "The fact is Campo and I haven't seen eye to eye on this, in all things."

Sheriff Floyd Hopper waited; and Bob Elliot, who had made himself comfortable in an easy-chair, crossed his legs and laced his fingers together.

"It seems," said Kentucky, "that Campo became convinced that I did away with Old Ironsides myself."

THERE was a sharp silence here during which Kentucky Jones finished and lighted his cigarette. Hopper turned a questioning glance on Campo. "Yes?"

Ragland glanced at Kentucky Jones, but did not speak.

"Everybody's known all along," Kentucky said, "that I was out here at the Bar Hook just before snow flew on the day Mason was killed; and I've admitted it. Assuming for a minute that I could easily have got hold of the weapon that killed Mason, the next thing needed against me was my reason for this act of unseemly violence. Campo found out where I did have a good reason—and naturally figured that he'd come to the end of the trail."

"You admit you had a reason for killing Mason?" Hopper said.

"I'm not denying that I had," said Kentucky. "Come to find out, that was one of the reasons that Campo Ragland wanted Ted Baylor brought out here. Ted is one of very few that know that Mason turned me down on a renewal that I'd counted on—and like to broke me."

"You're broke, Jones?"

"Close to it."

"You sure are free-handed about making a case against yourself!"

"Campo was overlooking a couple of things," said Kentucky. "It's true that you can show I was broke by Mason.

But what about all those other cowmen that Mason had to close down on? To those men Mason's decisions meant salvation or ruin—exactly as to me. He could not carry us all. In digging up a reason for me to kill Mason, Campo only dug up a motive that forty or fifty rim-rock cowmen would own to."

"I see what you're driving at," said Hopper. "But you're getting the whole thing scattered out and shuffled again, like cattle turned loose after a roundup. Maybe Mason did have such an enemy, or six of them, or fifty; the fifty of them weren't having no barbecue at the Bar Hook the day Mason was killed."

"SO I gathered," Kentucky admitted. "But bear in mind this—if any one of the fifty had been there, he might have gun-whipped Mason. The bad times have borne down mighty heavy on Wolf Bench. For a year and a half here the brands have been on edge, watching each other and suspicious of each other. There's plenty gun smoke in the history of the rim; and in a time like this, that gun smoke comes up out of the past and gets men's minds fogged up. There's been an awful lot of wearing of guns



There was a ringing crack, as if a bone had broken. Then Bob Elliot was lying on his back, breathing hoarsely

in the rimrock the past ten, twelve months, what with riders hoping for a chance to shoot a coyote, or a rabbit—with a .45 slug! Cowmen's minds can work that way only about so long before something boils over and busts."

"Yes," Hopper admitted, "I was looking for it all right; but when it come to killing Mason—"

"He was a right ambitious victim," Kentucky agreed; "but there were big reasons for killing him, too. When you build up pressure like that you can figure on an explosion. But it was the gun smoke in the history, and the pressure of the bad times that wiped out John Mason—and incidentally Zack Sanders."

"And Jim Humphreys and Lee Bishop," the sheriff put in.

"That's partly true," Kentucky allowed; "the killing of Humphreys and Bishop sure do make up an angle of this thing. It took two things to kill off Humphreys and Bishop—the smoky feeling between the brands before Mason's death, and Mason's death itself. Humphreys and Bishop were killed in the weirdest, damn' one-sided range struggle that has ever been seen on this or any other range."

The sheriff said slowly, "Mason's death comes first. But don't you ever think, Elliot, that I've forgotten the funny look of this so-called range war that's rubbed out Humphreys and Bishop. Everybody knows you've swamped Campo's range; and Campo's hardly raised his hand against it. I'll tell you plain, Elliot, if it turns out that Bishop and Humphreys were killed in the kind of shenanigan it looks like, I'll—"

Bob Elliot reddened. "I didn't come here to talk about range rights," he said, "but if you want a showdown on that, I'm ready any time. As long as there's been cattle run on the rim, or on the Bake Pan either, no brand has ever leaned any harder against another brand than the Bar Hook has borne down on the 88. If Campo's pulled in his horns, maybe it's because he knows that the rights of the 88 are going to be backed up for a change."

Campo Ragland spoke for the first time. "Rights!" he said bitterly. "Rights!"

SHERIFF Floyd Hopper said angrily, "You're a funny one, Elliot, to bring in talk about rights!"

"You said yourself," Elliot answered, "the Bar Hook has folded up."

They all turned their eyes to Campo Ragland; but the boss of the Bar Hook was rolling a cigarette with slow, meticulous care, and he did not contribute any observations.

Sheriff Floyd Hopper swung restively in his seat. "I can't understand it," he said. "I can't understand it."

"You'll understand it now," said Kentucky Jones. "I can tell you exactly why Elliot has thought he could shove his beef all over Bar Hook range in full peace and comfort."

Bob Elliot said, "If the idea is to sit here half the—"

"Let him alone, Bob," Hopper snapped.

Kentucky Jones looked Elliot over with a cool, unfriendly eye. "I'll tell you another little thing that happened the day Mason was killed," he said. "Bob Elliot and Campo Ragland were riding the Bake Pan range; and it happened that they met on that ride."

"Where did you get this?" Hopper put in.

"Partly," Kentucky said, "from Elliot himself."

Elliot said, "I'll be damned if—"

"Will you be still?" said Sheriff Hopper. "What then, Jones?"

"Elliot was armed; Campo Ragland was not. It seems to be a kind of a custom with the 88 to take advantage of a situation like that—as Lee Bishop and I found out one day in a little conversation we had with Bill McCord. Naturally I wasn't there when Ragland and Elliot met; but I can tell you that what happened was this—Elliot gave Ragland such a cussing out as you couldn't hardly expect any man to stand for, or put up with."

"Is that right, Campo?" the sheriff demanded.

Campo Ragland gave a grunt which might have been an affirmative; it did not appear to be a denial.

"Campo Ragland," said Kentucky Jones, "told Bob Elliot that he would kill him before the day was out."

"He's guessing now," said Bob Elliot.

"Yes, guessing," conceded Kentucky Jones.

Campo Ragland said unexpectedly, "Yes, by God—but he's guessing right!"

KENTUCKY JONES nodded. "Sure, I'm guessing right! Up here in the Frying Pan country there's an old lion hunter called Old Man Coffee; and he says—"

"To hell with Old Man Coffee," said the sheriff. "What happened then?"

"Just at the moment," said Kentucky Jones, "I can't tell you exactly what happened then; but I can tell you something different, of a very curious interest. On the wall of this house used to be a chromo—an enlarged snapshot—of a man sitting on a horse. You'd look across the room at that little picture, and you'd say to yourself, 'Why, Campo has hung up a lens study of Bob Elliot.' Then maybe you'd look closer; and you'd see it wasn't Bob Elliot at all—but a representation of John Mason."

Sheriff Hopper said, "You mean—you're saying—"

"Bob Elliot knew that sometimes, sitting his horse in a certain way and at a certain distance, he and John Mason looked strangely alike; and Campo had promised to kill Elliot that day. Elliot knew that Campo did not dare take a chance on what a jury might make out of that."

"You're suggesting that Campo Ragland killed Mason by mistake, taking him for Elliot?"

"I'm suggesting that it could be made to look that way; and that Elliot was able to hold that over Campo—and that that was why Elliot dared swamp the Bar Hook range."

"You mean that he ran a bluff that he could bring Ragland to trial for the murder of Mason?"

"You can call it a bluff," said Kentucky Jones, looking at Bob Elliot, "or you can call it a kind of silent blackmail, if you want."

Bob Elliot jerked forward in his chair as if he would come to his feet. "Why, damn your eyes," he said, "if you think I'm going to sit here and take—"

"YOU'LL sit there," Kentucky Jones said coolly, "and you'll take it, and you'll like it. I didn't send for you. You horned in here of your own accord, as I knew you would. But now that you're here, I've only begun."

Elliot exploded, "I'll be damned if—"

"You'll take it," Kentucky repeated. "You'll take it because you're yellow, clear down to the roots. And you haven't forgotten the night I knocked you kicking and squalling, in the sheriff's office at Waterman."

Bob Elliot's face went white, and his eyes took on a squinting slant. His lower lip dropped loose away from his teeth. "Why, you—"

"Yellow," Kentucky repeated.

An inarticulate blasphemy strangled

in Elliot's throat. Sheriff Floyd Hopper made a clutch at Elliot's belt, but missed his hold as Elliot sprang at Kentucky Jones like a quirted horse.

Kentucky Jones hunched low, then straightened out the whole length of his body behind his left hand. There was a ringing crack, as if a bone had broken, and an instant's confused tangle. Then Bob Elliot was lying on his back, breathing hoarsely, staring at the ceiling with blank eyes; and Kentucky Jones stood over him.

Hopper said in a low, exasperated voice, "You baited him into that, Jones!"

"I was counting on his temper," Kentucky said. "Lord, I thought it would never break!"

Hopper's voice rose angrily. "If you got me out here to make fools of us all—"

"Shut up," Kentucky snapped at him, "We've got work to do. I—"

"You've talked all around and about, and over the bush," Hopper said bitterly. "And you end up with nothing more to the point than a cheap brawl. You've wasted enough words to—"

"Not one single word," Kentucky contradicted him. "I had to go all over all that so that you would understand what is going to happen—what I hope is going to happen now. Campo! Hold this range hog here when he comes to—put a gun on him if you need to."

"All right."

Jones caught Hopper's arm and dragged the sheriff after him to the door.

"What are you going to do? You've got the case worse scattered out now than—"

"Then we'll try to tie it together again. Here's where we tackle Bill McCord! It's the turn, it's the break, you hear me? I've got to run a bluff. Are you backing me or not?"

"I'm backing you."

"Give me the gun that killed Sanders."

Floyd Hopper obeyed, and Kentucky Jones stuck it in his waistband. "Come on!"

THREE pairs of eyes turned upon Kentucky Jones and Floyd Hopper as they came into the kitchen. In the room from which they had come, all four men had been armed; and so accustomed had they become to the sagging gun belts as standard equipment in the last few days that here it was Ted Baylor and Bill McCord, who were unarmed, who looked unusual and conspicuous now. Floyd Hopper was flushed and sharp-eyed; but though it was to Hopper the eyes of the three waiting men turned, it was Kentucky Jones who spoke, his face as unpleasantly cold and ugly as ice on broken rock.

He showed Bill McCord the gun that had killed Zack Sanders—the gun that had been in Sanders' hand as Lee Bishop found him dead.

"I don't suppose," he said to McCord, "you ever saw this gun before?"

Bill McCord seemed to consider for a long moment. "Maybe I have," he said at last; "and maybe I haven't."

"Would you care to say where it was when you saw it last?"

A humorless grin twisted one side of McCord's face. "You go to hell," he answered.

Kentucky Jones eyed him sorrowfully. "Is that final?" he said.

"You bet your life it's final!"

"I'm sorry for this," Kentucky said. "I swear to heaven, I believe there's going to be an injustice done. I was afraid of this! But this McCord is a man who means what he says, Floyd; if he won't talk he won't talk. I guess there's nothing to do but follow up what Elliot says—don't it look that way to you?"

Floyd Hopper had no more idea of what Jones was talking about than did McCord. But he was a poker player, and a good one; and he had been in office for a long time. "It sure looks that way," he said.

Kentucky Jones said, "You're under arrest, McCord."

For a moment no one spoke. A hard gleam came into Bill McCord's eyes; his hands, which had been rolling a cigarette, stopped and held perfectly motionless, steady as rock. "Who says so?" he demanded at last.

ONCE more the sheriff, completely in the dark as he was, backed Kentucky's play gamely. "I say so," he told McCord.

Bill McCord spat into the wood box. "What am I charged with?" he demanded.

"The murder of Lee Bishop," said Kentucky.

McCord's face hardened, but he went back to the making of his cigarette. "In the first place," he said, "I wasn't anywhere near it. And in the second place, it wasn't no murder. Lee Bishop was killed in a fair stand-up fight."

"That lie is plumb useless," said Kentucky contemptuously, "because I

him myself." He flashed a malignant grin at McCord, and went out.

Behind him Hopper said to his deputy, "Watch this guy, Willie!" He followed Kentucky Jones.

Kentucky and the sheriff paused for a whispered conference beyond the door.

"By God, Jones," said the sheriff, "I believe that guy knows something."

"Of course he knows something," Kentucky said irritably.

"But he got through the loop on you," Hopper said. "He's too cool and tough to stampede. You've played your ace and never took a trick. What are you going to do now?"

"Lead the jack," said Kentucky, unperturbed. As he moved on to the room where Campo was holding Bob Elliot he no longer believed that he could lose.

A dissension was beginning in the little room where Campo was presiding over the now conscious Elliot. Jean and Campo did not appear to have moved; but the boss of the 88 was sitting up in a chair. He leaned forward, his hands gripping the arms, and glowered at Ragland with eyes that seemed not quite able to focus accurately. "Put down that gun," he was saying. "There's no damn—" He

liot. Just step this way." He pushed the sheriff ahead of him. Bob Elliot rose, swayed for a moment uncertainly, and followed as they returned to the kitchen. Campo trailed along; but Jean stayed where she was.

"Here's your friend, McCord," said Kentucky. "Look him over—and ask yourself what you've been depending on, all this time."

In the doorway Bob Elliot stood, swaying on his legs like a drunken man. The muscles about his mouth twitched, and his eyes were red in a bloodless face.

Looking at the boss of the 88, Bill McCord's jaw sagged. A moment before, McCord had perhaps believed that he knew Bob Elliot; but no one looking at Elliot now could say that this was the same man he had known. Elliot might have been sick, or he might have been insane; certainly he bore no resemblance to a man who could be expected to stand firm and steady in a pinch. For the first time Bill McCord was shaken.

"Look each other over," said Kentucky Jones. "A fine pair to draw to—or to build a hanging around."

Bill McCord cried out, "Bob, what the hell you been telling these —?"

"What the devil you talking about?" said Elliot. "I—"

Kentucky Jones offered Elliot the butt of the gun that had killed Sanders. "Here's your gun, Elliot. They've matched it with the bullets that killed Zack."

A LIGHT flared up in Bob Elliot's eyes and he turned on Bill McCord. "If McCord says this is my gun," he exploded, "he lies."

"Ask Ted Baylor," Kentucky said. "Ted, tell the gentlemen where you last saw this gun—after you won it at craps from Joe St. Marie."

Ted Baylor glanced at the gun again, and he hesitated. Kentucky Jones waited, balanced in suspense. He believed that one of the two—McCord or Elliot—would break under the one last straw that Baylor might perhaps provide. But he had not talked to Ted Baylor—had found no chance to talk to him—and he did not know what this man would say.

"I guess you can remember when I saw this gun last, yourself, Bob," said Ted Baylor at last.

"You're crazy," said Elliot.

"I won that gun from Joe St. Marie, in a crap game, one night last fall," Ted Baylor said; "but I didn't have it an hour before I sold it to you, Bob, for two dollars and a half, and the band for a hat."

Bob Elliot said savagely, "You were so damn' drunk that night you don't remember what you did!"

"So that's what you relied on?" said Kentucky Jones. "You thought Baylor was so drunk that the gun could never be traced?"

"I never saw that gun before in my life," said Elliot.

"It was a good idea of yours," said Kentucky, "to throw Bill McCord to the wolves. It worked good enough so that we'll hang McCord all right; but—"

Bill McCord took a step toward Elliot, his face contorted. "You dirty sneak! So that's your game, is it?" He swung crazily upon Sheriff Hopper. "He's lied to you," he almost shouted. "He's lied to you like he lied to me! I knew he was crazy to get Bishop killed, and I tried to pick a fight with Bishop for that reason. But it never went through. He told me he killed Bishop himself in fair fight. If I'd known he laid for him on the rim and plugged him with a rifle, without a fight, I'd have walked out on him the minute that I knew!"

(Continued on page 45)



Mother: "What a cute boys' hat. I wonder what is the price?"
Son: "Seventy-five dollars, I hope, maybe!"

George Marcoux

was with Lee Bishop when he was killed. Bishop was knocked out of the saddle with a rifle shot, by a man hidden in the rocks three hundred yards away; and the slug that killed him was poured into him after he was down and helpless, and I was carrying him to cover. And my story is proved by the nature of Bishop's wounds. Fair fight, hell! That's murder—you hear me?"

McCord stared at Jones, his face immobile. At last he shook his head, puzzled. "I take all that to be free-hand lying. If you was with Bishop, you'd know that I wasn't there."

"He was shot from cover, I told you," Kentucky said. "I didn't see his killer. I could never have named you as the man—if Bob Elliot hadn't lost his guts."

"Elliot? Him lose his guts?" McCord repeated incredulously. "That's a hot one!"

Kentucky Jones shrugged. "I heard different," he said significantly. "Floyd, bring in Elliot. Or, here—I'll bring

checked as Kentucky and the sheriff appeared.

"Tell him," Kentucky whispered side-long to Hopper, "he's under arrest."

"You're under arrest, Elliot," said the sheriff.

"Tell him," Kentucky prompted, "McCord has spilled the beans."

"McCord has spilled the beans," the sheriff repeated to Elliot with convincing emphasis.

BOB ELLIOT stared at them vaguely for a full quarter of a minute. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said finally.

"You're charged with murder, Elliot," Hopper said. "McCord has told it all."

Elliot stared at the sheriff for a long moment more. "I'll talk to McCord," he said at last, his voice harsh. "Let me talk to McCord."

"I should say not," said the sheriff.

"I should say yes," said Kentucky Jones. "McCord's in the kitchen, El-

Capital Chatterbox

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

JOHN McDUFFIE of Alabama, the Democratic whip, is, I suppose, next to Speaker Garner the most important Democrat in the House. He was Mr. Garner's right-hand man when Mr. Garner was only minority leader and the Republicans were in power, and he remains his right-hand man now.

Power in the House does not depend upon position alone. A Speaker may or may not be the boss. There have been recent Speakers who were merely presiding officers—Champ Clark and Frederick H. Gillette, for example. In that case the majority floor-leader may be master.

In a Democratic House the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee might be the most powerful member. It all depends on the man. In this House the Democratic floor-leader, Mr. Rainey, and the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, Mr. Collier, whatever their qualities may be, have not the peculiar gifts which enable men to acquire personal ascendancy over their fellow members.

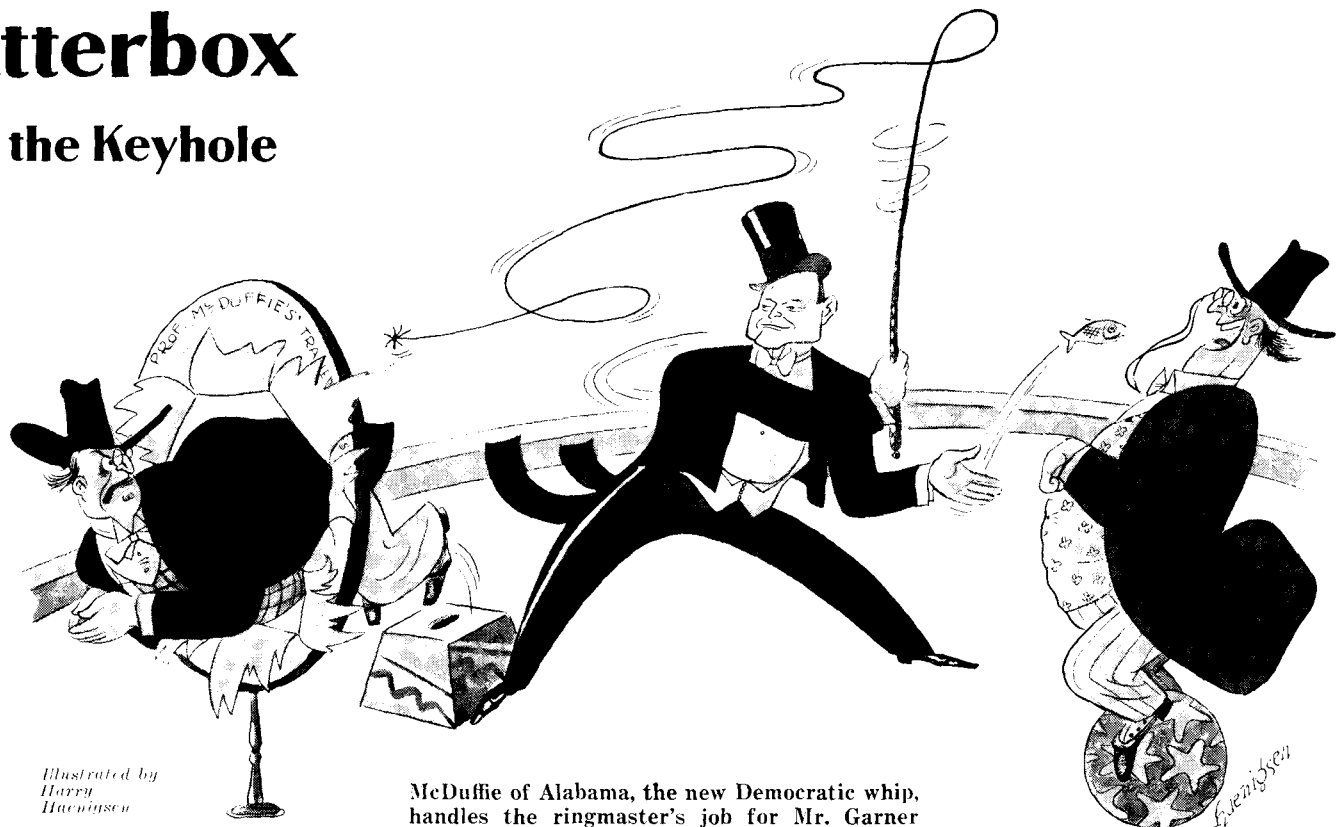
These gifts, I understand, include an intimate knowledge of the individual members, what their interests are and how their minds work, just what concessions have to be made to them to keep them in line and just what punishments have to be meted out when they threaten to make trouble—for the title "whip" implies that the lash must sometimes be used. In short, the whip must have the ability to use the system of rewards and punishments in vogue in the House with moderation and justice and without prejudice, plus an instinct for the politics of the House.

The whip is the Speaker's lieutenant on the floor, and he attends to the details of personal relations with the members that the Speaker cannot attend to. It is his business to see that the members of the majority party are present when an important vote is taken and to know how they will vote, an important function when the party in power has, as it has now, only a bare majority in the House. It is on his recommendation that a member may or may not gain recognition when he desires the floor. And his recommendation affects the chances of a member's gaining a desired place on an important committee. A member's success depends upon his gaining recognition on the floor and on his being promoted to important vacancies on the committees.

So the whip is the eyes and ears of the Speaker everywhere. The job requires tact and firmness and everlasting vigilance. Mr. McDuffie might have been floor-leader if conditions had not required the choice of a Northerner for that post. And McDuffie was too good a Garner man to question the decision in favor of a Northerner. He is a younger man than the other high-up members of the Democratic organization of the House, being less than fifty years old.

The whip has an office in the Capitol itself, not in the House Office Build-

Illustrated by
Harry
Harrison



McDuffie of Alabama, the new Democratic whip, handles the ringmaster's job for Mr. Garner

ing. So have all the leading members of the House organization—the Speaker, the floor-leader, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, the chairman of the Rules Committee, the chairman of the Appropriations Committee. And so too have two or three of the leaders of the minority. These offices in the Capitol building are much sought after on account of their convenience to the floor of the House, the House Office Building being about a city block away from the Capitol.

Daniel Saves the Day

There used to be an office down in the catacombs under the original part of the Capitol, the central part of the structure built before the wings in which the chambers of the House and the Senate now are, which was known as "Daniel Webster." It was somewhere down in the cellar. I have never been able to locate it. "Daniel Webster" was important in the early days of prohibition when Washington was dry, before Federal prohibition had been adopted.

In those days it was supposed that drinking had to be done very secretly. At that time someone said to Senator John Sharp Williams, who liked his

whisky as well as any man, "John, how do you manage to be hospitable now? You know it is against the law to offer a drink to anyone."

The senator replied, "I just set it on the table and p'int at it." I don't know why this room in the catacombs was known as "Daniel Webster" unless it was because of the fame the great Daniel had as a drinking man. But anyway, the room named after him was the place where choice spirits assembled to do their drinking in private. The door had an old colonial lock on it with a key as big as your forearm. And the closets in it were well stocked with whisky. No Bishop Cannon could walk into it by accident, for its whereabouts and its uses were a well-kept secret.

"Daniel Webster" is cobwebby now and almost forgotten, the closets being long since empty. Congressional morals have improved now, or— Well, Daniel Webster, who saved the Constitution, also saved the day in the early period of prohibition.

The High-Wide Hat

John Garner wears a Western hat. He is, of course, more Western than Southern. I think he was probably a cowboy once, when Texas was cow country. Anyway he loves the old cowboy songs. The hat has the wide brim and the half-inch band still affected in the West. It is very pale in color, so pale that by artificial light it looks almost white. You see wide-brimmed hats in Washington but they are all black.

So Garner's hat is the most unusual hat in the place. Since he has become Speaker his friends have been urging him to wear a black derby, or at least one of the more usual felt hats worn in the East. But Garner refuses. He makes no concessions to his new greatness. He will take off his hat and hand it to you. "You see," he says, "it is a nice hat. It is light and comfortable. Besides, So-and-so (mentioning one of his Texas

friends) is going to give me another hat like this. And so long as I can get this sort of hat free, I am not going to wear any other kind."

He is the kind of man who remains himself, no matter how his circumstances change. William Randolph Hearst is booming him for President. And plenty of people here think he may be the Democratic nominee.

Garner won't listen to such talk. Most men when mentioned for the Presidency put on a high hat at once. But Garner clings to his pale Western hat.

We'll Stick to Gold

There is a lot of talk here among the ex-Bryanites of this country's going off the gold standard in a few weeks. In fact, if the predictions were to be taken seriously, before this article gets published a printing press will be set up here in Washington turning out paper money twenty-four hours a day. Senator Burton Wheeler has introduced a bill providing for the free coinage of silver at the old Bryan rate of 16 to 1.

Of course it is all nonsense. The country which has more than half the gold in the world is not going off the gold standard. The only thing that could threaten the stability of our gold standard would be the most prodigious hoarding of gold by private persons in the history of the world. And the hoarding of a billion or so of gold would be quite an undertaking.

Too Much Money

I heard a story recently of an attempt at gold hoarding by a woman depositor in a New York bank. She went to her bank and asked for \$15,000 in gold. She was a valued depositor and the bank did not wish to displease. So \$15,000 in gold was heaped up in front of her.

Now \$15,000 in gold makes quite a heap. It weighs more than forty pounds. The lady looked at the pile in dismay. "But what am I going to do with it?" she blurted out.

"Madam," replied the bank cashier, "you will have to take it away."

The lady took another long look at the heap of gold and said, "I think you had better put it back in my account."

To those of us who only see a ten-dollar gold piece once a year \$15,000 in gold looks as awkward as fifteen pounds of dynamite.



John Garner isn't going to wear any other hat as long as he can get the Western variety free



Safety First

By Grantland Rice

*This is the code which the jungle knows,
Where the gnarled vines grip and the swamp creek flows—*

*Where the tiger glides through the tangled grass,
And the python lurks where the young deer pass—*

*This is the code and the jungle law—
There is right of way where it's fang and claw:*

*There is right of way, with an open dread,
Where the hooded cobra lifts its head;*

*There is open room where the viper's lain
By the walk of death and the path of pain.*

*For claw and fang, in the jungle law,
Still turn and shy from fang and claw.*

*The leopards snarl where the big apes frisk,
But the jungle takes no useless risk.*

A TWELVE-FOOT crocodile had just crawled out of the water to rest in a small clearing of the jungle. At about this moment a tiger came through the bushes, paused for a second and then made a safe detour as the crocodile slowly turned its big head to keep track of the tiger's movements. But it was quite apparent that the tiger had no intention of annoying the crocodile.

The tiger, a rather big one, soon found a shady spot at the edge of another clearing and stretched its striped form along the jungle grass. In a short while a black leopard, with its deadly looking yellow eyes, came out from a spot only a few feet away, snarling as it stopped. Without wasting any time the tiger got to its feet and moved away.

This was somewhat surprising, as I had always thought the tiger, with the possible exception of the elephant, was king of the Malay jungle. I asked Frank Buck, the wild-animal expert, who had made motion pictures of the scenes and episodes related above, just why

the leading jungle killers showed such excessive caution.

"The wild life of the jungle," he answered, "is pretty smart. Its main idea is food, not fighting. That tiger you have just been watching probably figured he could kill the crocodile and he is practically certain he could whip that black panther. It would be like a heavyweight boxer fighting a middleweight or a lightweight. But the tiger is also smart enough to know that such a fight wouldn't be much fun and that both the crocodile and leopard might do considerable damage before the war was over.

"Why should the tiger pick on the crocodile or leopard when there is so much softer picking all around the jungle? That black leopard you saw had a rough disposition, but he in turn wouldn't try to start any trouble with a king cobra. As a rule the king cobra is about the only jungle creature that would deliberately attack a man. Yes, these animals know what it is all about and they rarely look for trouble. Generally the more dangerous ones give each other the right of way."

The Code of the Ring, Too

This same system seems to apply to most of our prize fighters. The code of the ring is about the same as that of the jungle. The boys have been picking the softer opponents, whenever they could get by with it, and it has taken some hard crowding lately to get many of them in reach of any risk.

For example, when Max Schmeling arrived in the United States a short while back there was a general demand that he meet Jack Sharkey.

Schmeling and his manager, Joe Jacobs, took the jungle attitude. Schmeling figured that he could probably trim

Sharkey, possibly knock him out, but why pick on Sharkey while Mickey Walker was around? Plans for the Schmeling-Walker fight had to be abandoned, however, in the face of public apathy toward the match and the prospect of a slim financial harvest. So, with Walker definitely out of the picture and Dempsey's plans too hazy to be counted on, Schmeling and Jacobs perforce announced a willingness to take on the champion's hereditary foe, Sharkey, next June. This is the match that fight fans all over the world have been waiting for and it will be what is known as a "natural." Schmeling knew that sooner or later he would have to take on Sharkey, but deferred it as long as safer but less profitable enterprises were in sight.

Not for the Fun of Fighting

There is one big difference between the jungle and the human order. The tiger would only jump on the crocodile or the black leopard for the fun of fighting. There would be no gate receipts involved.

Schmeling and Jacobs had to consider the matter of gate receipts and there have been times when big mistakes were made in this respect. Champions, taking on what seemed to be much softer opponents for much less money, have been beaten by outsiders. There is a big difference between losing a title for \$75,000 and losing one for \$200,000 or \$300,000. Both Schmeling and Jacobs knew that a Sharkey match would draw one of the year's largest gates. But they figured the Walker match would be safer, with a chance to bring Jack Dempsey back to the ring later on.

Moving back to the jungle picture, no doubt the tiger mentioned could have trimmed the leopard, but only at the expense of hide and blood. And in a battle between Schmeling and Walker the same odds would have belonged to Schmeling. That is why Jacobs and Schmeling worked so hard to build up a Walker match.

But it might not have been as simple as the German champion imagined. Walker is faster than Schmeling and a much quicker starter. The champion has always been slow to get up steam. Walker would have been well in the lead after four or five rounds. Being an aggressive party, he might have caused trouble later on.

But Schmeling rates above anyone now in the heavyweight list. He showed a big improvement over his former fights when he stepped out against Stribling. He is young and strong and smart. The best thing to be said about Schmeling is that he has learned a lot in a year and will keep on trying to learn more.

Schmeling has always believed that he could whip Sharkey, but preferred to adopt the jungle method of avoiding the more dangerous claws and fangs. When that proved impracticable, there was nothing in sight but a Sharkey fight, a battle which should go a long way toward clearing up the present muddle in the heavyweight ranks.

Improved at every point

THAT ADDS TO DRIVING PLEASURE

New thrills await you behind the wheel of the new Chevrolet Six. A new snap and spirit in action! An exhilarating new ease of travel! And the most delightful type of handling and control you ever thought possible in a low-priced car! For the new Chevrolet is improved at every vital point that affects the joy of driving! Gear-shifting is now the simplest, easiest thing imaginable! Because the Chevrolet Six gives you that newest achieve-

ment in car control—Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting plus Free Wheeling. This combination assures quick, quiet, effortless shifting and complete mastery of the car *at all times*—whether you use Free Wheeling or not. It takes all the work and effort out of driving, and substitutes a luxurious new sensation at the wheel! The Chevrolet Six also provides new sources of pleasure in its improved six-cylinder performance. You experience

all the dash and vigor of 60 horsepower! You can go 65 to 70 miles an hour *smoothly*, without strain. You can accelerate rapidly in second gear, without any disturbing gear-noise. You enjoy an even *smoother* six-cylinder power-flow—a wonderful feeling of stability on rough roads. And all these pleasures are heightened by the knowledge that you drive one of the smartest-looking cars on the road—and a car that costs less to run than any other.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



SILENT
SYNCRO-MESH SHIFT

SIMPLIFIED
FREE WHEELING

IMPROVED
6-CYLINDER ENGINE

60 HORSEPOWER
(20% INCREASE)

65 TO 70 MILES
AN HOUR

FASTER, QUIETER
GETAWAY

SMOOTHER
OPERATION

SMARTER FISHER
BODIES

GREATER COMFORT
AND VISION

UNEQUALLED
ECONOMY

PRICED AS LOW AS

\$475

f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.
Special equipment extra.
Low delivered prices and
easy G. M. A. C. terms.

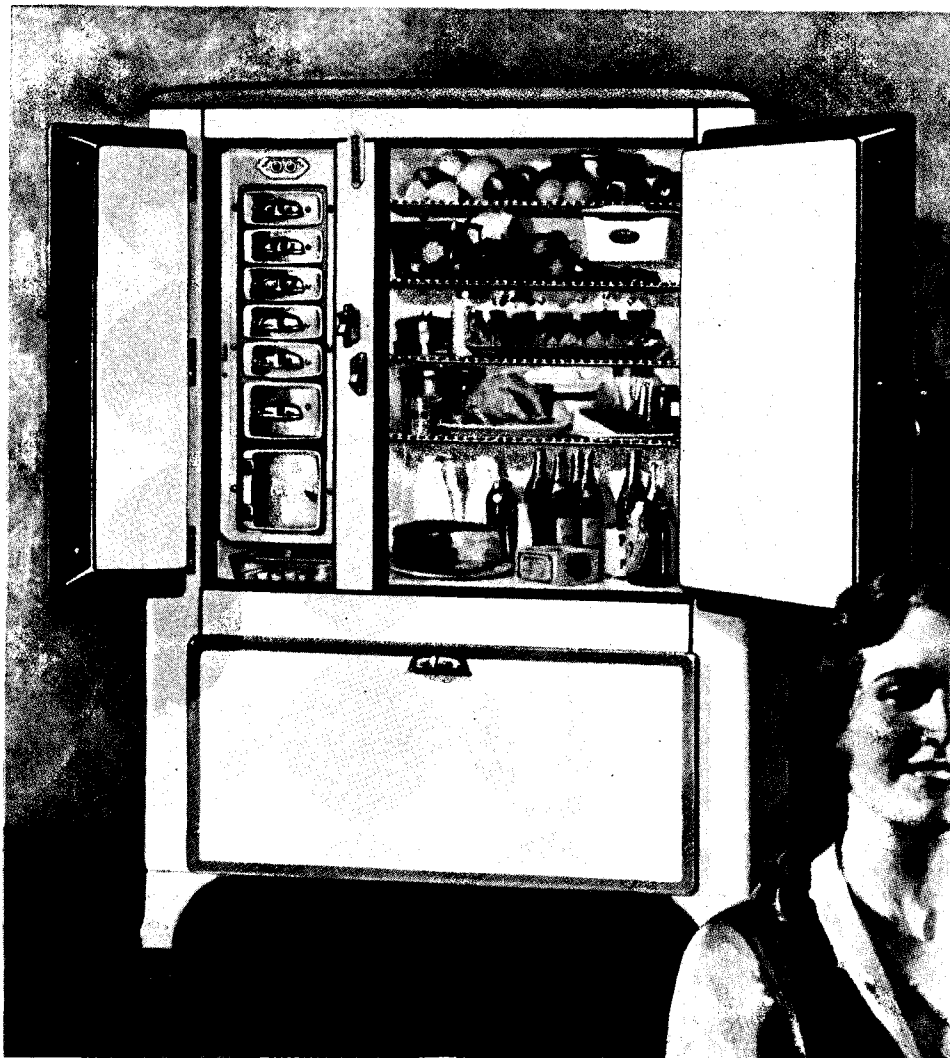
RM

The Special Sedan

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

THE GREAT AMERICAN VALUE FOR 1932

If it isn't a Kelvinator—it isn't



*fully
automatic*

*Kelvinator alone has 4 different
constant temperatures in the
refrigerator at the same time—
each controlled automatically*

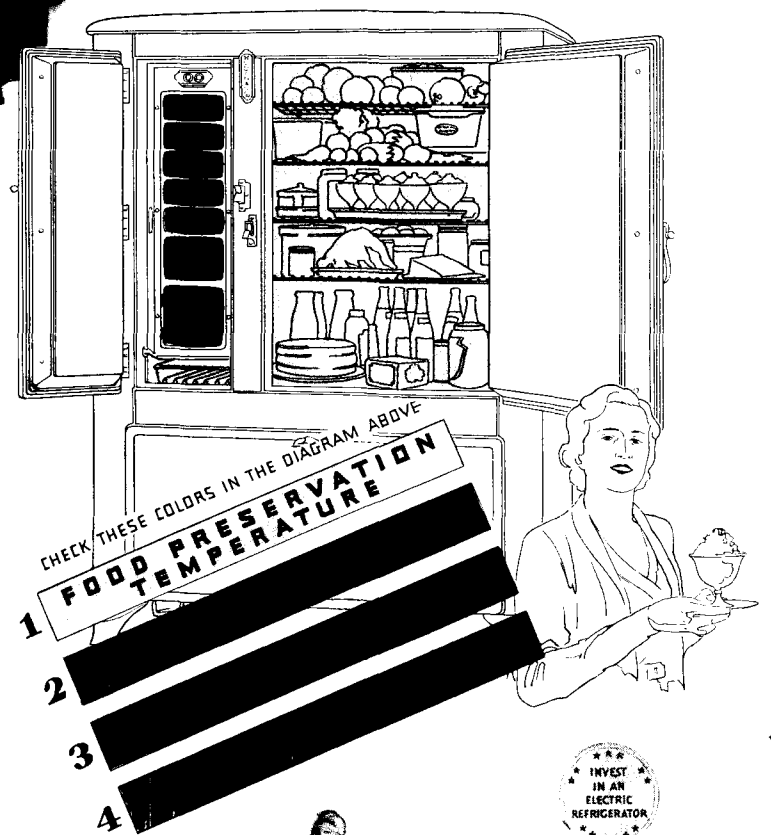
IN KELVINATOR standard and deluxe models, there are no dials to set. Nothing to remember or forget. There is no danger of freezing the contents of the food compartment. Each of the four temperatures (not freezing speeds) is controlled automatically, without supervision or attention on your part.

This fully automatic operation—and only Kelvinator has it—is made possible by Iso-Thermic Tubes, an engineering feature that was developed and is owned exclusively by Kelvinator.

The chart on the right explains the *four* automatic zones of cold. A safe food preservation temperature constantly below 50° is maintained in the food compartment. The Frost Chest, for keeping fish, meat or game, has a temperature that is always below freezing. The ice cube trays, indicated by the green, have an automatic fast freezing temperature. And in the fourth zone of cold is the World's Record Fast Freezing Speed for making frozen desserts and ice cubes in a hurry.

The Standard Rating Scale for Electric Refrigeration—a free copy of which will be mailed upon request or supplied by any Kelvinator dealer—emphasizes the importance of fully automatic operation, and at the same time points out 15 other demands that should be made if the purchaser of an electric refrigerator is to be sure that he has made the wisest choice.

In your search for a refrigerator that measures up to this Scale, you will discover that only Kelvinator *can* be fully automatic because Kelvinator *alone* has Iso-Thermic Tubes. Kelvinator Corporation, 14253 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., London, Ont. Kelvinator Limited, London, England.



Kelvinator

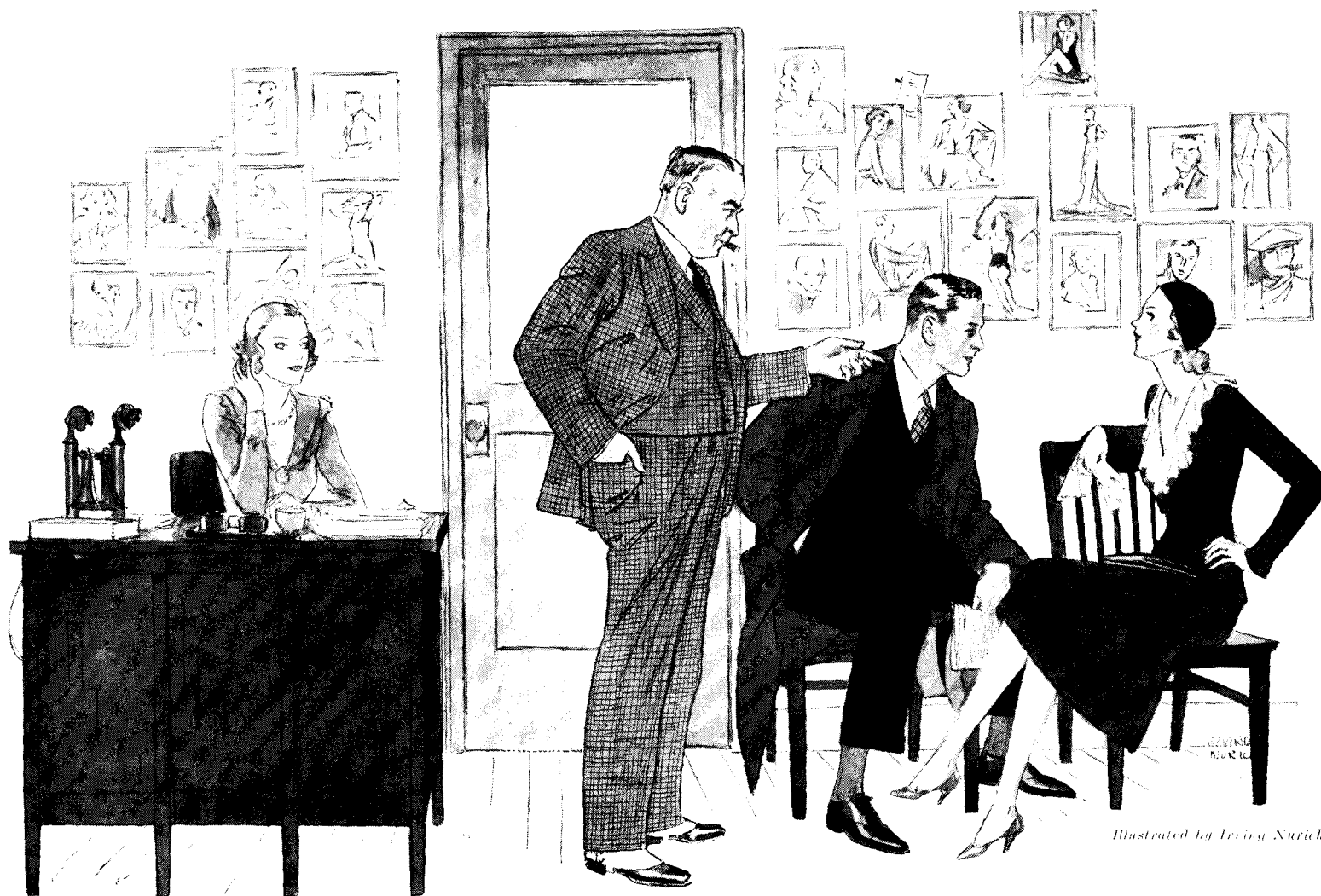


Look for your nearest Kelvinator Dealer in the Classified Section of your Telephone Directory under "Refrigeration—Electric".



If it isn't a Kelvinator —it isn't fully automatic





Illustrated by Irving Norick

The great Bierbauer himself came out, looked over at Sybil and said: "You, there in the corner . . ."

A Flop in Des Moines

The love story of a girl who believed in being herself, regardless

By K.S. Crichton

SYBIL went up in the elevator along about four o'clock.

"Mr. Arbuthnot," she said, although it was not good form to speak to an elevator man by his name and certainly not as "Mister." "Mr. Arbuthnot, it occurs to me that it is a fine day."

"Well," said Mr. Arbuthnot, "I wouldn't hardly know about that. I don't get out much." And he grinned amiably to show that they were on good terms, which indeed they were.

"But you *should* get out more," said Sybil. "You need the fresh air or am I wrong? Is that paleness I see on your cheek or have you been scrubbing the old neck again? I'm afraid you're losing your manly beauty, Mr. Arbuthnot."

"I still got my speed," said Mr. Arbuthnot and proved it by passing two floors where passengers were waiting and making a rushing landing at the eighteenth, where Sybil lived.

"Take care of yourself, Miss Meredith," he said as she got out.

"Same to you, Arby," she replied.

Her mother was sitting by the light near the grand piano reading a book by Hugh Walpole. It was a drawing-room covering enough space for a skating rink and it was plain that the Merediths were people who had always lived on Park Avenue or its equivalent. The rent for the drawing-room alone would keep three Armenian villages for a period of six years. Mrs. Meredith looked up when Sybil came in.

"I thought you were going to a matinee?"

"I went to the thing but I couldn't stand more than one act. It was awful."

"You didn't like Harriet Thorndike!" said her mother, shocked.

"She was rotten," Sybil answered.

"Now, Sybil, for heaven's sake . . ."

"Well, you asked me."

"But isn't there a better word, a—a more delicate word—?"

"Not for Harriet Thorndike. She acts like a cow and her voice sounds like a calliope."

"I suppose you are right and the rest of the world is wrong," said her mother a trifle tartly.

"Sure," said Sybil, lighting a cigarette with a kitchen match—the big kind. Her mother got up.

"Sybil, what are you doing? That horrible match. . . Like a—a longshoreman. Where is your gold lighter?"

"Busted."

"Why don't you have it fixed?"

"Costs too much."

HER mother stopped and looked at her. Then she spoke in a quiet, controlled voice:

"Some day, Sybil, I'm going to the trouble of finding what you are a throw-back to. On one side or the other of this family there was somebody with an ordinary streak so pronounced as to be evident even to the street cleaners. You're one of the loveliest girls in New York and on both sides of our family we have had wealth so long no man's memory runneth to the contrary, and now

you're talking as if nothing could save us but a soup kitchen."

"All I say," said Sybil, unworried, "is that I never can find the darned lighter even when it's working."

"You might at least use one of those nice little match boxes."

"What's the difference? When you lose it, it's gone. I get a pocketful of these big boys and I'm fixed. You have no idea what it's done for me socially. I've actually saved men's lives when they needed a cigarette. The only thing is I'm going to sit down suddenly some day and get up again trailing flames like a skyrocket. Even that would be something."

Mrs. Meredith held her finger in the book by Hugh Walpole and tried to fix her daughter with a stern eye. This was difficult because Sybil was walking up and down, blowing smoke rings and coming down hard on her heels just for the comfort of the thing.

"I suppose," said her mother, "you're going to tell me how bored you are."

"Mamma, you are a witch; you are clairvoyant."

"And you're going to tell me you haven't anything to do. . . Of course, you go to dinner at Lanvin's tonight, and dinner and a show with Paul tomorrow night, and out to the MacDonalds' at Old Westbury for the week-

end, but you haven't anything to do. . . Did Paul call you today?"

"No, I called him. . . Told him I couldn't see him tomorrow night."

"Sybil! You can't treat Paul like that. Really—"

"He sounded all broken up when I called him," said Sybil. "He sounded like a man whose Uncle Abel has just died, leaving him eight million dollars. . . Did I tell you what I was going to do, Marjorie?"

"I don't want to hear it," said her mother, trying to get back to Mr. Walpole.

"I think I'll go up to Columbia and take a course."

Mrs. Meredith put down Mr. Walpole and registered shock.

"If," Sybil continued blithely, "they won't let me in any other course, I can take fire drill and manual training."

BUT Sybil did not go to Columbia. At noon the next day she had lunch at Sardi's and began the rounds of the theatrical managers' and casting offices. A young lady of superior mien took her credentials in the office of Mr. Max Bierbauer.

"Name?"

"Sylvia Harman."

"Where'd you work last?"

"I didn't work. This is my first attempt."

"Don't," said the superior young lady behind the railing. "Don't be sappy. Certainly you've had experience."

She began writing something on the blank.

"You've just finished a highly successful season in stock. . . At—at Sioux City, Iowa. You were a riot at Sioux City."

She wrote further on the blank.

"You do character bits—society parts and like that. You slayed them in Sioux City."

"Thanks for the career," said Sybil.

"Where can we get hold of you?" asked the superior young lady.

Sybil thought rapidly.

"The truth is I'm not located permanently yet. I just got in from Sioux City and I came right up here. I'll let you know tomorrow when I find a place."

"How were things in Sioux City?" asked the superior young lady.

"Fair enough," said Sybil. "The corn was good this year. Not much wheat, but the corn was good."

"It must be extremely delightful in Sioux City when the corn is good," said the superior young lady.

THAT was how it happened that Sybil was back next morning so early that no one was in the outer office of Mr. Max Bierbauer but the superior young lady and a young man who sat slumped down in a chair with his hat over his eyes, a copy of *Variety* before him and his left leg wrapped around his right leg.

"I'm indebted to you both," said the superior young lady, "for your delightful company, but I just don't understand the idea of coming down here in the middle of the night. There won't be anybody around for two hours and the great Bierbauer himself won't be in for a month."

"You know why I'm around," said the young man. "I'm going to sit here till Bierbauer gives me a job, if I have to sit here till Christmas."

"I'm here to give you that address," said Sybil.

"I never expected to see you again," said the superior young lady.

"I have a place up on West Sixty-eighth—one twenty-two," said Sybil.

The superior lady made no move.

"Aren't you going to put it down?" asked Sybil.

"What's the use—you'll be around every day. . . . Why do you want to go on the stage, anyhow?"

"There isn't anything else but the stage," said the young man, sitting up straight and unwrapping his legs. "Who'd want to do anything else if he could act?"

"Yes, act," said the superior young lady in an evil tone.

"Yes, act," said the young man heatedly.

"I think you did very well in that part in Merry-Go-Round," said Sybil.

The young man jumped up.

"Did you see me . . . ?" He turned to the superior young lady. "Did you hear that? . . . She saw me in Merry-Go-Round!"

The superior young lady yawned.

"I missed that."

"You did a fine job," said Sybil. "Your name's Norman Wakefield, isn't it?"

"Do you hear that? She even knows my name and the play only lasted three weeks!"

"What's wonderful about that?" asked the superior young lady, looking intently at Sybil. "I'm not so dumb. I recognize people myself once in a while."

Sybil had lunch that noon with Norman Wakefield and many noons thereafter. Between times they sat in the outer office of Mr. Max Bierbauer and wondered when the break would come. Sybil got to know a great deal about Mr. Wakefield because he was not a repressed young man. Mr. Wakefield thought the world was great and that the stage was the greatest part of the world. Sybil found him a sensible young man in all other respects.

The lunches were at simple places these days. Mr. Wakefield's funds were not at flood tide but he insisted on being

gallant; he would never let Sybil pay. He was obviously a person who needed a guardian or a mother and he had neither.

"Of course you know my name isn't Wakefield," he told her the first time they ate together. "It's Jacob Fisher and I ask you if that isn't a break for the American drama. Imagine Jake Fisher, juvenile lead! The old man had me down at Lehigh taking an engineering course and when I flunked out he didn't much care what I did next. . . . Disgusted. So I came up here and did what I was really doing at Lehigh—learning to be an actor. I got that part in Merry-Go-Round and then the thing blew up."

"It wasn't your fault," said Sybil. "You were good. It was a rotten play."

He leaned over the table in his eagerness.

"Do you mean it?"

"Certainly. I was there, wasn't I?"

"You even remembered my name. Gee, that was great. Even if I didn't know I was good, I'd know it now."



"Just a minute—I left out something"

George Shellhase

"What do you think of Harriet Thorndike?" asked Sybil.

He looked at her.

"That woman!" he cried. "She's impossible!"

And that was when the friendship really started.

TWO weeks after she started waiting in the Bierbauer outer office, the great Bierbauer himself came out one afternoon, looked over at Sybil and said: "You there in the corner . . ." He leaned down to the superior young lady who guarded the portals. "What's the girl's name? . . . Harman. You, Harman; how'd you like a good job in the chorus? . . . Seventy-five a week?"

"I want to be an actress; not a chorus girl," said Sybil.

"Ho!" shouted Bierbauer, with a combination of a snort and a laugh, and strode through the door to his private office.

The young man who went as Norman Wakefield couldn't understand about Sybil's evenings.

"Why can't you stay down oftener? What's the idea—do you have a night

job some place you're not telling me about?"

"No, I'm living with my aunt and I help her with dinner and keep her company afterward. That's how I pay for my board and room."

"Well, why couldn't I come up and help wash the dishes?"

"She hates actors. She used to keep a boarding-house. You'd put her in hysterics."

"You could have her call up Bierbauer. He'd tell her I wasn't an actor."

"Yes, but I couldn't lie about it."

"You think I am one You're wonderful . . . wonderful!"

NEXT day the superior lady answered the buzzer and went into the private office of Mr. Bierbauer. When she came out she said to Sybil:

"Miss Harman, you're wanted. The Great Bazoo himself is waiting in the throne-room."

The great Bierbauer was all a-beam when Sybil was ushered in.

"Sit down," he said. "Sit down and

Thursday morning at eleven. He'll know who you are."

Norman Wakefield was overjoyed.

"It's great!" he shouted. "Wonderful. You'll be a riot."

"How about you, Jake?" she asked.

"Don't you worry about me. I'm going to land one of these days and when I do . . . !"

So Sylvia started rehearsals with Lou Edwards.

"What you want to do, Miss Harman," said Lou, "is to ack natural. Now lessee you walk across there."

Sybil walked.

"Ai-yi, rotten!" yelled Lou.

"What's the matter?"

"What you wanta do is slouch," yelled Lou. "Not straight up like a lady. You're society, see. Like Hope Williams. Slouch, darling, slouch. Thass better."

After rehearsing two weeks, the show was scheduled for an out-of-town try-out. That was when the thing came to a head in the Meredith household.

"Mother, old dear," said Sybil, "I can't keep it from you any longer. I've never been closer to Columbia than Columbus Circle. Our show opens in New Haven."

"Your show!"

"To be exact, Mr. Lou Edwards' show, *The Spawn of the Devil*. Your daughter is an actress, Mrs. Meredith, but as a matter of fact the grand old name of Meredith isn't ruined at all. I'm known as Sylvia Harman."

Her mother gazed at her ruefully. "I'm glad your father is not alive to see it."

"He wouldn't have minded a bit," said Sybil. "He'd have been right down in the front row leading the hisses."

"I'm afraid you're right," said her mother.

THEY opened in New Haven on Monday without disaster. Sybil spoke eight lines and slouched beautifully.

It was on Wednesday that she received this telegram:

ORNITZ OFFERS ME SEASON IN STOCK IN DES MOINES STOP HAVE ACCEPTED STOP ALSO HAS OPENING FOR INGENUE STOP IDEAL FOR YOU STOP WOULD LOVE TO PLAY SEASON WITH YOU STOP AM LEAVING THURSDAY NIGHT STOP WE COULD STUDY OUR ROLE ON TRAIN STOP I LOVE YOU STOP JAKE

She wired back:

YOU ARE A DEAR BOY BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE SYLVIA

On Thursday morning she read a copy of the *New York Times* while she was taking her coffee in bed. She turned first to the theatrical notes, as befitted an old trouper, and there she saw the following:

"Sybil Meredith, daughter of the late Arthur Meredith, multimillionaire copper magnate, has been landed by Lou Edwards for his new play, *The Spawn of the Devil*, which opens at the Savoy Monday night, being rushed in from New Haven, where its try-out has been a hit. Miss Meredith, whose previous playing has been in Junior League theatricals, is said to have remarkable talent. . . ."

Sybil got out of bed quietly, got into her street clothes, dabbed at her face with a powder puff and sat down at the telephone. When she was connected with Mr. Edwards' room, she found that he was down at the theater "doing something with the lights and scenery."

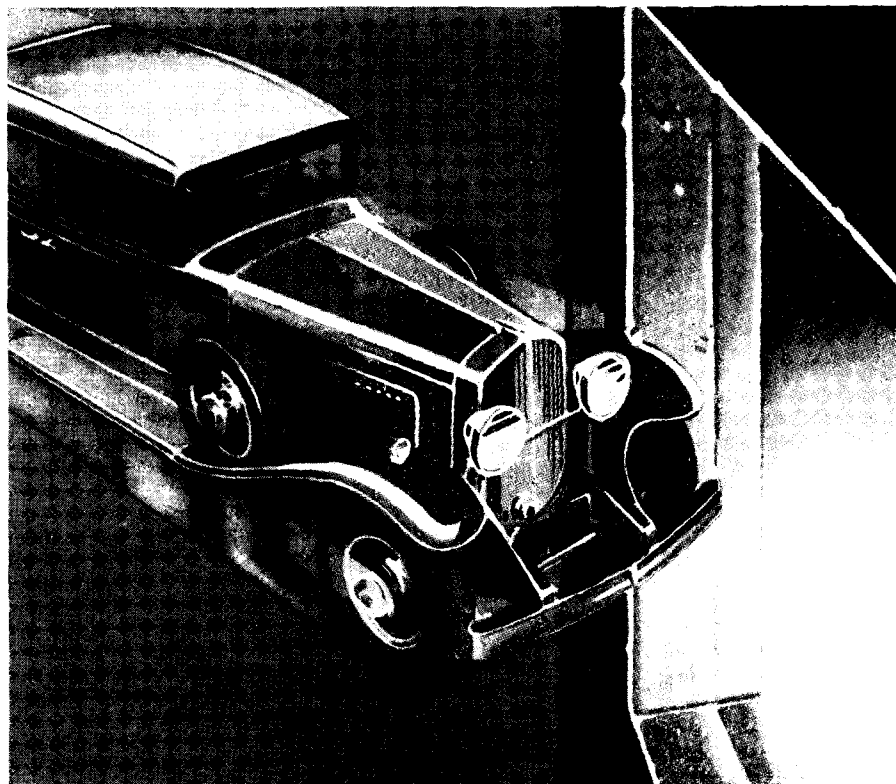
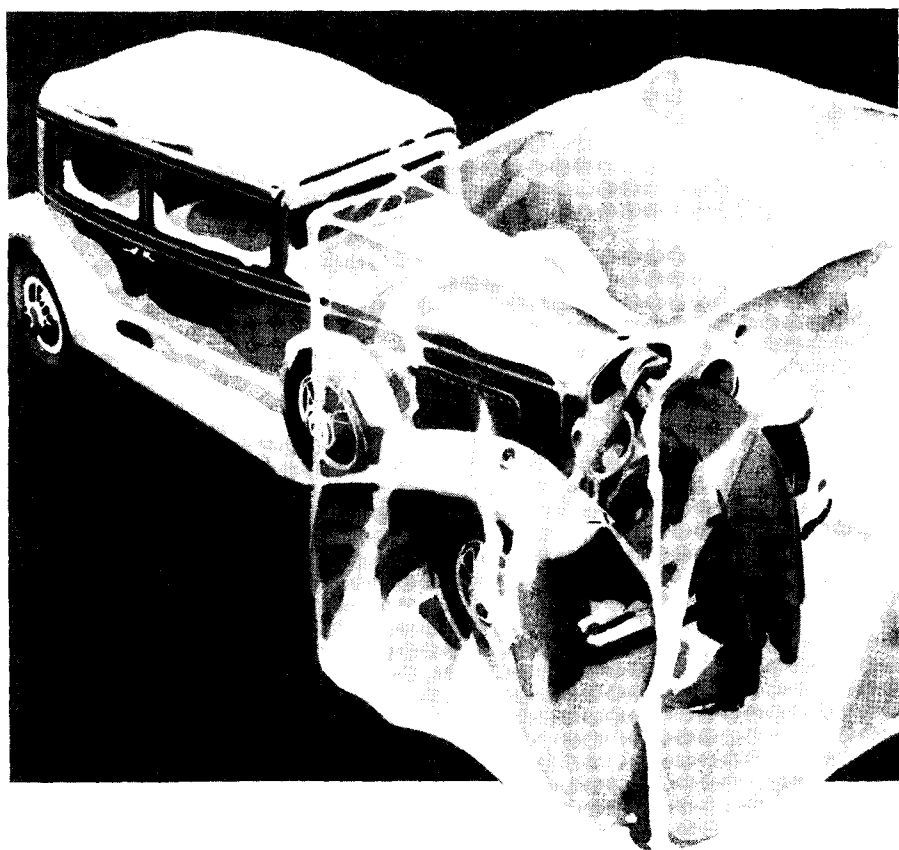
She found him there, busily engaged. "Mr. Edwards, I want to see you a moment alone."

"Anything for you, darling," said Mr. Edwards.

(Continued on page 57)

Warm Wave
Cold Snap . .

LOOK OUT FOR THIN, DIRTY OIL... NOW



Get a **QUICK START** below zero. Get **FULL PROTECTION** at 400° F .

WINTER puts your oil to the test.

A sudden cold snap brings frequent use of the choke. A warm wave brings thaws, slush, dirty roads.

No wonder your winter oil, after December and January driving, is contaminated, thinned with raw gasoline.

No matter how good your oil was when you had it put into your crankcase, foreign substances have contaminated it now. Gasoline has thinned it. Therefore, fresh clean Mobiloil Arctic is vitally necessary for your engine *now*. Don't put it off!

WHEN you go to your filling station for a crankcase drain and refill, be sure to ask for Mobiloil Arctic. It is the largest-selling winter oil in the world because it is the *double-range* winter oil. It fights heat as well as cold. That's why Mobiloil Arctic is ideal for changeable February weather.

With double-range Mobiloil Arctic:

1. On cold days—even below zero—your engine starts easily. Mobiloil Arctic circulates promptly with the first turn of your engine. You save engine wear.
2. During a sudden warm spell, if you

have Mobiloil Arctic in your crankcase, you need not fear for your engine's sure protection. Mobiloil Arctic stands up in your engine at hot operating temperatures—even when those temperatures reach 400° F.

Extra mileage from your car is at stake. In these thrifty times don't needlessly sacrifice the life of your engine—change your oil *now* to double-range Mobiloil Arctic.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast coast to coast each Wednesday evening from WEAF and 53 associated N. B. C. stations at 9:30 Eastern Standard Time.

Mobiloil Arctic

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.



O F F E R I N G

DOBBS \$15 HATS FOR MEN

AT \$ **9⁸⁵**

Starting Monday, Feb. 15 to Feb. 27 only—

*An opportunity for every man everywhere to
obtain one or more of these fine hats.*

A new high in QUALITY

A new low in PRICE



*These new Dobbs FIFTEENS for 1932 are
the finest \$15.00 Hats Dobbs has ever offered
its distinguished clientele.*

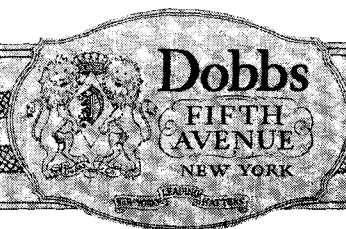
*After February 27th Dobbs FIFTEENS will
be regularly priced at \$15.00.*

Watch for the announcement of your local dealer.

D O B B S
H A T S

I N N E W Y O R K A T 3 2 4 F I F T H A V E N U E

Representatives in all the principal cities





Illustrated by Norman Kenyon

Playing the same old club links he had always played, he made a hole in one

Hole-in-One

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Dana Burnet

IT WAS an axiom among the members of the Long Hills Golf Club that Jimmy Harder was the unluckiest guy who ever sliced a drive. He was also the most cheerful. For sheer good humor Jimmy couldn't be beaten. I've seen him rim the cup with a putt that would have won him the club championship—and laugh. His laughter was genuine. He was one of those rare people who really play golf for the fun of it.

He lived for the fun of living. He had a nice home near the country club, a young and beautiful wife, two husky kids, and a good job with Sheldon & Co., New York real estate brokers. He earned a salary of fifteen thousand a year, enjoyed good health, loved his wife, made his own gin and otherwise approached the American ideal of happiness.

As a matter of fact, Jimmy was completely happy. His only regret was that he couldn't make Linda see it.

Linda was lovely. Linda was sweet. She adored him. She was the best wife in the world, etc. But she was never quite satisfied with Jimmy's achievements. The fact that he was so unlucky seemed to her to be a flaw in his character. Her father had been, and still was, the luckiest man on earth.

"Papa's luck" was a legend in the Harder household. Jimmy knew that he could never hope to equal his father-in-law's preferred standing with the Fates. When Jimmy bought stocks they went down. When he ordered seats for the theater they invariably proved to be on the side or behind a pillar. Once, on the golf course, searching for a ball in the

rough, he had ventured to pick a four-leaf clover and had been laid up for a week with a virulent case of poison ivy. And what did he do? He laughed. His unseemly laughter echoed through the house. Linda at such times could not help but think of Papa.

Papa was so different. A promoter by profession, everything he touched turned either to gold or to glory. His triumphs were the standards by which Linda estimated her husband's modest accomplishments. In vain Jimmy tried to impress her with the fact that luck wasn't necessarily a virtue; or even a blessing.

He had evolved a kind of philosophy from his lack of it.

"LOOK, honey," he said on one occasion. "A man who leans on his luck is always in a sweat for fear it'll drop out from under him. I've never had any real luck since I was born, but I've done pretty well. And I've done it all myself. I haven't depended on the good fairies to help me."

"Papa always said," Linda replied, "that luck was a sign of strength in the people who had it. If you have the will to succeed, then luck will come to you. The trouble with you, Jimmy, is that you're too contented."

Jimmy gave his great laugh.

"Well, sweetheart, why shouldn't I be? I've got you and the kids and enough to eat and—"

"But you're standing still! You're not progressing! Why, I've been at you for the past year to go to old man Sheldon and demand a junior partnership, and you won't do it!"

"Why should I? It'll come in time. Meanwhile we're happy."

"There are other things besides happiness."

"What, for instance?"

Linda could not think what, at the moment. But she prayed that the gods of chance might strike Jimmy with a friendly thunderbolt and shock him into action. He was such a darling and so clever. All he needed was a little luck.

He got it.

One Saturday afternoon, playing the same old club links he'd always played, he made a hole in one.

By the time he got back to the clubhouse he was a hero. Everyone congratulated him and old man Sheldon, his boss, gave him a drink out of his personal bottle.

He and Mr. Sheldon sat for some time in the locker-room, drinking and talking. When he got home he had quite a nice edge.

He found Linda upstairs in their bedroom, reading a letter. He dashed in gayly, seized her in his arms and kissed her.

"Baby!" he cried. "Old man Sheldon has offered me that junior partnership. We're going into town and celebrate. Isn't it wonderful?"

"No," said Linda, tenderly but firmly. "There's nothing wonderful about it. You've earned that partnership ten times over."

Jimmy opened his mouth to speak; then closed it again. Nothing wonderful, eh? Wait till he told her about that hole in one! Wait till he told her what old man Sheldon had said to him in the locker-room! "I need a partner

with luck like yours, Jimmy!" Oh, it was rich!

"What are you chuckling at?" demanded Linda.

"Nothing. I'm just happy, that's all. Come on, honey. Let's step on it."

He was bursting with his secret. But he decided to wait for the appropriate moment to reveal it. It was too good to spoil. He'd wait and then, at the climax of their evening, he'd casually reveal the fact that he was fortune's white-headed boy. What a joke on Linda! Bless her heart!

Their seats at the theater, for once, were not behind a pillar. After the theater they went to a swanky speakeasy for supper. They had lobster Newburg and champagne. Linda was radiant.

At last Jimmy decided that the great moment had arrived. He leaned across the table and smiled at Linda.

"BY THE way, sweetheart," he said, "something happened to me on the golf links this afternoon. We were playing our usual foursome and I—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Linda.

"What is it?"

"I knew there was something I wanted to tell you." She beamed fondly at Jimmy. "I had a letter from Papa today. He said he'd decided to take up golf, and what do you think? The first time he played he made a hole in one."

An icy chill ran up and down Jimmy's spine. He gasped. Then—

"Papa," he said, choking, "is in his heaven, and all's right with the world."

Then, to Linda's great astonishment, Jimmy burst into roars of laughter.

Extra Values Count

1931 was a difficult year. But for Firestone it was a year of great accomplishments—a year of unprecedented advancement in Tire Construction and Tire Service.

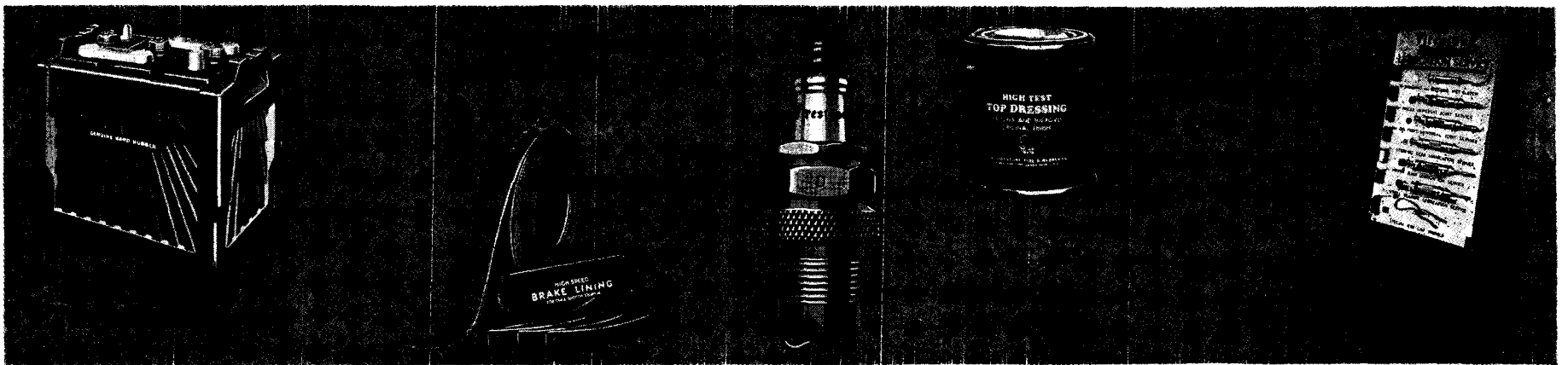
Since car owners bought fewer tires as a whole in 1931 than in 1930, it is significant that they bought more Firestone Tires last year than the year before—Extra Values Count!

Gum-Dipping, the Firestone patented process, transforms the cotton cords into a strong, tough, sinewy unit—adds 58% longer flexing life to every cord, giving 25 to 40% longer tire life.

Two Extra Cord Plies Under the Tread, the patented Firestone construction that gives 26% greater protection against punctures and blowouts, and 56% stronger bond between tread and cord body.

Firestone scientifically designed tread is quiet, gives more comfort—more non-skid protection and longer non-skid wear.

Take advantage of the added economy and satisfaction that Firestone Tires will give you—replace your worn tires with new Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons—the *Safest Tires in the World*.



Call today on the Firestone Service Store or Service Dealer near you. They sell and service the complete line



of Firestone Products—Tires—Tubes—Batteries—Brake Lining—Spark Plugs—Rims and Accessories.

Listen to the **"Voice of Firestone"** Every Monday Night Over N. B. C. Nationwide Network

Firestone

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Copyright, 1932, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.



My rescuing prompter was a round, dusky little girl who helped me out in a stage whisper

HAVING done a bit of puttering around the Orient during one past twelvemonth, I was approached, upon my return to what is sometimes fulsomely called civilization, by a demented publisher. He was aflame with the idea that I should write a book with the title of How to Go to Japan. If I was frosty to this suggestion it was not only because of a conviction that one thing America certainly does not need just now is another book on any subject. It was also because of a careless assumption that such a discourse would be overproduction for Newcastle. I assumed everyone already knew.

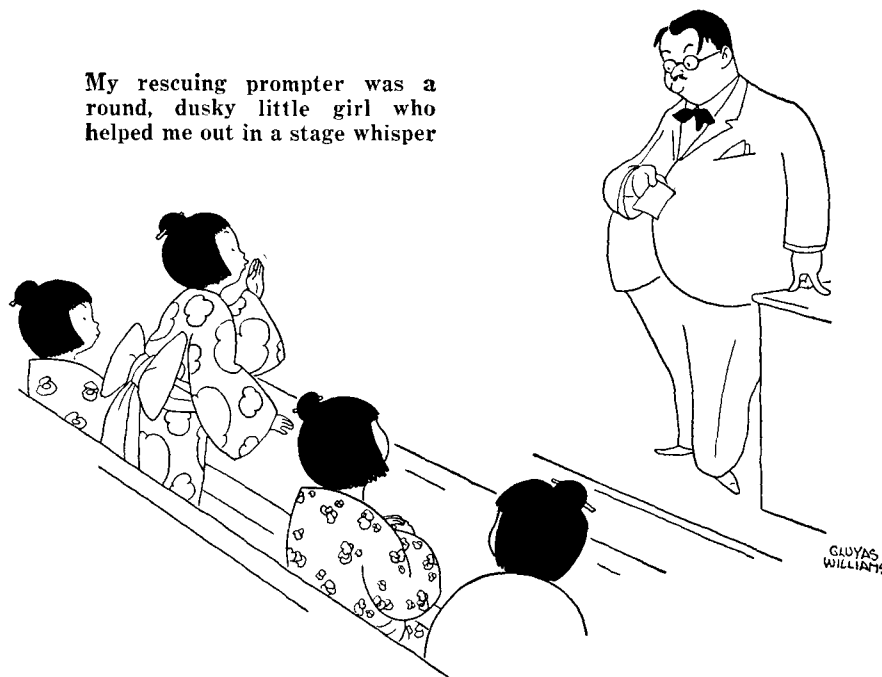
But, as I have since gathered from the public prints, there are some who, when bound for Tokyo, are so eccentric as to fly by way of Ottawa, Point Barrow and other way-stations, where the reluctant residents seem to spend most of the year snowed up and running out of cigarettes and vegetables. When I noted that the Lindberghs wound up their journey by sitting for four or five days in a singularly inhospitable part of the Pacific, I felt that maybe, after all, there might be a place for a book on How to Go to Japan.

Sailing West for the Far East

Perhaps it does need to be said—mildly, of course—that the way to go is by boat. The question becomes acute when the air is full of intimations that a good many of us may have to go by transport and battleship.

The rest of my advice on the subject could be condensed to a single sentence. You can get along well enough in Japan without a pocket dictionary, but you must take a pocket shoehorn.

I forget now why I happened to go to Japan. Maybe I was merely obeying the injunction of whatever sage it was who said, "Go west, middle-aged man."



How to go to Japan

Here are some simple rules and elaborate illustrations. In case you haven't time at the moment to go to Japan, reading this will do practically as well

By Alexander Woolcott

For, due to our supine acceptance of British customs (due, in fact, to such ignoble submission to the fashions set by King George as ought to make Big Bill Thompson turn over in his political grave) we still describe as the Far East a part of the world which Americans can reach most quickly by sailing due west.

The shortest route is from Seattle to Yokohama, and it seems even shorter, for the novice such as Will Rogers or myself does find a childish pleasure in contemplating the phenomenon of the disappearing day. Having sailed on the fourth, and being all set to arrive in Japan on the seventeenth, you are cheered en route by the reminder that it is only a twelve-day voyage after all. Of course one gets nothing for nothing in this rigorous world, and the returning voyager must pay for this gain by going through one eight-day week with rather more Mondays in it than he is used to. It was at breakfast one morning on the westbound voyage that the dining-room steward called my attention to the international date line and the rather high-handed decision to have no Thursday at all that week. For a moment I felt singularly bereft and sat staring pen-

sively out the porthole at the vertebrate string of islands in which North America peters out.

"Ah, well," I murmured, in violation of my own rule against puns at breakfast—"ah, well, I still have my Aleutians."

"Yes, sir," said the steward.

Then the westbound voyage can have other distractions. For instance, ours was enlivened by a storm in which the first officer had most of his ribs cracked and by one sudden death among the passengers which steerage gossip quite generally referred to as a case of murder by poison. But since the demise was officially ascribed (truthfully enough, at that) to acute indigestion, we sailed into port unencumbered by all the tedious red tape of criminal procedure. The suddenly widowed Hindu woman bore up splendidly under the blow, and if I can still recall the flash of her brave smile, it is probably because of a tasteful bit of dentistry by which she had had a gold spade and a gold diamond inlaid in her front teeth.

A Use for Old Congress Shoes

I have said you would better take along a pocket shoehorn because not only at temples and palaces but at such homes as you may visit, at the best of the Japanese restaurants, and even backstage at the theater, you will not be suffered to trail the dust of the city onto the spotless mattings of the interior. You must shed your street shoes at the door. Now the Japanese themselves are so practiced and so shod that they can cast a shoe at the drop of a hint, but it is a laborious business for one of my girth and sedentary life to leave his shoon at every threshold, and an even greater chore to resume them on the way out.

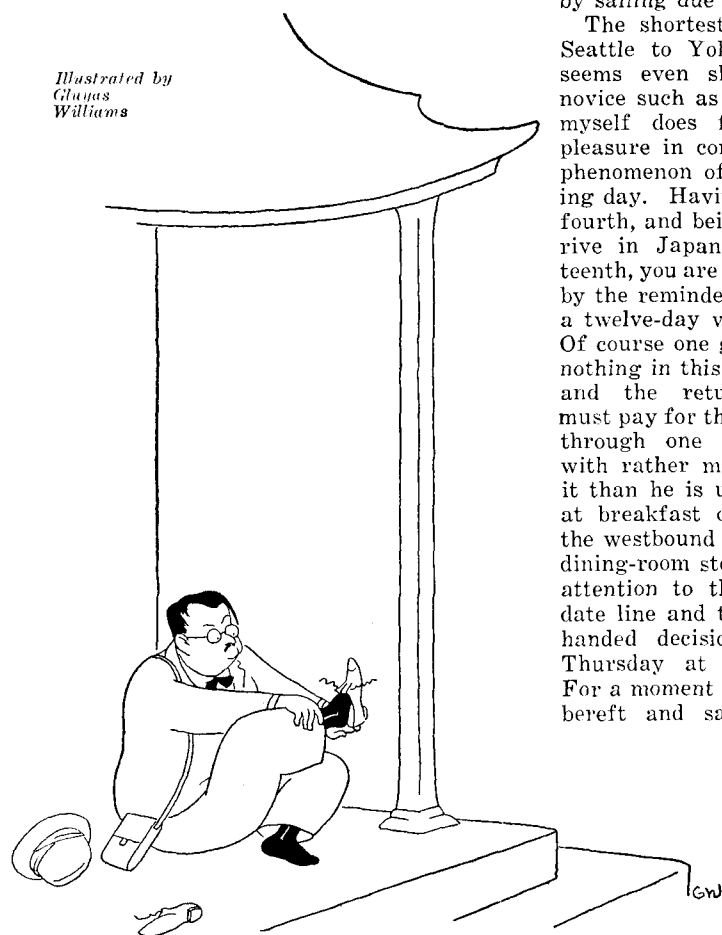
So by all means take a shoehorn. As for finding your own footgear when you come out, I think that is largely a matter of luck. I remember watching some two hundred little schoolgirls who had tripped across a temple garden under a stage snowfall of drifting cherry blossoms. In a twinkling they vanished into the temple itself, leaving two hundred pairs of practically identical shoes neatly lined up outside of the temple steps. I wondered how each would find her own again, but they came swarming out, into their shoes, and away at so rapid a pace that I could not detect the method. My vague speculation as to how each child would find her own pair again dissolved in a dark suspicion that she did nothing of the kind (unless by coincidence) but just adopted the first pair which came to foot.

You Needn't Learn Japanese

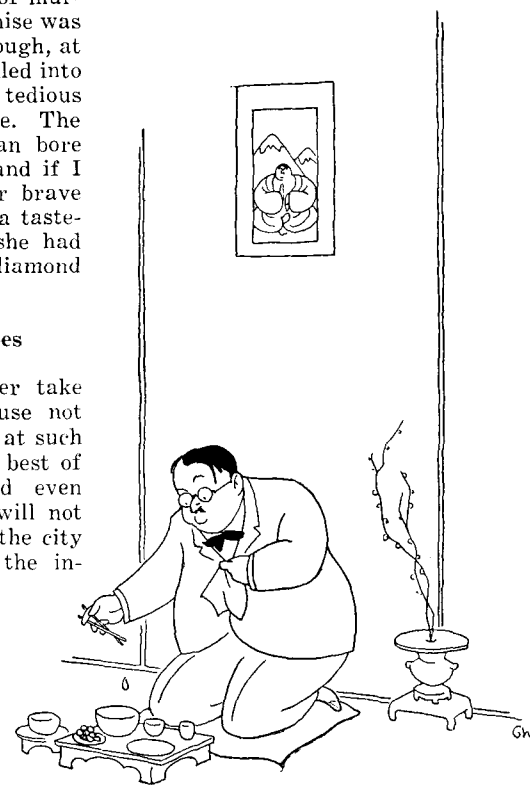
Very well, then, a shoehorn, its work made easier, if you want to go to such lengths, by your wearing a good stout pair of old town pumps. But you will need no dictionary, for wherever you go in Japan, you will find enough people understanding English to make your faltering attempts at Japanese unnecessary. In any town you certainly would find a far greater proportion of natives understanding your speech than you would in an equivalent town in France for all that England lies just across the tossing Channel. If the French in a thousand years have learned less English than the Japanese in a hundred, it is not, of course, because they are slower witted, but because they would really rather not know English. I am not going to pretend that every rickshaw boy who picks you up will break into flights of Johnsonian English, but I do know that when, for reasons which escape me, I made a speech at a girls' school in Tokyo, they understood all my little jokes and when, in comparing their school to the one which Jo March launched in Little Women, I groped through my memory for the name of it, my rescuing prompter was a round, dusky little Japanese girl who helped

(Continued on page 38)

Illustrated by
Glynas
Williams



It is a laborious business for one of my girth to leave his shoon at every threshold



So much food had fallen off my chopsticks that I got all the effects of under-eating

"Look here, Em! Our family could save \$18 a year on Tooth Paste"

"With six of us in the family, each using a tube of 50¢ tooth paste a month—we're spending \$3 a month, \$36 a year. If we changed to Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢ a tube—we'd save \$18 a year, just on that one item.

"Economy isn't the only reason for changing, either. The Vandergriefs use it, and they could afford to pay any price.

"Lillian Vandergrief's teeth are as perfect as any you ever saw. And she told me her family uses Listerine Tooth Paste because it does a better cleaning job than any other brand they've tried.

"In fact, I'm sure our teeth would be helped as much as our budget—and you can see that means *plenty!*"

Teeth So Clean They Surprise You

If you want to know how clean and bright your teeth can be, begin using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its results will be a revelation to you.

This is especially due to a remarkable *special polishing agent*. It works wonders on your teeth, in half the usual brushing time.

Tartar, tobacco stains, and every other discoloration, vanish entirely. Dirt and decay are gone. Your teeth gleam with all their natural brilliance.

Yet your tooth enamel cannot be scratched or damaged in any way. Powerful as this polishing agent is, it is scientifically gentle in action, and protects your teeth.

And you will be delighted, too, with the fresh, invigorated after-taste it leaves in your mouth.

You Gain By Our Economies

We can give you such an unusual dentifrice, at such an unusual price—for two reasons. First, we use the most modern and efficient methods of manufacture and distribution. Second, the demand is so great that production is on a huge, cost-cutting scale.

Over four million people, in just nine years, have become steady users of Listerine Tooth Paste. Try it, and its economy and cleansing power will surely make a regular customer out of you. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



Look
at what your
\$3
will do

FOODS

7 lbs. steak, 8 lbs. bacon, 10 lbs. ham, 8 lbs. lamb chops, 2 chickens, a large roast, 12 jelly rolls, coffee rings, cheese cakes or angel cakes, 6 qts. of olive oil, 20 quarts milk, 100 oranges, 20 lbs. lard, 150 lbs. potatoes, 147 lbs. flour, 40 lbs. prunes, 60

lbs. sugar, 36 packages rice, 15 lbs. coffee, 3 lbs. tea, 30 loaves bread, 6 doz. eggs, 7 lbs. butter, 6 lbs. cheese, 60 packages biscuits, 30 cans soups or beans, 30 large cans evaporated milk, 30 cans tomato juice, 15 large cans peaches, 12 large cans (pears or pineapple or fruit for salad), 20 large cans spinach, 20 cans golden bantam corn, 30 cans spaghetti, 20 cans cocoa, 10 jars marmalade, 20 packages pancake flour, several lbs. of candy, 15 qts. ginger ale or other beverages.

CLOTHES

Handkerchiefs, hose, or hat, sweater, gloves or knickers, pyjamas or underwear, bathrobe or kimono, swimming suit, muffler, or raincoat, sneakers, moccasins, or

slippers, shoes, rubbers, or galoshes, girdle or negligee, summer or house frock, dress material or bloomers, beach hat or cotton beach pyjamas, neckties, shirts, or cufflinks, belt, suspenders, and garters (all 3) overalls or lumber jacket, one or two dress shirts, infant coat and bunting (both) 3 infant underwear, 1 infant sweater, 2 infant shirts, 1 infant blanket, 2 infant dresses (all 9) children's pyjamas, rompers, frocks or shoes.

FOR CHILDREN

A baseball bat and glove, a doll or dollcarriage, a tricycle or scooter, bicycle tires or toy soldiers, an inexpensive wrist watch, ice skates or roller skates, rompers, frocks, or shoes, a toy locomotive.

FOR THE HOUSE

Steamer or wooden chair, window shades or screens, curtains, napkins, or towels, table cloth, bedspread, or sheets, couch cover or cotton blankets, carpet sweeper or radio tubes, medicine cabinet or good skillet, electric fan, iron, or toaster, coffee percolator, meat chopper, an aluminum pot, a gallon of paint, a saw or ax, a clothes hamper, a plane, a vise, or a brace, a rake, a hoe, and a shovel (all 3), book ends, or a breakfast set, other china or glassware.

FOR THE CAR

Spark plugs, tire chains, or jack, spotlight, or tail and stop light, a horn, or brake bands, auto clock, or inner tube, 20 gallons of gasoline, 3 gallons of oil.



ROCKNE

Sponsored and guaranteed by Studebaker,
its sensational performance impresses
 motorists all over America

TRUE to predictions and expectations, the Rockne is coming through with a quality of performance that is a literal sensation.

People are giving the most unqualified praise to its riding ease, its power, its quick getaway, its simple, ultra-modern control.

Motorists who had been strongly partisan to other cars are telling everyone they meet about the thrills and surprises they experienced in a Rockne demonstration drive.

Almost overnight, the sheer engineering excellence of the Rockne has won it a standing with the public that only a few higher priced cars have had.

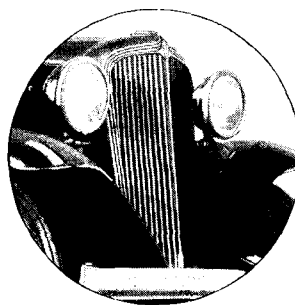
Exceptionally advanced

In construction and features, as well as appearance, the Rockne Six evidences one striking advance after another.

Look over the entire field and you will find no low priced car that offers anything comparable to the very large, very powerful, remarkably smooth, six-cylinder engine of the Rockne "75"—and its inherent freedom from vibration is still further increased by Rockne 4-Point Cushioned Power.

No competitive car at any price has a better transmission unit. The Rockne combines Free Wheeling, in its finest form, in all forward speeds, with a Full Synchronized Shift. Its built-in Switch-Key Starting starts the ignition and throws on the power at the turn of a key—*automatically and immediately* starts the engine again, should it stall.

The Rockne has hydraulic shock absorbers. It has four-wheel brakes with exceptionally large braking surfaces. It comes to you with glass-smooth electro-plated pistons, quadruply counterweighted crankshafts, finger tip steering, silent carburetion and self-adjusting spring shackles.



It has body design that takes advantage of aerodynamic principles in decreasing wind resistance and increasing speed. It has very wide seats—and an easily adjusted driving seat.

And behind it, is the successful Studebaker experience of 80 years—your positive warranty of satisfaction . . . of finest materials and expert workmanship.

Notably inexpensive cars

You can buy other low priced cars in certain models for less money than the lowest Rockne prices.

But in no other low priced car can you get all that your Rockne money gives you.

Its dimensions, design and mechanical thoroughness give it an irresistible appeal to many who have been paying considerably more for their cars.

Yet the sensation created by the 114-inch wheelbase Rockne "75" will seem mild with the appearance soon of the remarkable Rockne "65" in cities all over the country.

Vigorously styled, and impressively long with its 110-inch wheelbase, the "65" has six-cylinder power and all the features of the "75". And it comes to you at the lowest price for

ROCKNE "65"

\$585

AND UP, F.O.B. FACTORY

110-INCH WHEELBASE

66-HORSEPOWER

SIX

which a six-cylinder automobile of its size, quality and standard equipment has ever been sold.

Style, speed and stamina

Make no commitment on any other car at anywhere near the Rockne prices, until you first make sure you know all about the Rockne from actual driving experience.

It has the style you want, the speed you delight in, and the durability for which all Studebaker sponsored automobiles are famed.

It effects substantial savings in first cost—and startling operating economies—without requiring you to sacrifice any of the advantages of higher priced cars. So why take less this year in your new car?

You'll never know what a thrill a low priced motor car can give until you get behind the wheel of a Rockne. It's a dream to drive and a pride to own.

Vital Specifications	Model "65"	Model "75"
Extra Long Wheelbases	110"	114"
Large Motors—cubic displacement	190"	205"
Very Powerful Motors—brake h. p.	66	72
Extra Large Brakes—braking surface	143 sq. in.	151 sq. in.
Models and Bodies	Prices f. o. b. factory	Prices f. o. b. factory
Coupe, 2 passenger	\$585	\$685
Coach, 5 passenger	595	
Coupe, with rumble seat, 4 passenger	620	720
Sedan, four door, 5 passenger	635	735
Convertible Roadster, 4 passenger	675	775
Convertible Sedan, 5 passenger	695	795

ROCKNE MOTORS CORPORATION

(A Studebaker subsidiary company)

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

ROCKNE "75"

\$685

AND UP, F.O.B. FACTORY

114-INCH WHEELBASE

72-HORSEPOWER

**FREE WHEELING
AND FULL
SYNCHRONIZED SHIFT**

**NEW SWITCH-KEY
STARTING**

**4-POINT CUSHIONED
POWER**

- all at no extra charge

OWNER SERVICE POLICY WITH EVERY CAR



A Man Must Fight

Continued from page 15

I realized there was nothing left to do but fight and fight hard.

The time for smiling was gone. With every ounce of energy I had in my make-up I hurled myself at this big guy and hit him from all angles. He finally put his head between his knees to keep out of harm's way. This method of defense he employed for the next two rounds; whenever he peeked out I would whale him. I got the decision and with it the winner's prize—a dollar razor.

When he stepped on the scales that night Martin weighed 193 pounds; I weighed 168. Bob, in congratulating me after I was presented with the prize, said, "You hit me the hardest punches tonight that I have ever been hit." I could have told him the same thing. As a matter of fact, no one punch ever hurt me as much, before or since, as the belt he hit me in the second round.

The next day I made two calls—one to meet Jimmy Bronson to request that he include me on the proposed trip to Italy of a boxing team that he was organizing. Jimmy was athletic director of the Y. M. C. A. in charge of boxing and was the first man to start the mixed matches between the doughboys and French professionals in Paris. These later spread to other military centers.

Jimmy was most gracious but regretted that the team was already made up. He said had he known of me he would have given me a place on the team; also that if any of those who had been chosen failed to come, he would arrange for orders from General Headquarters and wire me at Romorantin.

Ducking Guard Duty

The other visit was to the Knights of Columbus headquarters to get some altar linen for the priest at our camp. Jake Carey said to me, "You will have to go up to the third floor for that, Gene. Here, Billy McCabe, would you mind taking Gene up?" As we climbed the three flights of stairs I became acquainted for the first time with Billy McCabe. We remained friends until he died. He was associated with me after I won the world's heavyweight championship. Bill was a great person.

By this time my company commander had changed his opinion about the effectiveness of my defense and skill. He beat any other commander in the camp who had a tournament hope in registering his protégé in the A. E. F. tournament. I actually did not want to go into this tournament because I realized there were 2,500,000 Americans in France, all of whom had pugilistic aspirations, and among whom were many professionals. I believed that while I could probably eliminate a good many, eventually I would bump into a seasoned, experienced, good professional, who would be too much for me. After all, I was but a boy and little more than a novice at professional fighting.

Moreover, I had grown a bit; my weight was about 168 pounds, which would compel me to enter as a light heavyweight (175 pounds). I believed that the seven or eight pounds I would be giving away to the average soldier boxer was all right, but I thought it would be too much of a handicap against an experienced professional. However, since my captain had registered me in the tournament, it was either default and go back to guard duty—a horrible thought—or go through as far as I could, putting off the evil day of returning to guard the empty balloon sheds as long as possible. I could not default.

I won the first five or six matches against inexperienced but ambitious soldier boys with comparative ease. I remember feeling sorry for these fellows, even when I was in the ring with

them, for I realized that most of them were in the tournament for the same reason as myself—to get out of duty.

It was not until I got to Tours and met the winners of the other sectors of the S. O. S. that I met any stiff competition. I won the first two matches by knockouts, and in the third and final contest met a huge American Indian named Lewis, from St. Nazaire.

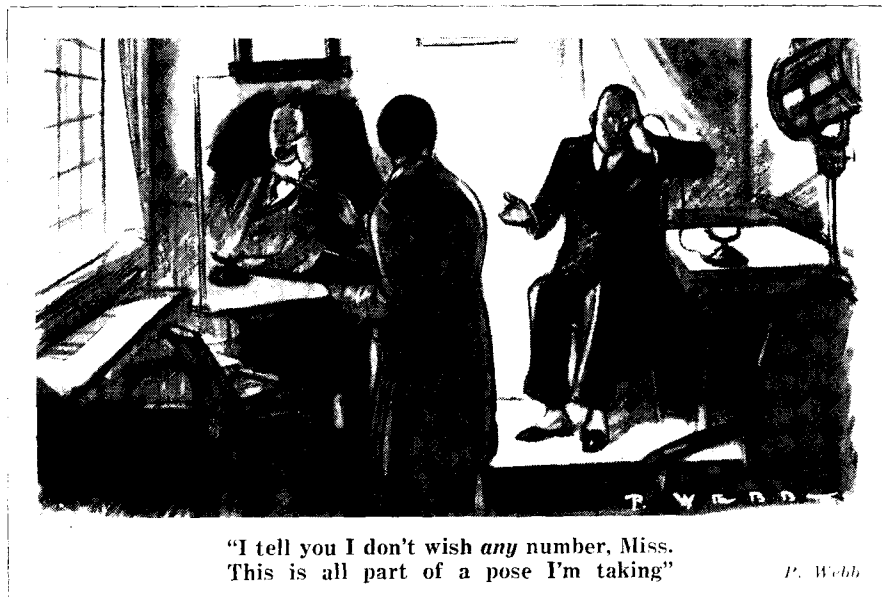
These preliminary matches in the tournament were fought with ten-ounce gloves. It was not until we got to the finals in Paris that the five-ounce gloves were used.

In this Lewis match I happened to catch him with a hard short right on the point of the jaw. Despite the ten-ounce gloves, he fell to the canvas, kicking and groaning. I have never seen a man knocked out act in such a way. However, in hitting Lewis, I broke the knuckle of my middle finger. He was counted out. When I took my gloves off, my hand was swollen to twice normal size. This swelling took place almost instantaneously. The knuckle that

to take the night train to St. Nazaire. Being privates, Picard and I would have had to ride all night in a third-class car. We had no assurance of a seat. This trip in those disorganized days of the French railroad system would have taken not over thirty-six hours—if we were lucky. They nonchalantly admitted that they had arranged for a motor car to drive them down the next day where we were to report to them when we arrived.

Immediately on getting back to Romorantin, the company doctor put my hand in a splint, where it remained for ten days. I could do nothing but road work and very little of that. When the splint was removed Picard and I set out for Paris, for "fame and glory."

We went to the Red Cross Hotel at Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, where we got beds for two francs a night. I was able to do only rope-skipping, shadow-boxing and road work for the six days before the first contest took place. I had not learned to punch a bag, and even if I had I knew of no place in Paris where



"I tell you I don't wish any number, Miss. This is all part of a pose I'm taking"

P. Webb

I broke in that fight in the early spring of 1919 bothered me all during the early part of my subsequent career; as a matter of fact, up until the third Greb match, in December, 1923.

There was no chance of postponing the next match. I was ordered immediately to St. Nazaire for two weeks' training preparatory to the finals in Paris. Had I been wise, I would have defaulted then, and after six weeks' rest, my knuckle would have returned at least to its normal strength. But since I had gone so far in the tournament with ninety per cent of knockouts, the spirit of competition got hold of me. I wanted to win that tournament.

Before going to Paris I went back to Romorantin in the company of little Edgar Picard, who had won the featherweight honors of the S. O. S. Picard, before service, had a good record as a bantamweight around New England under the name of Kid Thomas. He was a clever little fighter and an enjoyable companion. We had broken away from the other S. O. S. honor winners, because they had been placed under the care of a bluffing M. P. captain, who pretended to have been a prominent and promising young heavyweight from Kansas City, Kansas. This M. P. was assisted by Mike O'Dowd, who was then middleweight champion of the world.

We were ordered by the captain and O'Dowd to report at the railway station

I could find one. The matches were held in the Cirque de Paris.

My first opponent was K. O. Sullivan, a tough light heavyweight from Allentown. He had fought Jack Dillon, Battling Levinsky, Larry Williams, and other good light heavyweights before coming to France. When the fight started I discovered he was a southpaw. Now there is but one way to fight a southpaw, as I have discovered, and that is with a right hand. Most of the southpaws, while they may have a fairly good right hand, have as their main asset a left swing to the body or head. I have seen but one southpaw who did not follow this procedure—Lew Tendler, of Philadelphia. He was a great fighter.

Any fighter with a good, straight right-hand punch will lick the best southpaw. The right must be timed, however. A southpaw rarely gets very far professionally. The technique of a cool, good right-hand hitter, while opposed to a southpaw, is always to get his opponent to keep his left swinging. While blocking and slipping these long swings, one gradually gets the measure of distance. When the time is right, the straight right travels inside the left swing. This technique has never failed me.

On this night with Sullivan my right hand was sensitive and swollen and useless for anything but slaps. I was forced to depend entirely on my reconditioned left. I used the left often

enough and effectively enough to win the decision of the judges and referee at the end of ten rounds.

My next match was with Ted Jamison, in the final match for the light-heavyweight championship of the A. E. F. Jamison before coming to France had won the amateur light-heavyweight championship of the United States at Boston. He was a fairly clever, good-hitting, canny fighter. Had I not decided to throw my right hand regardless of pain, as well as the left, I would have lost the decision. The contest was rather even up to the tenth round, when I knocked him down with a left hook. Though he hopped to his feet in a few seconds this was the deciding factor in the fight and gave me the light-heavyweight championship of the A. E. F. Jimmy Bronson refereed the match. It is strange how fate had arranged for Jimmy's and my paths to cross as they did.

Realizing my ambition by winning the light-heavyweight championship of the A. E. F. was very gratifying to me. It was a successful termination of a most trying experience. Though I entered the tournament reluctantly, after getting into it and feeling the urge and joy of competition and victory, I set my mind and heart on going through to the end to win the championship. At the beginning of the tournament, the road to the A. E. F. title seemed impassable. When, on April 26, 1919, as my hand was raised by Jimmy Bronson as the victor and winner of the A. E. F. crown before General Pershing, General Foch, King Albert of Belgium, and many of the high military and official dignitaries of the American, French and Belgian governments, there was a consciousness of having done a good job mingled with a realization that Lady Luck was on my side.

The winners of the A. E. F. championships were automatically attached to General Headquarters in Paris, and ordered the following day to the American posts along the Rhineland to give a series of exhibitions.

The Dempsey Mystery

About this time there was considerable talk in the Paris papers, and all of the American papers we could get in France, about a promising young heavyweight who was matched to fight Jess Willard, and who was expected to win the world's heavyweight championship. No one over there seemed to know much about this young Jack Dempsey. Naturally, I was curious, and whenever the subject was broached, I would ask questions about his ability, his weight, his height, his style, his capacity for punishment and so forth.

Eventually, I introduced the subject to a marine by the name of McReynolds, a former newspaper man from Joplin, Mo., who was detailed to accompany the boxers and wrestlers to Germany. He said he saw Dempsey fight several times at Jimmy Bronson's club in Joplin, and in St. Louis. I became all ears.

McReynolds answered my questions enthusiastically. Everything he said indicated great admiration for Dempsey. McReynolds did not suspect what I had in mind until I suddenly began thinking aloud. . . . "Mike Gibbons, a clever boxer, defeated the great Jack Dillon, the fighter, by a decision. The question is will Gene Tunney, the clever boxer, ever defeat Jack Dempsey, the rugged fighter?"

McReynolds laughed and said, "Shucks, Gene, you are young, you are fast, you are a clever boxer, you can take it. It ought to be possible for you some day to do that."

I said, "I will."

Mr. Tunney will continue his story in next week's Collier's.

WITH ALL THE HONORS

THE CHAMPAGNE
OF GINGER ALES



BRIDGE PARTIES, in this age of keen competition, really do need *finesse* to be successful. With due apologies to luck, you aren't safe unless you build your bridges.

You'll find that Canada Dry—The Champagne of Ginger Ales—is a sure quick-trick. With its sparkling gaiety it adds a note of joyous color to your refreshments . . . an intimate cordiality, and distinction.

Yet the cost of this fine old beverage has an instant appeal to your sense of thrift. At the new low price it is an outstanding value. You'll like the two convenient sizes, too—the new, large size containing five full glasses for the

family and parties—the familiar twelve-ounce size for the twosome or individual. Both sizes may be bought in handy cartons.

SANDWICHES FOR A BRIDGE PARTY

Quite in keeping with the spirit of the afternoon, these clever little sandwiches with bottles of your favorite beverage to keep them company are exactly the light dainty refreshments you need. Molds for shaping them to "suit" are inexpensive and always useful.

Spade Sandwiches—Filled with caviar and cream cheese which has been softened with a little cream. Garnish with ripe olive slivers.

Heart Sandwiches—Filled with spiced ham and mustard or mayonnaise. Decorate with halved gherkins.

Club Sandwiches—Filled with sardines mixed to a paste in their own oil and a dash of lemon juice. Garnish with a sprig of watercress.

Diamond Sandwiches—Filled with hard cooked egg and pimiento mixed with mayonnaise. Garnish with slices of truffle.

If your bridge party is at night, a Japanese crabmeat salad with marshmallow garnishings may be added.

(Approved by the kitchen of the Ladies' Home Journal)

© 1932

CANADA DRY

A NEW LARGE SIZE • A NEW LOW PRICE

Now you can ECONOMIZE on SHAVING CREAM too

25¢ IS ENOUGH TO PAY

NOT so very long ago, this company purchased A-1 materials, cut production costs to a minimum and brought out Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢. At present, it is a best-seller. Its primary appeal lies not in its price, but in its quality and the results it produces.

Now we're doing the same thing with Listerine Shaving Cream. We're manufacturing a cream the ingredients of which are the finest that can be secured. The savings acquired through mass buying, mass production and mass distribution are passed on to you—for the price of the big tube is only 25¢.

Although price is a consideration, you'll be won to this cream by the cool and refreshed feeling it gives to the skin. In addition, it will lather in split-second time, whether used with hard water, cold water—even ice-water.

A pinch of this cream on your brush will whip into a fragrant cloud of lather, more than sufficient for a shave.

Men may be drawn to it for any one of these reasons. Honestly, we can't tell. But we do know that Listerine Shaving Cream is attracting men by the thousands. And what's more—*holding* them.

Risk a quarter and discover how pleasant and economical a shave can be. Get a tube at your druggist's today. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM



me out by supplying "Plumfield" in a stage whisper. I could almost hear Miss Alcott chuckle in heaven.

So the casual voyager to Japan need not spend much time learning the language in the plodding manner of my neighbor, George S. Kaufman, the playwright. In anticipation of his first trip to France, he conscientiously learned one French word a day for several weeks only to have the trip called off after all. Then he promptly started unlearning his new vocabulary at the same rate, and one night when I dropped in for dinner, he told me, with some little relief, that he had only just that minute succeeded in forgetting what *mou-choir* meant.

Following the Food

No, I think you might better devote such ardor of preparation to a few hours a day spent in practicing the lost art of sitting cross-legged on the floor. The Japanese do not expect foreigners to go through all the breathless setting-up exercises which mark their own exchange of ordinary greetings between two acquaintances at a party, but at a chic luncheon in a Japanese household or at a Japanese restaurant you either sit on the floor or go hungry. You see, the food is down there. At the end of my first of such luncheons, I did not need a digestive tablet so much as a good stiff massage. I had, as a matter of fact, been able to forget my diet entirely. So much food had fallen off my chopsticks en route from cup to lip that I got all the good effects of under-eating without subjecting my will power to any strain.

Then I had practically no wine at all. The warm, sweet rice wine is poured by the enchanting Pitti Sing whose duty it is to bring in your luncheon dishes on a tray, replenishing your bowls from time to time and, while kneeling attentively on the other side of your little table, to give shrieks of girlish laughter at your mildest sally. This creates in one the pleasant illusion of being a wit and so, I suppose, is an aid to digestion. I had just finished the first appetizing eyecupful of wine when my waitress took the stopper out of the decanter and, with the prettiest gesture imaginable, asked me if I would have some more. I nodded my head in enthusiastic affirmation, whereat, to my considerable surprise, she looked downcast and put the stopper back without giving me any more wine. Four times during the luncheon this singularly frustrating episode was repeated and I left the room thirsty. Afterward I consulted my adviser in such matters and learned that all my pantomime had merely expressed polite refusal.

"But how," I asked with some heat, "would I have expressed the fact that I did want some more?"

"Why," said my friend, "you would have held out your cup."

He rather had me there. But as a rule one has no such trouble in making oneself understood.

If American speech presents few difficulties to the alert Japanese ear, American movies present none at all to the alert Japanese eye. The mikado's subjects do not carry their sensitive and passionate patriotism to the point of preferring the talkies produced in their own dear country, although I have, as it happens, heard the foremost actor-manager in Tokyo complain a good deal about the Hollywood products. He finds that, after attending them, the members of his company afflict him by overact-

How to go to Japan

Continued from page 32

ing, expressing a mild dislike by such facial disarray as they formerly reserved for murderous hatred and indicating a slight surprise by calisthenic contortions reminiscent of epilepsy.

When an ordinary Hollywood movie is unfurled in Japan, the occasional captions are, of course, translated into the language of the country and, as an added help, a functionary, who is a cross between a Greek chorus and an Ellis Island interpreter, stands in the shadow alongside and intones an explanation of what is going on. But I had the distinct impression that the audience didn't need him and, indeed, never really listened to him. At least I had that impression one night when I was a-stroll on the Ginza in Tokyo with old Jim Howe, a reluctant cosmopolite, upon whom the emergencies of the Associated Press have inflicted a familiarity with the Orient. We dropped in at a plebeian movie house and became two indistinguishable particles in a milling multitude that was enjoying every moment of Tom Sawyer. I found there was nothing in that tale of a Mississippi village before the Civil War which was at all alien to the sympathies of this Tokyo audience. Indeed, at each point their reaction was in no way different from our own.

I was, however, a bit startled by one curious lacuna. In the schoolroom scene, I saw Tom roll a spit-ball designed, as I remembered well, for his enemy, the teacher. Yet the next thing I knew, he was being punished. In the picture as shown in Tokyo, the actual launching of the rude projectile and the satisfying arrival at its displeased target were omitted. I learned afterward that this had been censored, for the Japanese are so quick to get a good idea, and so hospitable to interesting foreign customs, that the censors feared the showing of Tom Sawyer would be followed by a barrage of spit-balls throughout the schoolrooms of Nippon.

Of course, I suppose some of the ideals of conduct committed to celluloid in Hollywood puzzle the Japanese, but then they puzzle me, too. I know they puzzled a Mongolian chieftain whom some politic Americans, attached to the legation, were trying to entertain in Peking while I was there. He looked rather like the late Queen Victoria with her hair in a braid, but he was attended everywhere by bodyguards of homicidal aspect, and his writ ran through a perilous part of Asia about as large as Texas, so we were all disposed to speak him fair. A dinner given in his honor was not without its mishaps, for when the hors d'oeuvres were passed, he plucked something shaped like a skewer from his belt and with it speared for himself, at one deft stroke, four fifths of the salami that had been intended for the entire party.

A Strange American Custom

As for the entertainment after dinner, it was disastrous. They showed an American movie wherein that seemly youth, Señor Ramon Novarro, played a sprig of Castilian chivalry. The Mongolian potentate did not care much for Ramon, and when the hero, having rescued the heroine from nameless perils, bore her off to his room and himself tactfully curled up for the night on the doormat outside the portal of the chamber, his Mongolian highness became so frankly bewildered that all attempts to explain had to be abandoned and the party broke up in disorder.

I suppose that the reason the way-

farer's fancy is so tickled by watching Tom Sawyer in company with some hundreds of gentlemen of Japan who might just have stepped from the chorus of The Mikado, is the essential incongruity of the experience. It is like finding the Connecticut Yankee loose again in King Arthur's Court. But every moment in latter-day Japan is kept lively by just such incongruities. I remember my luncheon of delicious *sukiyaki* at Nara, partaken of upon a bamboo balcony. On the greensward below, the deer for which this ancient little town is famous sauntered suggestively in the eternal hope of scraps from our table. They are delightful, the sacred Nara deer, and on the barest suspicion that you have rice cakes concealed about your person, they will attempt, in twos and threes, to get right into your rickshaw with you. On the shore of a tiny lake I could see a score of children, each equipped with a drawing board and all intent on the contours of a dozen elderly turtles basking on a rock-reef by the water's edge. The immemorial Nara quiet was disturbed only by the sweet hum of their voices, the rattle of an ox-cart on a distant road and the occasional deep boom of the vast gong at the temple on the hill.

I have never been in any country where I was so continuously aware of the children. They are so numerous that even the Imperial Government has now, I understand, reached the point of approving birth control in a big way. A distinguished Kyoto critic explained it all to me. There simply isn't room.

"But," I said, "you have Korea."

His face clouded with irritation. "No," he said, "Korea is full of Koreans."

And Manchuria—to the considerable annoyance of the Japanese—is inconveniently full of Manchurians.

A Futile War

Which leaves only one topic that I have not touched upon—to wit: our future war with Japan about which, from time to time, I have heard the wise-aces talking ever since I can remember. More often of late, than for some years past. Heaven knows I heard enough about it over there, not from the Japanese, of course, but in the bar at the Peking Club, or in the veranda café of some Pacific liner, or aboard some small craft fogbound in the Yellow Sea. I heard it talked and talked about among the officers of our own Army and Navy who are stationed in the Far East and have a lot of time on their hands. I heard how many years a really satisfactory war would take, how we would have to begin by frankly yielding up the Philippines and then spend two years gathering forces for recapturing them. And so forth, and so forth. Oh, I heard much of the kind of thinking which made the last war so.

Most of the talk was ever so cheerful, but war is not my trade and I am afraid I kept foreseeing this one in terms of youngsters now oblivious at school and of homes on midland farms waiting every day for letters that will never come.

I only hope that if ever there is such a war and we win it, we shall remember that we won it because we were larger, richer and more numerous, and therefore not feel too proud about it. For I have seen just enough of Japan and the Japanese to believe with all my heart that such a victory would be only another of history's insensitive triumphs of quantity over quality.



To commemorate the year of the George Washington Bicentennial

1932

This year the American people celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, father of our country.

To help commemorate this important anniversary, the Gruen Watch Makers Guild has created six fine watches, known as the Washington Series.

Designed in the true Early American spirit, their cases reflect the quaint, simple beauty of Colonial times; their movements the sturdiness and rugged honesty of America's pioneers.

The Gruen jeweler in your community has arranged a special showing of these anniversary watches. Each one represents a value far beyond its moderate price. Be sure to see them. Other fine Gruen Watches for men and women for as little as \$29.75. Gruen Watch Makers Guild, Time Hill, Cincinnati. Branches in various parts of the world. Largest manufacturers of fine watches exclusively—engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century.



This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

The **GEORGE WASHINGTON**, newest Gruen Quadron, with its famous rectangular movement of proved accuracy. Two-color, 14 kt. gold-filled case with a sturdy wrist band to complete the rugged simplicity of the whole design, \$50

The **BENJAMIN FRANKLIN**, a staunch and serviceable 15-jewel Gruen* with link band of matching design, \$42.50

The **MOLLY PITCHER**, a 15-jewel Gruen Cartouche* in a new and practical design of trim simplicity, with bracelet of matching design, \$37.50

The **MARTHA WASHINGTON**, (center) a new 17-jewel Gruen timekeeping Baguette,* designed in the popular vogue of old colonial jewelry. Its dainty bracelet is set with real carnelian, jade or crystal, \$57.50

The **PAUL REVERE**, a fine new 15-jewel Gruen, its stalwart, white gold-filled case suggesting the early American spirit, \$37.50

The **BETSY ROSS**, a slender, 15-jewel, 14 kt. white gold-filled Gruen of the baguette type, with dainty link bracelet ensemble, \$42.50

*Your choice of 14 kt. white or coin gold-filled cases of highest quality

The WASHINGTON SERIES

of GRUEN

Guild Watches



Does the caffeine in coffee keep you awake? Must you forego coffee's steaming fragrance if you would enjoy sound sleep? Then rejoice! Yes, rejoice and drink Sanka Coffee. For it is a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees—from which 97% of the caffeine has been removed. You can drink Sanka Coffee—at any hour—without losing a wink of sleep! For proof—make the night-test. Drink your first cup of Sanka Coffee at night. Next morning you'll know that here, at last, is a grand blend of coffee you can enjoy—without regret! Sanka Coffee comes vacuum-sealed—ground or in the bean. Satisfaction—or your money back. Get a pound of Sanka Coffee to-day—and sleep to-night!

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE • 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

© 1932, S. C. CORP.



Accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association.

The Gracious Lady

Continued from page 11

was beating his arms against his chest and sides.

"Where to, sir?" he asked.

Dean glanced at the troubled face of Rita. That sweet serenity of countenance was disturbed now. He longed to put his arms about her, to assure her that worry and unhappiness were forever ended for her now. Then she met his glance, and her eyes lighted and confidence seemed to shine from their warm brown depths.

"It's still too early for luncheon?" he asked her. "It's twelve-thirty."

"A little ride—first," she suggested.

"Through Central Park. Then to Pierre's," he said.

He assisted Rita into the machine and climbed in beside her. They had gone half a mile into the park before she spoke.

"Dean," she finally said, "talk to me. About—about anything except—"

He knew the reservation she made. And he plunged into the first thing that occurred to him.

"Had the shock of my life last night," he said. "Got a wireless and thought it was from you and it said that the sender wouldn't marry me."

"Wouldn't—what? Mr. Resolve," her voice was suddenly gay, "have you been trifling with my young affections? Have you been tossing anchors to windward—if that is the correct nautical term? Who was she?"

"Jinny Carpenter," he said. "And you know darned well, Rita, that I've not looked—"

Her gloved hand touched his arm gently.

"Of course. But," and her mouth puckered faintly, "why on earth did Jinny—"

"That's what I asked myself, and there wasn't much of any answer to the question. Until I got home this morning and found a letter from her, asking me why on earth I'd cabled a proposal, and telling me that I must have been out of mind to do it. Said she'd lunched with you recently—"

"We did. She's a dear," said Rita.

"Too beautiful and too sweet to live" was the way her letter referred to you," laughed Dean.

Rita smiled.

"That makes her one up. I'll not have to think hard to say something as nice about her. She's a darling. But who sent—"

"I've racked my brains," replied Dean. "And had to give it up."

"YOU'RE sure she refused you?" asked Rita mischievously.

"In the nicest sort of way," he chuckled. "Let me down by telling me that she knew I was mad about you—even if you'd said 'no.'"

"But refused you? I can't believe that any woman would do that to you."

"It does seem difficult to understand, doesn't it?" he laughed. "But I imagine that Jinny has had so much practice in saying 'no' that it would never occur to her to say 'yes.'"

"Says Mr. Resolve, sparing his pride," she jeered.

"Mr. Resolve hasn't any pride in anything except in being loved by you, Rita," he told her.

Her body grew rigid beside him. From her lips—they always seemed to be slightly parted in an eager expectancy—came the faintest of sighs.

"Oh, Dean, I wonder."

"Wonder at what?" he asked quickly.

"Whether—Dean, you'll have to see your father, and find out what Sam meant."

He smiled reassuringly.

"Listen, my child, the old days of 'surrender, me proud beauty, or I'll foreclose the mortgage on your father's farm' went out with The Duchess and Bertha M. Clay. And your husband's modern version isn't very convincing."

"Dean, he was prepared to kill you this morning." She shuddered.

"Was he?" Resolve's tone was light. "He changed his mind quickly enough." She shook her head thoughtfully.

"He wasn't afraid, Dean. He—God knows I have no cause to respect him, but—he's no coward, Dean. Cautious, but—not afraid. He—frightens me."

"He isn't going to frighten you back to him," he assured her.

"I don't—think—anything could do that, Dean," she said slowly. "But—I want to see your father, too. Please—let's drive to his office now."

"That's the most completely ridiculous thing you ever wanted to do, Rita," he expostulated.

"Nevertheless, Dean, I want to do it," she said quietly.

STURGIS RESOLVE was on the verge of departure for luncheon when Rita and Dean arrived.

"This is a delightful surprise, Rita," he said, smiling.

"I only hope it is, Mr. Resolve," she told him.

"Could you ever be anything but a delight, Rita?" he countered.

"As Dean's wife?" she flatly demanded.

"As Dean's wife, as yourself," he told her gallantly.

But there was worry on the purple countenance, and he made, they both felt, needless ado about closing his office door, about drawing up a chair for Rita, about adjusting the papers on his desk.

"We don't need to tell you—about Dean and myself," stated Rita.

"I know," said the older man, "that my son is most happy and fortunate, Rita."

"Sam agreed to let me get a divorce a few weeks ago," said Rita.

"Let me talk to Dad, Rita," said Dean. He looked at his father. "Clayborne refuses to grant Rita a divorce. He—came home a while ago—as Rita and I were leaving. He—this morning you said that Clayborne had talked, Dad. He told me that I'd better see you. He says that you owe him a million, and threatens to put the firm through bankruptcy unless we settle at once."

"Damned insolent—your pardon, Rita," he caught himself, "but—"

She smiled wanly. "But—is it true? Can he do this, Mr. Resolve?"

Old Sturgis Resolve's face lost its purple hue for a moment.

"Why—er—it's a matter of adjustment. And suppose he can, Rita, what of it? If you love Dean and he loves you—"

"That would seem to settle it, Dad," said Dean.

But his Gracious Lady shook her head obstinately.

"I'm not going to permit my love for Dean, his love for me, to ruin you, Mr. Resolve."

"Ruin? Nonsense. The money can be raised. You see, Dean, it was like this: Clayborne came to me, shortly after you sailed, with a proposition to merge into one holding all those Rensselaer Place properties. It looked like millions. How could anyone know that this silly depression would continue, would lower the best real estate values

in New York? I had to take him on in a hurry or not at all. So I—well, I put up all the available cash we had and gave him notes for nine hundred-odd thousand—not a million at all."

He looked from one to the other, as though the difference between "nine hundred-odd thousand" and a million were something tremendous, and as if that difference somehow nullified all that Clayborne had said. Dean tried to hide his sick resentment at the old man's futile stupidity.

"Well, values have dropped. I'm not denying that, Dean," his father went on. "But—the intrinsic value is there. If we can just hang on—besides, the notes aren't due for several weeks, and—"

"Don't fret about it, Dad," said Dean. He turned to Rita: "You see, the money isn't due—"

"Please, Dean. It's sweet of you, but—I want to see clearly. And I do see. If—if I go to Reno, Sam will ruin you—and your father—and mother."

"My dear girl," he protested, "I've just gotten back to America. I haven't had time to look into this matter. You're taking his threats at their face value."

She shook her head.

"His threats are always worth their face value," she said. "His promises are different. Dean, I want to think."

"About what?" he cried. "Rita, now, after all our waiting, when we both know we care—are we going to let him frighten us?"

"Not us. There's your father, Dean."

"Oh, I say," protested the shame-faced senior Resolve, "you mustn't give it a thought, Rita."

"But Dean just said that this morning you mentioned my husband to him, said that he had talked. Does that mean that he threatened you? Then, if you mentioned it to Dean, it must have been because the threat frightened you."

"Frightened me? Why, damn, Rita—your pardon again, my child—I don't know any man that can frighten me."

"Men couldn't," Rita's smile, Dean thought, had never been so sweet. "But events—misfortunes—they can frighten any man, especially if the misfortune may touch others."

She turned to Dean.

"DEAN, dear, I—can't let you do it. I can't let Sam ruin your father—your mother."

"You said that a moment ago," he said, "and I told you that I haven't had time—Rita, things are never as definite as they seem. Resolve and Company's credit—"

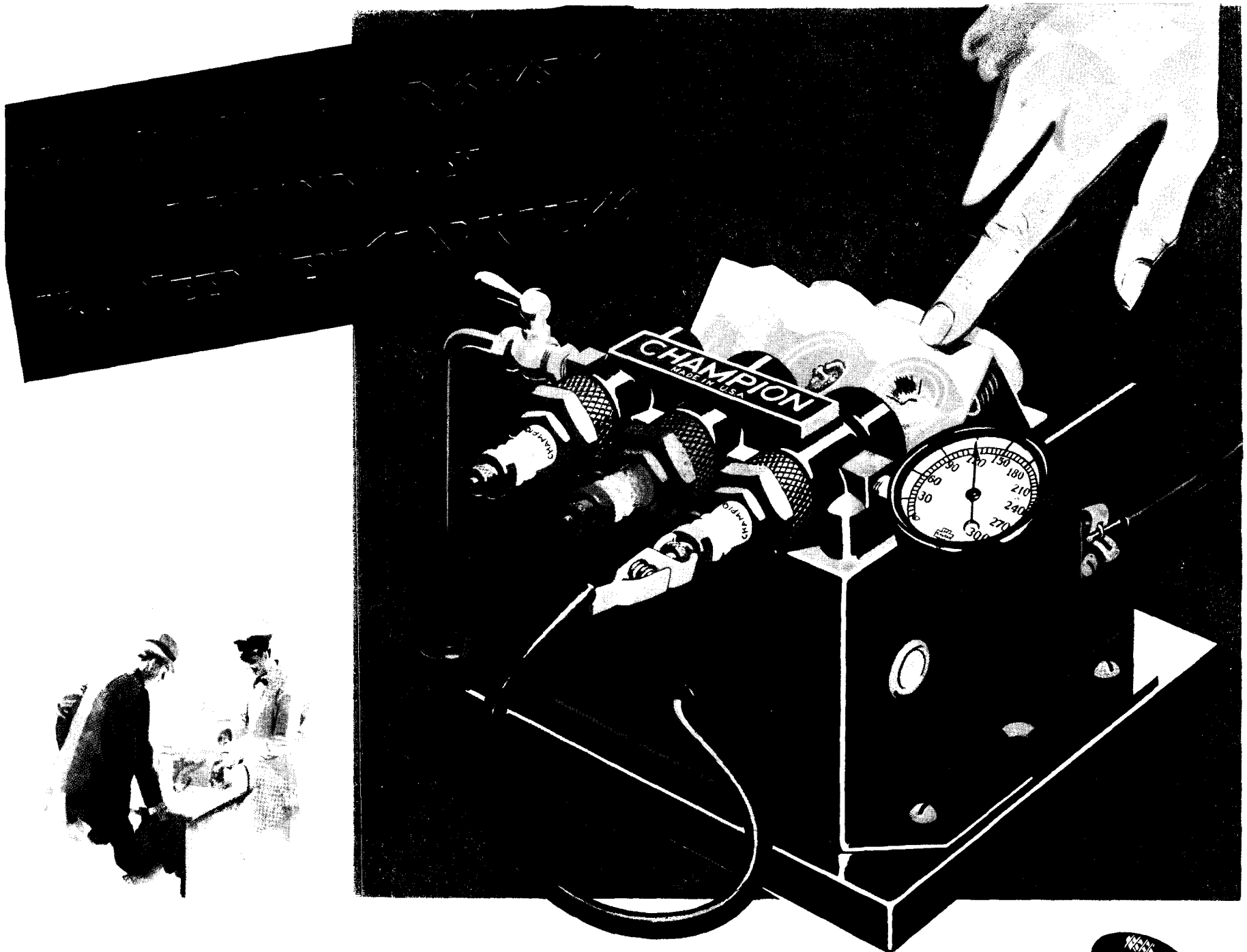
"No one's credit, these days, means anything," she said. "Dean, life has not been very kind to me. But I think that life's unkindnesses are due, perhaps, to our own incapacities. I have not been happy—until I met you. But if I hadn't made the mistake of marrying—"

"When you were nineteen," he blazed. "A baby! My God, Rita, if people were blamed for the sins of nineteen, it would be dreadful. But to blame them for their mistakes—now, you aren't to worry about Dad and myself. We're men, and can take care of ourselves. And if—your husband—feels any urge to—be unpleasant—well, we can still take care of ourselves."

"Of course we can," cried old Sturgis. Shame that his own lack of caution might interfere with his son's happiness made him regret his hint of the morning, made him hate the ne-

(Continued on page 42)

CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES FOR BETTER ENGINE PERFORMANCE



TO PROPERLY serve motorists who want to know why and when they need to change spark plugs, the Champion Spark Plug Tester is now in the hands of dealers everywhere.

You plainly see under compression similar to the operating conditions in your own engine, the weak, wavering and wasteful spark of your old spark plugs. Then you see, and compare to this the clean, full and intense spark of new Champions—the spark that brings renewed efficiency to every engine.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO • WINDSOR, ONTARIO • LONDON • PARIS

Let your Champion dealer perform these interesting and conclusive comparative tests for you.

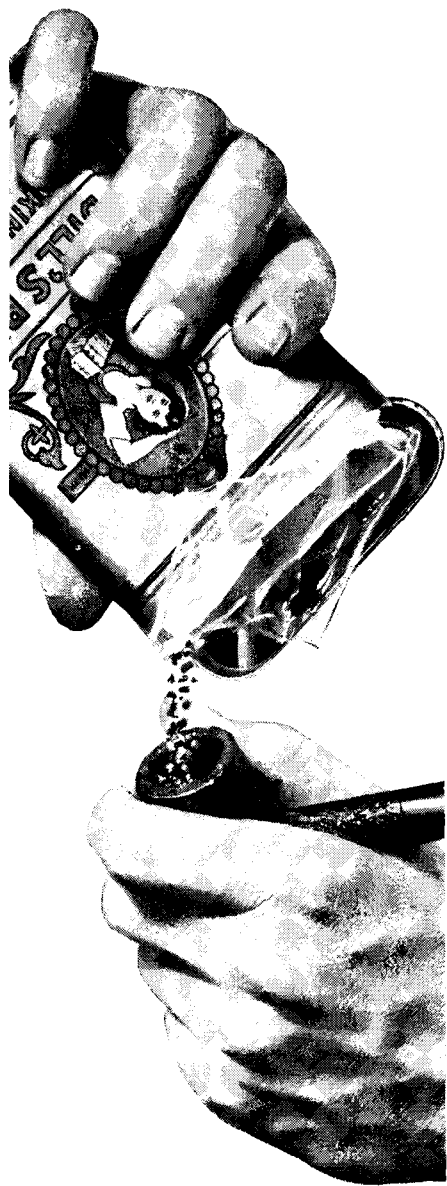
Motorists who regularly install new Champion Spark Plugs every 10,000 miles have learned from experience that they renew engine power, speed, acceleration and economy each time.

Champion Spark Plugs are preferred by the majority of the world's motorists. Their better performance is demonstrated by consistent and unparalleled victories in the major racing events of the world.



CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

Dill's
SINCE 1848
Best



The more you
like a pipe the
more likely you
are to say

Dill's Best
is America's Best

The Gracious Lady

Continued from page 40

cessity for the admission of it now. "You're sweet, Mr. Resolve," she said. "But—I think I've been—a little hasty. Dean, will you take me home?"

"I certainly will *not*," he replied. "You're never going back to that man's house. You're taking the train today—"

Her firm round chin thrust slightly forward in decision.

"No, I'm not, Dean."

Sturgis Resolve shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Rita, Dean. Suppose—you two—decide what's best. I—don't want to hear—"

IN AN anguish of embarrassment he left the room, yet was not too overcome to bow over Rita's hand and kiss it, and murmur something to the effect that she mustn't be frightened, must let "his boy" and himself work out their difficulty.

"Rita, you can't mean—to call it off," said Dean, as the door closed upon his father.

"Dean, I'm afraid," she said. "Oh, not for myself. But for you. When Sam said that he'd let me go—I should have known that the truth was not possible to him. But I thought—with his other interests—he was perhaps glad to be rid of me. But he was merely biding his time. He is the kind that can wait. His anger is never so great that his head doesn't rule. Dean, I don't know what he might do."

"He didn't do much today," he reminded her again.

"That doesn't mean anything. He can take a blow, a snub, an insult, if it suits his purpose to do so."

"But, Rita, you can't go on forever, fearing what he may be able to do."

"Not forever. But—he's boastful, Dean. He will tell me, if he thinks I've returned to stay, what he intends to do—"

"I'll not have you spying upon him. I won't let you degrade yourself—"

"There's no degradation in protecting the one I love," she said. "And I won't spy. But, Dean, if it were only yourself—I'd trust you to protect yourself. And the money wouldn't matter. But your father and mother—Sam is the cruellest, most revengeful man on earth—"

"Today you were ready to go with me—without a divorce," he said.

"And still am," she said. "That—he'd hate, but—not so much as having me divorce him. If you want me—if you need assurance that I care—"

"Of course I don't, my sweet and lovely girl," he said. "Only—Rita, I've waited. You said that the waiting was over. And because your husband rants and threatens—Rita, Resolve and Company can't be as badly involved as all that."

"When you've looked into the matter, and can tell me that my leaving my husband will not ruin your father—then I won't hesitate a minute," she said.

"And you won't go today?" he begged.

"Dearest, how can I? I mean, to realize that I was the cause of misery to your parents—I couldn't do that, Dean."

"I wish," said Resolve grimly, "that your husband had drawn that gun."

"Sh-sh." She placed her palm against his lips, and he kissed the smooth flesh. "You mustn't even think that."

"Why not?" he demanded. "A scoundrel, blackmailing you into continued misery—he'd be better dead."

"But not at your hands, my dear," she said. "Dean, will you take me home?"

He sighed. His hand swept over his forehead, across his blond head. His gray eyes were sick with misery. He laughed harshly.

"It's all so absurd," he said. "You take six months to decide; decision made, you start from the house. Then, because he says that he'll take money from my father, because he loosely threatens me, your decision is put aside—and—we're back where we started from."

"No, we're not," she said. "Before, we didn't know that we were going to marry each other. Now—that's settled. We're only postponing it."

"Until when?" he groaned.

"Not too long," she promised.

"But don't you realize that, if Clayborne can wreck Resolve and Company, he'll do it whether or not you leave him?"

"But it won't be because I have left him. And then, if he does, if the worst has happened, I'll come to you without feeling, quite so keenly, that it was all my fault—"

"You promise that? Win or lose—in my fight with him—you'll come to me?"

"Win or lose," she said.

"Then I'll get into the matter this afternoon," he said. "I'll have it out with him in a day or so—tomorrow if I can. Rita, I think your scruples are silly, but—they're fine, just the same."

She slipped into his arms and for a moment he knew the glory of her quick surrender again. Then she released herself from his grasp.

"Now," she said breathlessly, "please take me home."

He left her, at her wish, at the door of the Sixty-third Street house which Sam Clayborne had remodeled until its interior was one of the most beautiful in New York. In a black mood, he told his driver to take him back to his office; then he remembered that he was hungry, and changed the address to Pierre's.

The Lord knew that he didn't feel like meeting anyone, but his own thoughts were not endurable. At Pierre's he might see someone with whom, despite the lateness of the hour—it was now two-thirty—he could lunch. And it was with an eager look around the room that he entered the restaurant.

MARGERY KINGSTON, lunching with her mother, hailed him with delight.

"When did you get back? Carter will be tickled. We'll phone tonight."

Sally Dempster, a newly-rich from Des Moines in tow, waved a jeweled hand. Where the deuce, he wondered idly, did Sally, notoriously hard up, acquire that ever-increasing collection of baubles?

Claire Rentoff and Wallie Curtis called frantically to him. And, as he meditated joining them, a waiter spoke to him.

"Miss Carpenter, Mr. Resolve. She's at the corner table and wishes you to come over."

He turned and followed the man. Jinny, of course. The one person in the world to whom a man could bring his troubles and be sure that they would be understood. She was sitting with her mother, that sprightly dame whose looks belied her forty-six years, and whose handsome features told where Jinny had gotten her good looks.

They were good looks, too, Resolve

told himself as he walked toward her. She was blond as himself, save that her merry eyes were blue instead of gray like his own. Of medium height, she was slender enough to seem taller, and if there was a hint of future opulence in her figure it was not disturbing, for her mother's charms were undeniable, even if they were luxurious. Women, Resolve somewhat incoherently thought, ought to be fairly well-rounded when the thirties pass away.

"Sit down, my ardent one," Jinny greeted him. "Tell me that you came here looking for me, to demand a reconsideration of my refusal."

Dean grinned.

"H'm," he said gravely. "I've heard of these mothers who hang around and tell stories on the witness stand. I'm not to be sued for breach of promise by the likes of you, Jinny. You've refused me, and that settles it."

"Little idiot," said her mother calmly. "Where will she find as charming a suitor? Wouldn't consider me in her place, would you, Dean?"

"Now that," said Dean, "is the most attractive proposition I've heard in years. If I were Jinny's stepfather, I could give her the scoldings she so obviously needs, and—"

"Much obliged," laughed Mrs. Carpenter. "I thought my own charms—Jinny, darling, I must run. Late now. Sit here with Dean and keep your suitor interested. On the rebound, you know. Even if you don't want him, you don't want anyone else to have him—We'll have you to dine, soon, Dean."

SHE was gone, an apparently flighty but really level-headed woman, in a burst of words, a confusion of greetings which she received from, and bestowed upon, half the people in the dining-room.

"Mother knew, as I did, that it was a brain storm, Dean," said Jinny. "And she's vowed not to be solemn about it, but to ride you. Dean, what caused it?"

"I'd like to wipe your eye, my pet," he chuckled. "The vanity of you, refusing Dean Resolve. I think I will. Jinny, I never cabled you asking you to marry me."

The girl's blue eyes narrowed.

"Mean that, Dean? But, of course, you must. Well, I let myself in for it, didn't I?"

"I think your letter was swell," said Dean warmly.

"I wanted it to be," she told him. "I mean—I hated like sin, Dean, to be flippant, but—it seemed the only thing to be. I—gee, Dean, I don't know whether to be angry at myself for having been fooled, or glad that you didn't really propose, and aren't hurt—Dean, who could be—low—enough to do a thing like that?"

"I wish I knew," said Resolve. "If I did—" His voice died away on an ugly flat tone.

"Seen Rita?" Jinny's voice was elaborately casual.

"Yes, I've seen her," he replied.

The girl toyed, with an affectation of complete interest, with a bar pin at her breast.

"Did you know her husband has—er—done me the honor to—approve of me?" she asked.

"The loathsome little toad," he blurted.

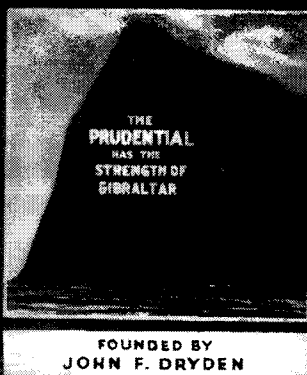
She nodded.

"Exactly. Dean, shouldn't something be done about him—and things?"

(To be continued next week)

THE FAMILY'S PROTECTING ARM

Keep your Life Insurance in force



THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President © HOME OFFICE, Newark, N.J.

bridge clubs
vote
two
tickets!

DRY

ITALY



CAUTION:
Our labels
are imitated.

2 kinds of MARTINI

VERMOUTH WINS cocktail elections! Land-slide for Martini & Rossi's two popular flavor-ites... the steppy brunette dry, "Italy bottle", and its gay blonde running mate, "Dry bottle" (more dry—vamps palate.) Know your vermouths and you know your cocktails. (New rage—shaker's successor—"Automatic Bartender" has directions on glass—shows where to fill for 6 famous cocktails. Only \$1.50). Send dime for Cocktail Wheel, recipe movie! See below.

IMPORTED, non-alcoholic

MARTINI & ROSSI
VERMOUTH



Write Name and
Address in Margin

Enclose 10 cents for "COCKTAIL WHEEL". Send \$1.50 (\$1.75 West of Miss.) for Bartender (2 views). Mail to W. A. Taylor & Co., 12-16B Vestry St., New York.

PROF. GAGA SPIRITUALIST

SEANCES,
TABLE RAPPINGS,
MATERIALIZATIONS,
NEATLY DONE



"Bah! Down again! Why don't you bid your hand and cut out that psychic stuff?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North		East	
S.	K-6-4-2	S.	J-8-5-3
H.	5	H.	J-9-7-2
D.	K-J-7	D.	8-6
C.	K-Q-9-8-3	C.	10-5-4
West		South (Dealer)	
S.	Q-9-7	S.	A-10
H.	K-8-6-4-3	H.	A-Q-10
D.	5-2	D.	A-Q-10-9-4-3
C.	7-6-2	C.	A-J

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, illustrates the type with which in Contract an original demand or forcing bid should be employed. There are four original demand bids in general use:

- Original two-of-a-suit bids.
- Original three-of-a-suit bids.
- An original one-Club bid.
- An original two-Club bid.

An objection to (a) is that it deprives the original bidder of all opportunity to differentiate between hands which have the minimum strength for a one-bid and stronger hands not strong enough to force a bid from partner. By being able to bid two with the latter type of hand, a player gives his partner valuable information which often he is obliged to withhold if he is using the two-bid as a forcer.

(b) Three-bids as forcers are better than two-bids, because they permit the assignment of normal meanings to original one-bids and two-bids. The three-bid is the simplest of all forcing bids because the partner can respond by raising to four when the original declaration fits in with his hand; or in case of weakness, he can bid three No Trumps. But the "Game-Demand Three-Bid," as the Official System designates it, does not produce as effective results as the Game-Demand Two-Club bid.

(c) The Vanderbilt Club, as the forcing one-Club bid generally is called, also has the advantage of simplicity, but lacks many advantages inherent in the two-Club bid.

(d) The two-Club bid is better than using one Club for forcing because an original bidder is more apt to have a normal one-Club bid than a normal two-Club, and in the event of his having the latter he can call one Club instead of two; while with merely a minimum one-Club bid it is not safe to bid two and not satisfactory to pass.

The Two-Club Game-Demand bid leads to more accurate exchange of information than any other forcing bid,

but its use requires expert Contract knowledge.

In today's hand South, with a count of 22, all suits stopped, and tremendous strength in the Diamond suit, would not want to bid three No Trumps or a still more dangerous five Diamonds without first getting some information from his partner. If he made the Two-Club bid, North, not having an Ace, would answer with two Diamonds.

East and West would keep out of the bidding, and South's second-round call would be two No Trumps. Then North could announce a stopped suit by bidding three Spades, Hearts or Diamonds, but could not announce Club stoppers because a bid of three Clubs might mean a trickless hand. Consequently North's second bid would be three Diamonds, he naming that suit in preference to Spades because of the probable two stoppers. South now would know that North held King-Jack and another Diamond and that a contract of three No Trumps could be made; so he would bid three No Trumps.

South's strength having been announced by his original two-Club bid, it is up to North to suggest a slam. On the third round North should bid four Clubs, which would announce that he held the strong Clubs in addition to the King and Jack of Diamonds. Inasmuch as South has six Diamonds and only two Clubs, he would infer that North probably is long in the Club suit; and that he would not have made the slam-inviting Club bid unless the suit were headed by King-Queen and had some length, or he had additional high cards on one of the majors.

South now is informed concerning the North hand. If North has five Clubs headed by King-Queen, the combined hands almost certainly can take thirteen tricks; if he has four Clubs headed by King-Queen, twelve tricks are in sight. Therefore South would be justified in bidding six No Trumps and North could safely call a grand slam as he holds five Clubs and also the Spade King about which South knows nothing.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North		East	
S.	8-2	S.	10-4
H.	A-Q-10-9-8-3	H.	K-J
D.	Q-10-9-4	D.	K-7-6
C.	Q	C.	10-7-6-5-4-2
West		South (Dealer)	
S.	Q-J-9-6-3	S.	A-K-7-5
H.	7-5-4	H.	6-2
D.	5-3-2	D.	A-J-8
C.	J-8	C.	A-K-9-3



Avoid embarrassment—use Vapex before you go out

Cold REASONS FOR VAPEX

It's called "the common cold" just because it is so common. Nearly everybody catches one some time during the cold season. And every cold is just another reason for using Vapex—the delightful inhalant.

Discovered in 1915 during a war-time epidemic of influenza in England, Vapex is now an accepted way of relieving colds.

Just a few drops on your handkerchief or pillow—breathe the vapor—and your distress is relieved. It's inexpensive too. A \$1 bottle contains 100 applications. Sold at all druggists.

E. FOUGERA & Co., Inc., New York. Distributors of Medicinal Products Since 1849.

A few drops on your handkerchief

VAPEX

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Breathe your cold away



Vapex is often used as a preventive of colds



Winter Range

Continued from page 20

Bob Elliot's voice rose violently. "You fool, will you shut your damn' mouth before—"

"I suppose," said Kentucky to Bill McCord, "you didn't even know that Bob Elliot killed Mason."

"No, I never—"

"What did you suppose he wanted Bishop killed for? You didn't know he hired you to kill Bishop because Bishop saw him at the Bar Hook the day Mason died?"

Bob Elliot began, "Bill, don't you let these—"

"You lousy streak of yellow," Bill McCord snarled at him. "I see it now! I don't wonder you disown your damn' gun! If I'd known when you killed Lee Bishop that you lay off and plugged him with a rifle—"

"It's a damn' lie!" said Bob Elliot again.

"Is it?" McCord snarled at him. "I suppose it's a lie that you strapped on that gun and rode after Mason, that day when he laughed in your face—"

"By God, McCord—" Elliot shouted.

"PUT it off on me, will you?" McCord shouted back at him. "I thought maybe you killed Mason, when you told me you knew he was killed with Campo's rifle. Why, you dirty side-winder—"

Bob Elliot's voice broke into something almost like a squeal. "You damned—" Suddenly he turned, lurched crazily at the door behind him, and was gone from the room.

Willie Helmar cried, "Shall I get him? Shall I get him?"

"McCord," roared Sheriff Hopper, "is this true?"

"Sure it's true!" McCord frothed. "I can see it now—and I can prove it on him every step of the way! Hang me in his place, will he? Why, that—"

Suddenly Bill McCord's face changed as if it had been struck with a whip. He whirled like a cat, snatched at the holstered gun of Willie Helmar; and though Helmar seized McCord's arm as the gun came out, McCord wrenched free. In that instant Jean, in the next room, screamed, "Kentucky, look out!" And Bob Elliot's first shot spoke from the door.

The next moment was one of those which witnesses afterward described conflictingly, so that it is difficult to know the truth.

Kentucky Jones shouted, "Jean, get out of line!" and though he fired in the direction of Bob Elliot, he seemed to fire at the floor. Elliot dropped to one knee. Kentucky instantly fired again, his second shot smashing Bill McCord's gun wrist, so that McCord was spun half about. Almost in accord with Kentucky's second shot Bob Elliot fired again. Kentucky Jones stepped sideways as he once more fired on Bob Elliot. This time Bob Elliot went forward onto his face, and lay still.

"KENTUCKY," said Sheriff Hopper, "what's happened here?"

The debris had been cleared away by now. Elliot, not as seriously hit as, under the circumstances, he might himself have wished, was officially in custody, as well as Bill McCord; and Floyd Hopper was four miles up in the air.

"You don't need to watch Bill McCord so close," Kentucky said; "he's ready to tell you enough to convict Elliot before any Wolf Bench jury, without any more trouble. Your case was clinched the minute you found out that Sanders was killed with the gun that was found in his hand. It's been plain all along that Sanders was killed be-

cause he witnessed the killing of Mason; and you've heard McCord identify the gun that killed Sanders."

"But, look here," Hopper insisted. "Up to the time that you got Elliot and McCord all crossed up, you hadn't even talked to Ted Baylor."

"I didn't have time to get hold of him," Kentucky explained, "in the little time after I found out from St. Marie that the gun had passed through Baylor's hands. But then that wasn't necessary, hardly. Elliot had to have full information before he dared to flood the Bar Hook range. And he couldn't have got all those cattle on the move as quick as he did unless he had started working them the next morning after Mason was killed. He could hardly have got such full information so quick—unless he had killed Mason himself."

"But you didn't know how many hands that gun passed through besides Ted Baylor's. Ted Baylor might have passed it on to almost anybody. You couldn't count on him to name the gun as Elliot's gun."

"Sure not. But that didn't matter. It's McCord's identification that counts. Of course, it might have been that that gun had wound up at the Bar Hook, and that Elliot walked in and borrowed it, the same as he did Campo's rifle. In that case, of course, there wouldn't have been any tangible evidence against Elliot, and we'd have lost out all around. But I figured that the killer would have shot quick with his own gun, in Zack's case; and then shoved the same gun into Zack's hand. He would have been in a hurry to get out of there about then."

"But how did you know that the gun in Sanders' hand wasn't Zack's own gun? Now there—that was the turning point of the whole thing."

"You didn't see that that wasn't Zack's gun?"

"Can I know every gun in the rimrock? How could any man guess it wasn't his?"

"You mean you thought Zack rode all over Wolf Bench carrying that gun in his hand?"

"In his hand? What you driving at?"

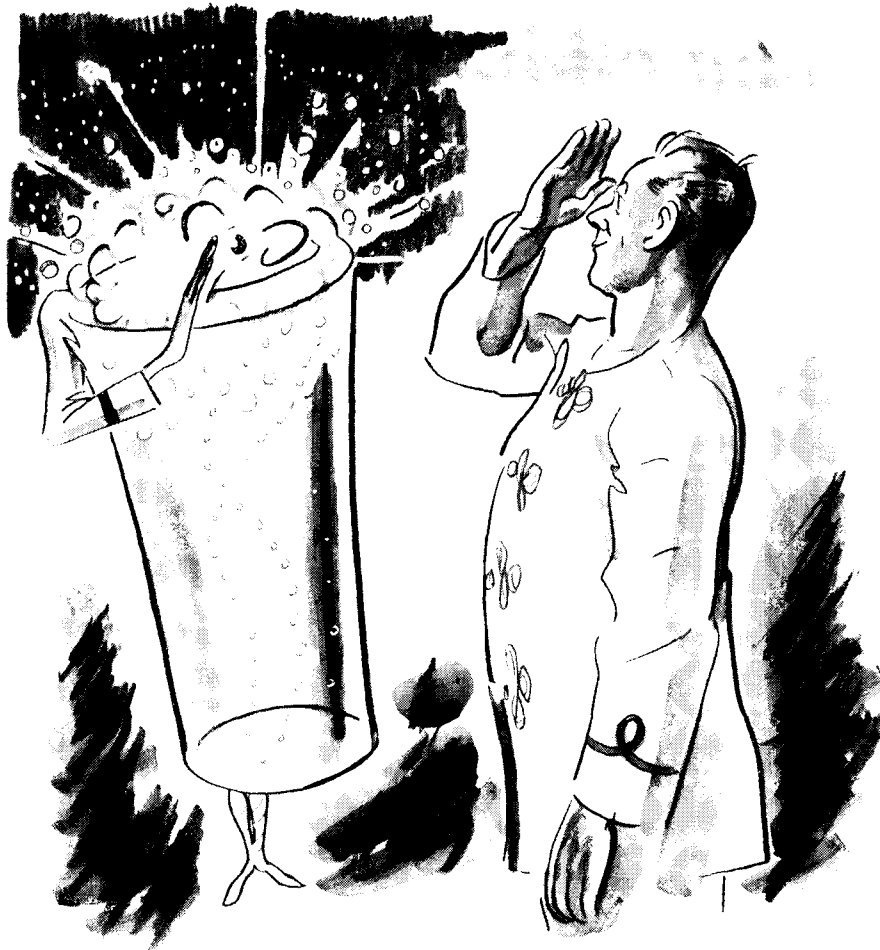
"He would have had to carry it in his hand. Sanders had no gun belt," Kentucky reminded him—"he wasn't even wearing boots. And there wasn't a single pocket in his clothes that that gun would go in!"

WITHIN an hour after the showdown which had thrown Elliot into the sheriff's hands, Hopper had forgotten his gratification over the solution in his alarm over the storm which he was sure would follow. Tomorrow word of the charge against Elliot would have swept the rimrock. Already Floyd Hopper could see himself facing the mobs which he now supposed would wish to take the law into their own hands—mobs made difficult by the not noisy but peculiarly efficient purposefulness of cowmen who have made up their minds. If the sheriff knew his brush-poppers—and he thought he did—unpleasantness was going to come down on him in sheets; and he was already more interested in plans to smuggle Elliot to some far, safe confinement than he was in what had already been accomplished.

With only a few hours' margin for the completion of preventive measures the sheriff barged off to Waterman. With him went his brother, Doc Hopper, who had been rushed out to administer first aid; and Bill McCord.

(Continued on page 46)

First Thing in the Morning...



Here's How to Health! Try a Saline Cocktail!

SNAP out of your dull spirits! Don't let a morning headache get you down—tempt you to stay at home!

Just march into the bathroom and mix yourself a Saline Cocktail!

Put a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica into a tumbler of cool, fresh water. Let it fizz and bubble. Then—drink it down—drink it down!

As a nation, we're sold on the health cocktail. Tomato juice cocktails, fruit juice cocktails, clam juice cocktails—they're great for you. But the most healthful drink of them all is the Saline Cocktail!

In half an hour you're a new man—full of vigor and enthusiasm. For Sal Hepatica cleans the whole system—gently, thoroughly, promptly. It sweeps out toxic wastes, combats acids and

purifies the blood-stream. Constipation, colds, rheumatism, headaches, digestive disorders, all yield to this friendly saline laxative. It's not "just another laxative". It's a blended saline, entirely different from coarse, common salts.

No wonder that throngs of wealthy people flock to Aix, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden every year! They go to drink at the saline "Fountains of Youth"—to restore their health at those famous spas! And a drink of Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of those European health springs.

Your own doctor will tell you about the saline method, and why it keeps you feeling fine. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Then—buy a bottle. Do it today. And if you wake up tomorrow morning feeling like a lost soul—take a Saline Cocktail. Do it for a week or so. See how completely and delightfully your dull spirits vanish in a fizzing sparkle of bubbles!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢, and \$1.20



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. B-22, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains
the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© 1932, B.-M. Co.



CATCHING A COLD ?
use VICKS NOSE DROPS

CAUGHT A COLD ?
use VICKS VAPORUB

DOUBLE *your* DEFENSE against COLDS —with the new VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL-OF-COLDS

Mothers — get this double defense for those precious children of yours. For your husband. For you. Adopt the new Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. Have fewer colds. Less severe colds. Less expense. This plan is made possible by the new Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—a product aimed to *prevent* colds. A companion product to Vicks VapoRub—the modern method of *treating* colds. Here, briefly, is the plan:

1 Before a cold starts

At that first stuffy, sneezy irritation of the nasal passages, or a child's first snuffle—Nature's warning that a cold is coming on — use Vicks Nose Drops at once, as directed. Repeat every hour or so if needed. This will prevent many colds by stopping them before they get beyond the nose and throat—where most colds start.

2 After a cold starts

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub (now available in white *stainless* form, if you prefer). VapoRub acts like a poultice or plaster and at the same

time gives off medicated vapors which are inhaled all night long.

During the day — any time, any place — use Vicks Nose Drops as needed for greater ease and comfort. (If there is a cough, you will like the new Vicks Cough Drops — actually medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.) This will give you full 24-hour treatment.

Trial offer to VICKS users

You have Vicks VapoRub in your home. Now get the new Vicks Nose & Throat Drops and follow the Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. Unless you are delighted with results, your druggist has been instructed to cheerfully return your money to you.

Before a cold starts



After a cold starts



(Continued from page 45)

Late afternoon found the Bar Hook locked in that restive, exhausted quiet which follows any kind of explosion. Somewhere in the house Willie Helmar sat watchfully beside the wounded Elliot, who propped himself up in bed and smoked interminably, saying nothing at all. Ted Baylor had left, and Campo had drawn off by himself and into himself, in what mood no one knew.

Kentucky Jones sat alone in the big kitchen, slowly drinking coffee that he did not want, and watching, through the smoke of his cigarette, the golden motes that swam in the horizontal sunlight from the west.

He wanted to talk to Jean—knew that he must talk to Jean; and he dreaded it, for he had no remotest notion of what he would be able to say. Now that the war of the 88 upon the Bar Hook was killed at the source, and the death of Mason no longer was a mystery which hung over Campo Ragland.

KENTUCKY JONES found himself comprehending, as if for the first time, the full weight of the burden which Jean had chosen to bear alone.

At one time, he thought, Jean must have believed her father guilty of the murder of Mason. For him she had smothered the evidence, at once concealing her father's supposed involvement and concealing her knowledge from Campo himself. To her Lee Bishop had told a story which he himself did not understand; she had known the exact status of St. Marie and Kentucky Jones, and the truth about the missing rifle and the picture that was gone from its frame. What Kentucky had said was true—that everyone had confided in her, and she had confided in none. And through every hour of those days she most certainly had known that she was carrying in her own hands the lives of men who meant more to her than any others in the world.

As Kentucky considered this it seemed to him that he had never witnessed in any man the gameness, the courage or the fixed fidelity of purpose that this one slender girl had shown.

He wanted to seek her out now, and tell her that he knew what she had faced; and that the victory was not Sheriff Hopper's, nor his own, but hers, and hers only. And he knew he would have no words to express any part of that. He almost convinced himself that this was not the time to try to talk to her; that he should pack out of there, and go to Waterman and come back some time a long while later.

Then a door closed softly in another part of the house, and he jerked to his feet.

He found her at the stable shed where the saddles were. She had already roped a pony—the same pony with which she had met him early that morning upon the trail—and she was saddling with hurried, unsteady hands, within the shadow of the shed.

"Where you going, Jean?"

"What do you care where I'm going?" she said in a small, vague voice. "Who gives a whoop? Least of all myself."

He went to his saddle and took down his rope. She watched him shake out a little cat-loop.

"What—what are you going to do?"

"I thought," he said, "I'd reach me down a horse and come along."

Her hands dropped the latigo, and she turned to face him. Except that it was daylight now, and the low sun behind her outlined her figure with flame, they stood now almost as they had stood here the night that he had trapped her, after her unexplained rendezvous with Bob Elliot.

"No!" she told him. "No, no! I don't want you to come. I—I want to

be alone—" Her face was white, and her mouth quivered.

"Just as you want, Jean," he answered slowly. "Only—I just thought that you and I had been through too much here, together, to ride two trails now. I don't blame you though, if you hate the hell out of me."

"It isn't that," she said brokenly. "Kentucky, it isn't that. It's myself that I hate the hell out of."

"Why, child, what's the matter?"

Suddenly Jean broke. She sat down in a heap upon a spare saddle, and hid her face in her arms. "I wish I were dead." The words came to him half smothered, inarticulate. "I wish I'd never been born."

Kentucky dropped to one knee beside her. "Jean! What is it?"

"Lee Bishop—poor Lee—"

Kentucky considered. "Did you love him, Jean?"

For a moment she lifted her face to stare at him. "Did I what? Love him? No. But—oh, dear God, Kentucky—it's my fault he isn't alive today."

"What nonsense is this?" he demanded.

She had hidden her face again, but she shook her head. "I killed him, Kentucky; I killed him just as sure as—as if I'd gunned him myself."

"That's the worst bunk I ever heard in my life!"

She shook her head again; her words were muffled and incoherent. "You don't know. You don't know. . . . If only I'd trusted you then! I've trusted you since, Kentucky; I have, I have! I'd put anything in the world in your hands, with never a flicker of a doubt. But then—I thought I had to play it out alone. Everybody trusted me, but I trusted nobody—just as you said. After Lee told me he had seen Mason here the day Mason died—I knew it was Bob Elliot he had seen. And when Elliot began swamping our range I phoned him, and rode out to meet him, and I tried to bluff him out. I told him that Lee had seen him there—that we could turn the case against him if he opened the play. I thought I could hold that over him, and bluff him off. Instead—it only meant Lee's death. Kentucky, Kentucky, it's my fault he's dead. If ever blame could be placed in this world, that blame is on me!"

"Poor child," he said. "Poor child! Jean, I guess Lee didn't tell you it all; but he told me before he died. Didn't Lee tell you that he hailed the man he thought was Mason? He hailed, and waved; the other didn't answer—but it's certain that Elliot knew Lee saw him, because McCord tried to pick a fight with Bishop before you talked to Elliot. Don't you see? The cards were against Lee all the time, and you had nothing to do with it at all."

SHE lifted her face, and gripped both his arms. "Kentucky—is this true—are you sure—"

"Why, of course, child. I—"

Once more she hid her face, this time weeping unrestrainedly. Kentucky gathered her into his arms. "Whatever else has happened here," he told her, "this thing is true: nobody in the world has ever been as game, and as brave and as true as you've been, through all this long stampede. There isn't your equal any place, and never has been, you hear me? And not a man of us here, or anywhere, is fit to saddle your bronc."

Presently, as he held her, the shuddering jerk of her breathing subsided, and she was quiet in his arms. "It's been so lonely, so terrible, for so long," she whispered at last. "Hold me tight, Kentucky; don't let me go."

"No," he answered; "not ever any more."

THE END



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

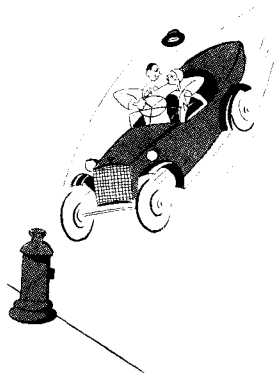
The pygmies in the Ituri Forest of Central Africa still hunt with arrows poisoned with decayed human flesh. As the arrows make no noise, the beast when hit is not frightened and continues to graze—for about 30 minutes—until it dies of tetanus. When cleaned of the poison, the meat is delicious and wholesome.

For many years it has been predicted that the Pacific Ocean soon would surpass the Atlantic in economic importance. But today, despite the great growth of the Pacific countries, 75 per cent of the world's commerce still is transacted on the Atlantic.

The Digaroo Mishmee tribe of Assam, India, eat a certain beetle, the odor of which permeates the body of the eater to such an extent that it is necessary for him to be out in the fresh air for some time.—By E. R. Bobb, New York, N. Y.

Great Britain still suffers today under an emergency war law—The Defense of the Realm Acts—called D. O. R. A. "Dora" prohibits, among many things, the sale of razor blades, fresh fish, cigarettes and toothbrushes after 8 P. M., and liquor without food after 11 P. M.

Based on the present survival rate of American families, the chance of your baby boy's having a son who in turn will have a son—to perpetuate your name—is about 1 in 8.



Half of the motor cars in this careful country are driven today by individuals who have not been required by law to pass any kind of an operator's examination. Maybe this is one reason why more than a million pedestrians were bumped in 1930.

All Chinese and Japanese telegrams are sent by a code of numbers as the words of these languages, which are pictures and symbols, cannot be telegraphed in any other way.

In Korea, getting married is not exactly simple. First, you have to find a lady with a clan name different from your own. And there are fewer than 150 clans. Second, an astrologer has to pass on the probable success of the union.

Teletypewriters—those machines which type-write electrically over wires—always have been permanently connected with one another. But now a central switching service has been established, making it possible for any machine to "talk" to any other machine in America.

More heat is required to increase the temperature of water than any other substance except hydrogen. For example, it takes 10 times as much heat to raise a pound of water one degree as a pound of iron.—By Fred Christiansen, Minneapolis, Minn.

Numerology, one of our latest rackets, still prevails among primitive people such as the Akamba tribe of East Africa. With them, 3 is the best number, 5 is the second best, and 1 and 9 are the worst; 6 is bad for men and 7 is bad for women. They cannot count to 13!

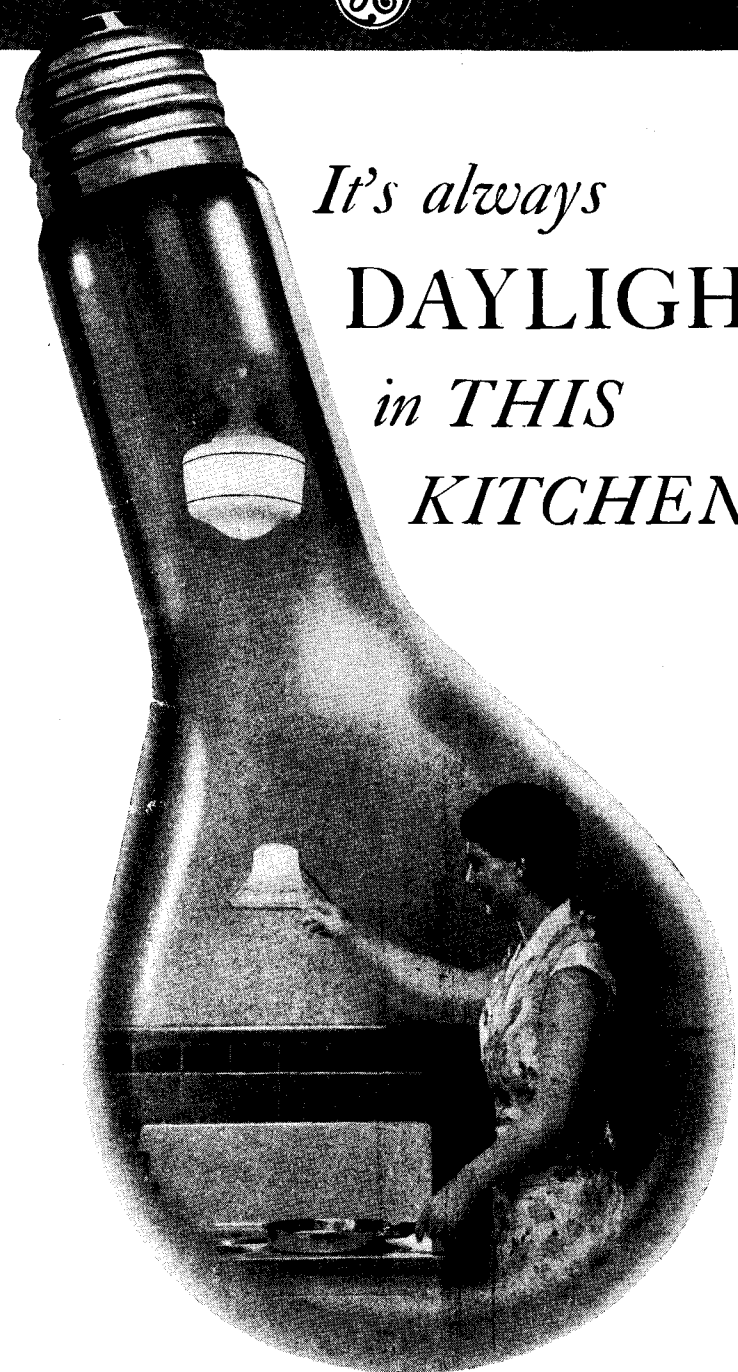
Standardization has been more successful in some industries than in others. In 12 months, one motor-car company could reduce the number of its minor parts from 13,200 to 2,100. But the grocers' paper bag industry, after several years' struggle, has succeeded in reducing its number of varieties from 6,280 to 4,700.—By Mrs. Wm. Zimmerman, Providence, R. I.

Trade union membership in many countries is lower today than a decade ago. And it is not due to the depression. From 1920 to 1929, membership in America decreased 10 per cent, in Germany 33 per cent, in France 33 per cent, in Great Britain 45 per cent. Rumania heads the list with a 75 per cent decrease.

Collier's will pay \$1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC



It's always
DAYLIGHT
in *THIS*
KITCHEN

THE 150-watt Edison MAZDA* Daylight Lamp in the ceiling fixture fills this kitchen with light that shows things in their natural colors. Meats and vegetables are seen as they look in full clear daylight. The 60-watt MAZDA Daylight Lamp above the range furnishes ample light for seeing things that are being cooked.

There's no need to strain the eyes while cleaning vegetables; no chance for little green things to hide among leaves or sprouts. Lint upon glass and china can easily be detected.

Every kitchen should be lighted so that it never is necessary to work in one's own shadow. Besides making work easier, good light in the kitchen saves time, helps to prevent waste and breakage, and is a source of comfort to which every housewife is entitled.

There are great differences in lamps. Poor lamps blacken quickly and give you less light than you pay for. Edison MAZDA Lamps have the high quality that assures lasting brightness. Use them for good lighting throughout your home.

*MAZDA—the mark of a research service.

We have prepared a useful illustrated booklet which explains how best to light every room in your home. The coupon will bring you a free copy.

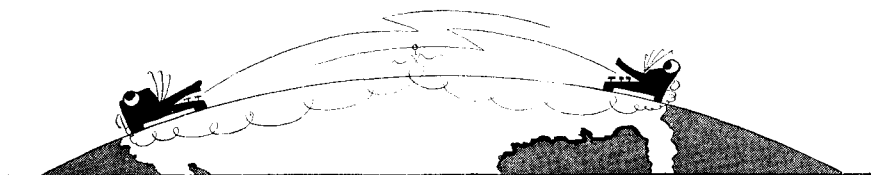
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

B-1

Please send me the free booklet, "How to Light Your Home."

Name.....Street.....

City.....State.....



Stop that COLD

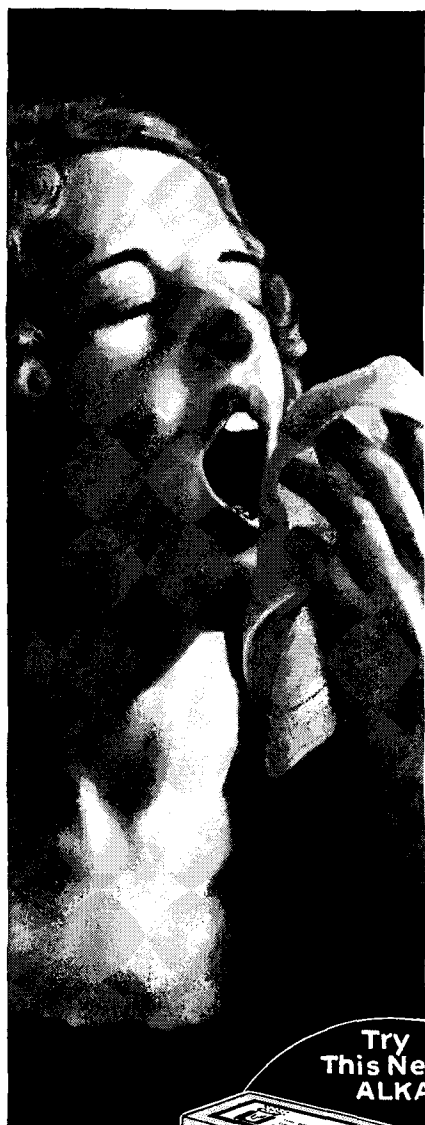
This New ALKALINE Way

MODERN SCIENCE has discarded the old, violent method of treating a cold with strong drugs. Today leading authorities recommend the "Alkaline Way"—that is, to thoroughly "Alkalize" your system. Slow down—rest—keep warm—go to bed if possible. ALKA-SELTZER Tablets are a most effective way to "Alkalize" your system.

A cold that hangs on is apt to cause serious trouble. Don't neglect it. If you have a cold, or feel one coming on—cut out the coupon below—take it to any drug store and receive a package of ALKA-SELTZER Tablets on our Special Trial Offer. You will be pleased at the prompt and effective relief you get. A tablet of ALKA-SELTZER in a glass of water makes a bubbling glassful of the vital alkaline minerals which you need to alkalize your system and relieve your cold.

When colds and sore throat attack—when you are troubled with headaches, sour stomach, acid indigestion and similar everyday ills—it's a sure sign you are suffering from TOO MUCH ACID in the system. ALKA-SELTZER Tablets help to correct this excess acid condition. They make a sparkling anti-acid drink, first relieving the pain and then building up the "alkaline reserve" which is so necessary if you want to get well and keep well.

ALKA-SELTZER is the new common sense way—"the Alkaline Way"—to relieve colds, headaches and indigestion. Use the coupon below and get a package at your nearest drug store.

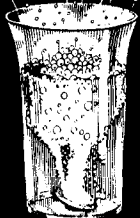


At All
Drug Stores
—
Handy Pocket
Size 25c
Large Size
\$1.00



ACCEPT THIS TRIAL OFFER

We make it easy for you to try ALKA-SELTZER because we want everybody to know how wonderful this new "Alkaline Way" is to get relief from colds, sore throat, headaches, sour stomach, indigestion and other everyday ailments. Fill out the coupon NOW—take it to any drug store and the druggist will give you a regular 25 cent package for only 10 cents. You will find it one of the best ten cents you ever spent.



Effervescent
ALKA-SELTZER
TABLETS

This coupon saves 15c

Take this coupon to any Drug Store and as a Special Introductory Offer the druggist will give you a regular 25 cent package of ALKA-SELTZER tablets for only 10 cts.

Name.....

Address.....

DRUGGIST: Mail this coupon to us signed by the customer and we will replace each package you give out on this Special Offer.
DR. MILES' Laboratories, Dept. C-51, Elkhart, Ind.

Do You Want Checks Like This?

During two months working just in her spare time as a special Crowell subscription representative Mrs. Hewitt of Michigan earned over \$300. This check is like hundreds of others sent to ambitious local representatives every month.

HERE'S HOW TO GET THEM

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-74
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can earn spare time profit checks like Mrs. Hewitt.

Name.....

Address.....

City or Town..... State.....



On the Ladder

Continued from page 17

"If it is necessary for you to play poker and sing," Vera began in the hall, her voice trembling, "I think—I do think with such neighbors as we have up here you might pick a spot farther from the windows. An alley game like that. And who on earth is that rough-looking child? Somebody's stable boy?"

"Boy!" Jack bayed. "Oh, the haircut! Good Lord, Vera, it's a girl!"

"It's the head," urged Anthony. "It's little Jane."

Vera screamed.

"Jane! . . . Jane Mobray!" She swept back, murmuring, over the threshold. "My dear child, I'm so glad you came."

ASSURED of her welcome, Miss Mobray moved in. The phrase was Anthony's. It conveyed the fact that Miss Mobray had commandeered a lively spot in the middle of Jack's pack of dogs and rapidly moved about with them from house to house.

Shoebutton wisely had become a total recluse. He was living somewhere mysteriously on an upstairs porch.

"Jane tells me Mrs. Merriam is expected," Vera announced complacently on a rainy Sunday morning.

"Who the devil," Jack asked, lowering his paper, "is Mrs. Merriam?"

"Mrs. Merriam," said Vera gently, "is a countess. Divorced, you know. Lives in Paris. She was first a Mobray. That's how they came to open the house."

A note from Jane announced the second Mobray's arrival.

It read:

"My dear Mrs. Scott:

"Mrs. Merriam, my father's cousin, came last night. I would like so much to cheer her up as she is going away again in two days to marry another young man. Could you come over for tea this afternoon and bring Mr. Scott and Tony and Sally Bell? And also Pell Graham. She may not have a good time unless she meets somebody older, mostly young men. And she would like Shoebutton. She has one in Paris.

"Sincerely,

"JANE MOBRAY."

The tea turned out to be cocktails. The countess Jane called "Cousin Louise." Anthony, in an undertone to Pell, pronounced her willowy, lean and languid with a tigerish sort of charm. She smoked incessantly.

"What's more," he added, "I don't trust her. The minute she got a good look at my brother's handsome pan, she rang for some cocktails and got him into a corner."

Jane, he found, shared his worst opinions.

"Gosh," she growled to him later on the porch, "Cousin Louise certainly gives me a pain."

"Me, too," said Anthony. "Is she like this all the time?"

"Worse. First off," Jane explained, "I was sorry for her. She was awful low. She came over here to get married and met a Russian on the boat she likes better. A bear cat. And now she's seen your brother. Ten to one she'll try to hang around and nail him. Maybe though, after he sees Enid, my governess, she'll get discouraged and go away. Enid's coming home today," she added.

"Look here, Jane," Anthony said sternly, "that's no way to talk. My brother is the married parent of an offspring."

"Oh, he'll fall," Jane jeered. "You'll fall too. They all do. 'Lo, Sally Bell."

"'Lo," said Sally Bell, hovering daintily in the doorway.

"Let's go down and take a look at my gym," urged Jane.

"Not me," Anthony said firmly. "I've got to pluck my brother out of that corner."

It couldn't be done. Pell tried it too. By then muffled bumps and voices were rumbling under the floor in Jane's gymnasium.

"Mason," directed the countess indifferently, "see what those absurd children are doing."

"Miss Jane," he reported in neutral tones, "is teaching the little girl to box."

A fusillade of shrieks tore the minute apart. The entire tea party departed through the window.

In Jane's gymnasium, the Mobray heir, clad in some shorts, a sleeveless sweater and a pair of boxing gloves, was rushing madly after a dirty object with a swelling eye. This object, which was Sally Bell, filled the air with wailing yells. Shoebutton, yapping unbelievably, brought up the rear.

Sally Bell clawed at her boxing gloves and rushed at her mother.

"Mamá!" she howled. "Mamá! She hit Shoebutton and she hit me different places and every time I got up she knocked me down."

"There! There!" quivered Vera's outraged voice.

Anthony headed rapidly for air. For an uncle, he felt, his emotions were not strictly creditable.

Shock Number Two as he stepped through the window was even more of an irritant. A young woman with dark blue eyes, magnificent eyelashes and a perfect profile was slowly removing a smart hat from a shining mass of short bronze hair. The perfect governess had arrived.

"Oh, thank you, no," she answered Anthony's murmur, "there isn't anything you can do for me. One of the doctors came with me. He's doing something about the car. What on earth is happening?"

Anthony told her.

"How awful!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Dr. Fitch, won't you two men do whatever's formal and necessary to make you friends?"

Young doctors, Anthony decided, occasionally made him tired. This one, coming in, glared at him and grunted. Anthony, nettled, glared back and, purposely to annoy him, poured out some tea for his patient and sat down beside her. The doctor retaliated. He promptly took her temperature.

THE doctor, Miss Rossiter had said, was with her. He was certainly with her, heart and soul. He not only hovered about her in a partial trance, openly one of the stricken saps: his open-faced tenderness was insupportable. He was even about to take her temperature a second time. Instead he stiffened abruptly and projected over Anthony's shoulder a stony stare.

Anthony looked behind him. He intercepted in the handsome eyes of his brother an amazed look of male approval. Back of Jack, Pell Graham was rapidly blinking.

Sally Bell on the way home that night betrayed a worldly touch of contamination.

"Mamá!" she chirped. "Jane says Mrs. Merriam drinks like a fish. Does she, Mamá?"

Anthony glanced obliquely at his niece's empurpled eye and choked back a howl.

"To think," breathed Vera passionately, "to think that my child—"

"Well," Anthony pointed out, "you wanted Mobrays and you got 'em. You got 'em good. Mobrays. You got 'em all over the whole darn' family. What you want hard enough you sometimes get. It's a good thing, Vera, to be sure you want it first."

Jack, steeped in reveries, stepped up beside him.

"Y'know, Tony," he said, "if you're willing to wait for your vacation, I think I'll take a month off now."

FOR two days an armed truce hung over the highway. On the third day, Sunday, Jane climbed on the wall, clamped four grimy fingers between her teeth and whistled shrilly.

"Hey, Tony," she yelled, "I'm comin' over. Your brother," she added when this had been accomplished, "thinks maybe most of it's blown over. Where you been?"

"Look here," Anthony inquired, "man to man, do you think it strictly decent of me to come over there still and bat around with the young roughneck who planted that disgraceful eggplant on my niece's eye?"

Jane snickered. "Your brother's been over."

"He comes for the dogs. Lately they can't seem to remember where they live."

Jane's glance grew slightly guarded.

"Gran'ma Mobray had to come up and bounce the doctor," she announced. "He stuck around too long. She bounced m' cousin, too. Cousin Louise. Gran'ma feels pretty sure she had her eye on your brother."

Anthony saw very little of her for several weeks.

"Ever since Gran'ma went back to Long Island," Jane informed him then with a skeptical grin, "Pell comes every day to see me. He won't last though. Pretty soon Gran'ma'll motor up again and bounce him off the lot."

Anthony, puzzled, watched her cross the road with Sally Bell, baffled by the mysterious readjustments of childhood. It startled him too that, Vera, pale and quiet since the Mobray tea, ignored the dire results. For weeks now, he told Paula in a letter, Jane and Sally Bell had been running wild.

"Day after day my niece comes limping home, dirty and tired. She snores and groans at night and eats like a cow. She's even grown a trifle noisy."

In the span of a single month her shell-pink look of delicacy has vanished completely. Great Scott, Paula, has it actually been a month since I wrote to you? And why on earth haven't you written to me?

"I'll finish this later. Somebody's tapping—"

He had automatically said, "Come in," still writing.

The door, as he pushed the letter aside, opened slightly and Vera's head appeared.

"Tony," she whispered, "I—I couldn't sleep. Are you busy?"

He stared at her in vague alarm.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter? You're white as a ghost."

She came in hurriedly and closed the door.

"It's—Jack."

"What about him?"

"Did—did it ever occur to you, Tony," Vera said, blinking back a rush of tears, "that Jack made up his mind to take a month's vacation the very day he met—that governess?"

It had but he didn't say so.

"All that golf he seemed to be playing at the other club!" Vera shuddered.

"Tony, he hasn't been there once!"

"If it's that infernal governess—"

Anthony flared.

"I—think it is," said Vera, choking. "I wondered if Jane had said anything to you."

"If Jane knows anything about it," Anthony said slowly, "she's keeping it to herself. So's Pell Graham. I'm off Pell anyway. I'm off women—"

"Gran'ma Mobray's come again," Vera's voice was dreary. "I think, Tony, she came up purposely this time to bounce Jack. If she has, I hope to Heaven she makes a good job of it."

"What she ought to do," said Anthony viciously, "is to fire that governess."

TO HIS chagrin in the morning he overslept. Sally Bell, when Jack's chauffeur brought the car up, was crawling snakily along the wall on her stomach, imitating Jane. Both scrambled down to meet him.

"Beat it!" Anthony directed, thrusting out his head. "I overslept."

"Gran'ma wants you to come to tea this afternoon," Jane bawled, retreating. "She'll telephone Mrs. Scott. Gran'ma says it isn't natural for a handsome boy like you to stay home

(Continued on page 50)



THIS . . . OR

THIS

COLD WEATHER starting power

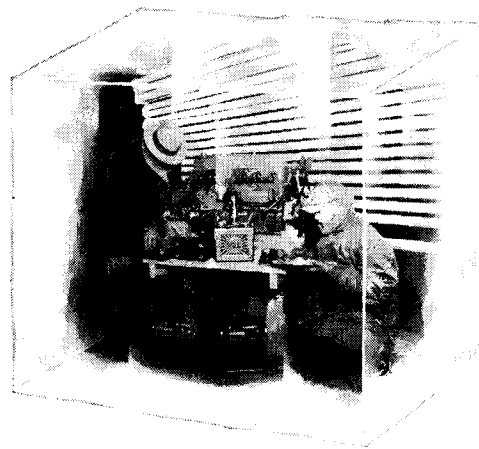
● Because cold weather puts unusual strains on a battery, USL engineers insist that every USL battery shall be able to deliver extra starting power in the coldest weather.

Wide research facilities and thirty-three years of battery building experience have enabled USL to develop exclusive battery plate materials that actually produce a surplus of cold weather starting power.

That is why USL batteries are so dependable under extreme conditions—why they last so long and give such remarkable performance under ordinary conditions.

You can now buy a dependable 13-plate USL battery for only \$6.65 exchange.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
Other factories at Oakland, California • Toronto, Canada
Sydney, Australia • Manchester, England • Paris, France.



In this refrigerator at sub-zero temperatures USL Batteries are given exhaustive tests to guarantee USL's famous extra starting power in the coldest weather.

USL

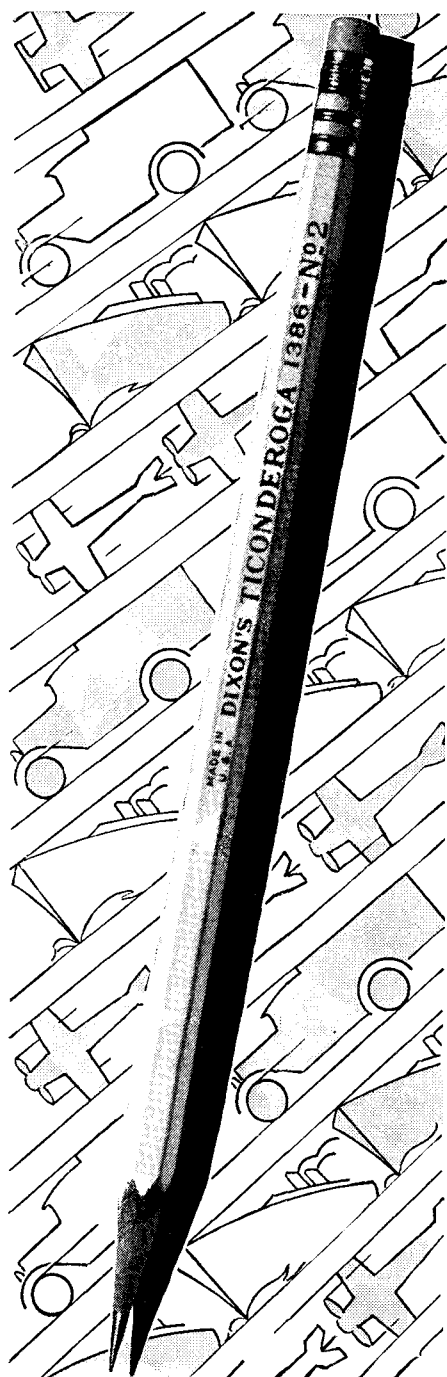
BATTERIES

Power to Spare



"... and do you have many fights with the crew, Captain?"

W. K. Starratt



You'll look a long while for a better bargain than
 TI-CON-DER-OGA
 - a superb pencil for office and home that costs only
 5¢

TICONDEROGA
 AN EXTRAORDINARY 5c PENCIL

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Dept. 52-J,
 Jersey City, N. J. Canadian Office: Dixon Pencil
 Company, Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

(Continued from page 49)

sulking when Enid's around and she wants to get a look at you."

"What's your grandmother up for this time?" he inquired casually. "To bounce Pell?"

"Nope," Jane yelled. "Gran'ma says she's discouraged. She says she's gettin' old and if it isn't one young man it's another and what's the use?"

Gran'ma Mobray, he discovered at five o'clock, was simply an ancestral prophecy of Jane. She was Jane with an enormous bosom, a deep gruff voice and a dark and lively eye.

Jane's governess poured the tea. Pell, whenever she spoke, arose idiotically and did something for her.

FOR what happened after that Anthony partly blamed the butler, Mason. Doubtless, Anthony decided, he had accepted some money from Jane and made the prearrangements. At the zero hour, all he had to do was to open the needed doors and Jack's dogs in a pleased mood rushed headlong into the party.

Gran'ma Mobray swore. Simultaneously Shoebutton rent the air with a heart-freezing yap of terror, the dogs saw him and swooped, and Sally Bell, holding him high, climbed up screaming in her chair. Besieged, she fled with a yell to the adjacent lid of a grand piano.

The room boiled with dogs. Shrieks rang out. Pell lost his balance and broke a chair. Jane and Gran'ma Mobray were still roaring directions when the last dog vanished through the windows, herded homeward over the lawn by the chauffeur Mike and his two assistants.

On the piano lid Sally Bell glared at Jane.

"You did it, you big bum!" she yelled. "Sally Bell!" cried her mother.

"You wait, Mobray!" shouted Sally Bell, thrusting out a viperish tongue. "I'm goin' to lick the tar outa you for this. I'm goin' to put on you the kind of a shiner you put on me—"

She dropped the Pekingese with a thud and jumped. The contestants came together with a noisy howl.

"Jack!" screamed Vera. "Oh, my heavens, Jack! Stop them!"

"Let 'em alone," directed Gran'ma Mobray gruffly. "Let 'em clear it up."

Jane at the end of a rolling clinch pinned her squirming assailant to the floor. The governess screamed.

"Mr. Scott," she begged, clutching Anthony's sleeve, "please stop them. Grandma Mobray is a devil!"

Sally Bell, wriggling outward with a yell, had brought down a small fist on Jane's exposed eye-bone. It landed with a crack. Pell cheered.

In the Scott home that night dinner waited while the weary Scotts bathed and changed into fresher flannels. Anthony was under the shower when shut-in sounds began to drift across the corridor from Jack and Vera's bedroom.

"I've been spending most of my time at the Mobrays," he heard his brother retort, "and I didn't want you interfering. If you want to see the results of my shady vacation, kindly look at my hard-boiled daughter. She can swim and ride and box and fight back. Jane Mobray may be a roughneck but she's wholesome and healthy. I told her I'd give her the whole twelve dogs if she'd help me. And we told Sally Bell if she breathed a word of it, we'd kill Shoebutton."

Anthony grabbed a bathrobe and banged on his brother's door.

"I thought myself," he said when Jack opened it, snorting, "that you'd fallen for that governess!"

"Listen, guy!" Jack told him hotly. "There are probably any number of women who could momentarily knock me cold. Do I let 'em? I do not. Do I

chase after 'em the minute I find they're dynamite for me? I do not. Besides, that girl is head over heels in love with another man. She told me all about it."

And still an hour later while Anthony moodily drummed his heels on the porch, the Scott dinner waited.

Jack's white flannels leisurely cleft the darkness.

"Happen to remember that young doctor, Tony?" he began. "The one that brought Miss Rossiter home and took her pulse and said it was bad?"

"So," said Anthony incautiously. "she's in love with him, is she? Officious ass!"

"Gosh, no!" Jack said. "She thinks he's a sap. She's in love with you."

Anthony, heading for the telephone, heard in his head a weird noise of heart-sounds hammering. He saw stars and rockets. Jane answered his ring.

"'Lo, Tony," she said gruffly. "Gosh, you oughta see my shiner. It's a better one than Sally Bell's. Mike put beefsteak on it."

"Serves you right."

"Say, Tony, Gran'ma just had a whale of a time this afternoon. She says she feels all rejuvenated. She got so fulla pep she blew up and bounced Pell. He wouldn't go home."

"Serves him right too. Look here, could I speak to Miss Rossiter?"

"Huh!" Jane gasped. "Oh, gosh," she added dismally. "You, too. . . . Soft!" Anthony heard her mutter: "Both of 'em soft. . . . Here's Enid."

"Hello, Miss Rossiter," Anthony said instantly. "What are you doing to-night?"

A strange silence burned along the wire.

"Are you still there?" he added anxiously. "Was it a shock?"

"Jane," said Jane's governess hurriedly, "please get me a glass of water."

"It is possible," Anthony warned his sister-in-law at dinner, "that I may propose tonight to the Mobray governess. I will if I can."

"Tony!"

"She's poor as a church mouse," Jack said maliciously. "Furthermore, ten years from now when Sally Bell is a deb, some society ink-slinger will certainly rise and recall that Sally Bell's uncle married the Mobray governess—"

Vera said merely, "Jack, please."

"However," said Jack casually, "Enid's mother was a Mobray."

THE letter Anthony wrote to Paula Campbell on the thirtieth day of August bore evidence of hurried composition.

"Dear Paula:

"Your cable has just arrived. Sure I can understand how you might not feel in a mood to write a bunch of letters—"

"Hold everything. Your second cable has arrived. Also a letter. I'm sorry my letters piled up in port and you didn't get them earlier but hanged if I can see yet how you contrived to read so much between the lines. No, I certainly did not know at first that Enid was Peter Mobray's cousin. Who told you? Tod? Jane swears Tod tried to marry her."

"Now for the letter. Doggone it, Paula, I'm sorry Tod falls into the soup. I really am. I agree with you. It is unconventional. Wouldn't you think he'd try to last through the salad? I'm sorry you're sick to death of him but as for the rest of it, Paula, I think you're wrong. You're not really in love with me. You may think you are. You may miss my scalp for a while and feel a little chilly but you're in love with a ladder."

"Besides, Enid and I were married this afternoon at four o'clock."

"Good luck. Good-by. ANTHONY."



LIGHT the tubes and turn the dials while we bring you thrills and smiles. Villains, victims, heroes bold, on the air their tales unfold. Love, romance and mystic power sped to you by Collier's Hour. Music, too, in stirring measure, songs and tunes to give you pleasure. Fact and fancy, fun and fight. Listen in on Sunday night!

TUNING TABLE

Baltimore	WBAL
Boston	WBZ
Chicago	KYW
Cincinnati	WLW
Cleveland	WGAR
Council Bluffs, Ia.	KOIL
Denver	KOA
Detroit	WJR
Kansas City, Kan.	WREN
Los Angeles	KFI
New York	WJZ
Pittsburgh	KDKA
Portland, Ore.	KGW
Rochester, N. Y.	WHAM
St. Louis	KWK
Salt Lake City	KSL
San Francisco	KGO
Seattle	KOMO
Spokane	KHQ
Springfield, Mass.	WBZA

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company, Inc.

TIME

8:15 P. M. Eastern
 7:15 P. M. Central
 6:15 P. M. Mountain
 5:15 P. M. Pacific Coast

Every Sunday Evening

**Collier's
 Radio
 Hour**

The Strange Attacks on Mr. Hoover

Continued from page 9

he was freely criticized at the time when the Zinc Corporation, Limited, asked its shareholders to put up further funds to carry out a large experimental test.

The result was a complete success, not only paving the way for an enormous development of the flotation process as applied to zinc-lead-silver ores, as well as copper and other metals, but, in addition, it placed the Zinc Corporation in the very forefront of profitable mining ventures and its success opened the way for the application of the flotation process to great advantage in every part of the mining world.

Facts from Those Who Know

Fortunately one of those original investors, Deane P. Mitchell, an American mining engineer, later appointed by the directors to take complete charge of the enterprise and now temporarily in New York City, is available to tell the truth about this matter. He says: "I have carefully read the whole of this chapter (the Zinc Corporation) and to my personal knowledge it is untrue in most of the facts and misleading in all of its inferences.

"I was one of the original shareholders of the Zinc Corporation, Limited. I take great pride in my connection with the Zinc Corporation, for it was the first time a flotation process for the treatment of sulphide ores had been successfully applied on a commercial scale on this earth. The whole enterprise from its inception throughout its life reflects the greatest credit upon all the individuals who had the courage and foresight to inaugurate it, and it is one of the solid bases of Australia's industrial prosperity today.

"Had there been any attempt to freeze out the ordinary shareholders, I and my friends, who were small shareholders, would certainly have known of it. No shareholders were frozen out.

"It is perfectly true that the investors' money was used for experimentation. Perhaps the author knows of some way to get money out of the clouds, but the only way that I and my fellow shareholders could conceive was to dip down into our pockets to the extent of our individual abilities in order to try to create a successful business. That we were justified has been amply proved by the history of this splendid company.

"If I had been asked to mention the various constructive accomplishments of Herbert Hoover while he was in the mining business, I could conceive of nothing to which he could point with greater pride, from every point of view, than the Zinc Corporation."

The development of the Burma Mines in the northern Shan States of India is generally regarded as one of Mr. Hoover's most notable engineering achievements. The author of The Strange Career seeks to give the impression that it was a mere stock-jobbing enterprise.

The Burma Company was originally formed to work the old lead-zinc slags, the result of ancient Chinese operations. Hoover was convinced that there existed beneath the old native workings an important sulphide ore body, but he was almost alone in his assumption of its importance. To such an extent was this the case that in the year or two immediately preceding the location of this extraordinary ore body, it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could find support to enable work to be continued. Its discovery and

initial development were great personal triumphs for Mr. Hoover, and today Burma ranks as one of the greatest silver-lead fields in the world.

Palpably for the purpose of attempting to make Mr. Hoover appear unsympathetic to white labor, the author, in a chapter entitled Slavery in the Twentieth Century, alleges that Mr. Hoover was directly responsible for, and managed the importation to the Transvaal of many thousands of Chinese coolies to take the place of white and Negro labor, and that he went to South Africa in the summer of 1904 to supervise personally the arrival and distribution of these coolies. The entire charge is unqualifiedly false. Mr. Hoover had no professional or other interest in any mining enterprise in South Africa, save for a coal mine which at no time employed Chinese labor.

W. L. Honnold, the well-known mining engineer, of Los Angeles, says:

"I have read the chapter in 'Under Two Flags' charging Mr. Hoover with responsibility for importing Chinese coolie labor into South Africa.

"I was in South Africa all this time. The importation of Chinese coolie labor to carry over a temporary shortage in native labor following the Boer War was under the direction and conducted under the supervision of the governments concerned. Mr. Hoover had no interest or connection with any South African mine employing such labor. His name was never mentioned in connection with these operations. He had nothing whatever to do with it.

"During the early part of this importation he was my guest on a short visit through the Transvaal and I distinctly remember his contention, based on his combined experience with Chinese labor in China and his experience with white labor in the United States, that the mines could be worked equally or more effectively by skilled white labor than by Chinese coolies."

In this connection, it is worth while to note that Mr. Hoover has throughout his career at all times taken the position that skilled white labor is more efficient and more economical than any form of coolie or submerged labor; in fact, he wrote during this period a number of articles in proof of this assertion, giving experiences and costs of submerged labor in various countries as compared with skilled white labor. This principle of his sustained engineering practice is outlined in his work Principles of Mining, which still is a textbook in use throughout the world. Similarly, the allegation that Mr. Hoover permitted improper labor conditions in the Burma lead mines heretofore mentioned is totally without foundation. Starting with the absolute jungle, amidst wholly uncivilized races, Mr. Hoover built up, with American methods and machinery, a great industry. Wages were established which lifted standards of living five times above those which these people had known before; housing, schools, sanitation, hospitals and other civilizing influences were introduced to natives who had never participated in, witnessed, or even heard of such institutions.

The whole represented not only Mr. Hoover's constructive genius, but his humanity.

There is nothing mythical about Mr. Hoover's engineering ability. He did not fool all the engineers all the time he was in business. He has to his credit many brilliant engineering achieve-

(Continued on page 52)

THE PROVIDENT THRIFT POLICY

completing the circle
of protection

WHAT IT DOES FOR YOU AND YOURS

PAYS \$10,000 . . . or the face value of your policy to you at age 65. This plan establishes a capital systematically accumulated during your productive years to take care of you in your old age.

PAYS \$10,000 . . . to your wife and children if you die before reaching age 65. A monthly income may be taken in place of the principal sum.

PAYS \$20,000 . . . if death results from accidental cause before age 65.

PAYS A MONTHLY INCOME — Under certain conditions a guaranteed monthly income is payable in case of prolonged total disability. Furthermore, no premium deposits will be required during the course of such disability, and you will continue to receive the regular annual dividends under the policy.

NOW...

while you are insurable, and can spare the money, let us tell you how small a yearly saving will put this Thrift Policy into action for the comfort of your old age — or for your family's comfort if you die. Just fill in the information called for on the blank below and mail it to us. We will send you full particulars without delay.

TODAY you are insurable—TOMORROW you may not be.

Provident Mutual
Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.
Founded 1865

Mail
this blank
NOW!

TO PROVIDENT MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

You may send me full information and quote premium rate for a Provident Thrift Policy, on the understanding that it places me under no obligation.

Name _____

Home address _____

Business address _____

Date of birth _____

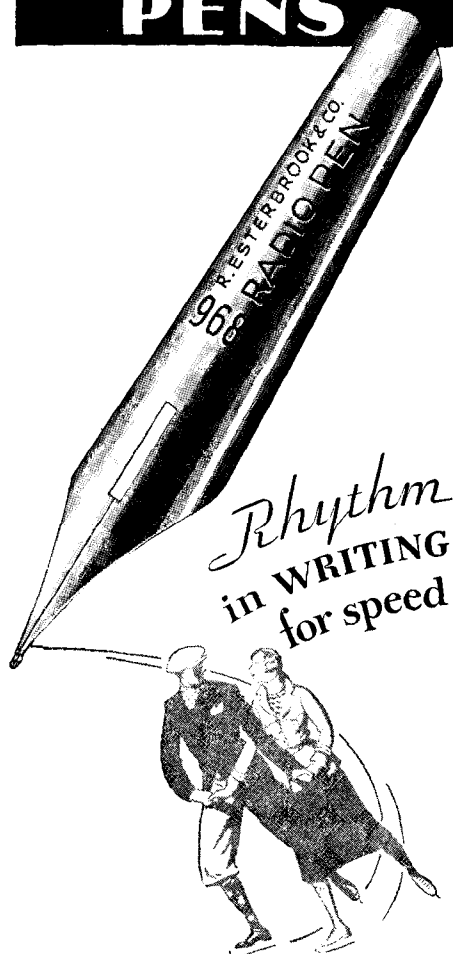
MONTH

DAY

YEAR

CW-16

Esterbrook PENS



968 has the Esterbrook speed of rhythm. 968 is an executive's pen, a banker's pen, a pen for the man of affairs. It's a big pen with an oval point and bright silver finish and it writes with smoothness and dispatch.

Fine materials, accurate gauging and processing bring perfection to every Esterbrook pen. As a result, Esterbrook pens produce cleaner written pages, neater columns of figures—save more actual money in the year's operation by the saving in penmanship.

Try 968 the first time with our compliments. Send for free samples.

ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY
42 Cooper St., Camden, N. J.
or Brown Bros., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

IT'S THE COST OF PENMANSHIP AND
NOT THE COST OF PENS, THAT COUNTS

PERSONAL STATIONERY
200 Note Sheets, 100 Envelopes, printed on Quality Bond, with name and address. Sent postpaid for \$1.00. Money refunded if not pleased. Send for a box.
NU-STYLE STATIONERY CO.
Room 111, Shuey Bldg., Springfield, Ohio

WANTED: LOCAL MANAGERS

Reliable men to look after our repeat business and also demonstrate new fast-selling popular-priced device. Opportunity for right man to earn \$350 to \$500 monthly. No investment in stock required. Opportunity to become associated with one of the largest and fastest growing concerns of its kind in America. Write for full particulars and records of what others are earning.

THE FYR-FYTER CO., 4-50 "F. F." Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

**MONEY FOR YOU
AT HOME**
You can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

(Continued from page 51)

ments in different parts of the world. He came at a time when new ideas and new courage were needed, and he supplied both. With confidence in his own engineering and geologic judgment, he won through to supreme success.

In some cases, his working material consisted of disorganized or abandoned properties; in other cases, going concerns wrecked by former owners and hence in disrepute. He had the daring to venture into unknown territory by applying new and untried metallurgical processes.

It is no exaggeration to state that any mining engineer would be proud to have accomplished in a lifetime what Hoover did in either Burma, Russia, Australia, China or California.

The charge that in 1900 Mr. Hoover, at the age of 25, "took" or in some way bamboozled Chang Yen Mao, the Chinese Imperial Commissioner of Mines, out of the Kaiping coal fields, has been revamped at regular intervals as political propaganda for the last decade.

A Background of Politics

The Chinese Engineering and Mining Company of Tientsin, which had been organized in 1878 by an enlightened Chinaman named Tong King-sin, owned the valuable Kaiping coal basin and also a strategic, ice-free port upon the Gulf of Pe-chih-li. The original concession had been secured for Tong through the efforts of Li Hung Chang. At a later stage Chang Yen Mao, originally a Chinese *mafoo* or groom in the Empress Dowager's entourage, maneuvered himself into the position of Imperial Commissioner of Mines and, through Chinese methods, replaced the Tong family in the direction of the company.

Mr. Charles Moreing of Bewick, Moreing & Company of London, a distinguished mining engineer, had come out to China to visit Chang, in 1898, and, after studying the situation, had agreed to interest new capital to the extent of taking up £1,000,000 of bonds to pay off obligations and to furnish capital for the expansion of mining operations, provided the property was placed under better management. This was agreed to; and Chang having asked Moreing to suggest an adviser, Moreing recommended Herbert Hoover, who was then in Australia.

Hoover accordingly left Australia for China in 1899, settled in Tientsin and began his work, which involved the organization of the Mining Bureau of Chihli Province and a complete study and reorganization of the mines.

Old China was in *extremis*. The Empress Dowager had seized the reins of government and had imprisoned the young Emperor Kwang-su in his own imperial palace. Throughout the land hatred of the "foreign devils" grew from day to day. Presently it broke into flame in the Boxer Rebellion, resulting in a widespread massacre of foreigners and of all Chinese suspected of being friendly to them. The German minister at Peking was assassinated and the legations driven into their compounds and held there under a rim of fire. Tientsin, in which Mr. and Mrs. Hoover were living, was in a state of siege, beleaguered by the same imperial army sent to relieve it.

These disturbances gave the Russians the excuse they were looking for, and they promptly seized and hoisted their flag over the Kaiping basin. Six steamers owned by the coal company which had been hypothecated to the German bank were in like fashion seized by the German admiral and placed under the German flag. Other assets were seized by other nationalities, including the Japanese.

Faced with the probability of the complete loss of the property, Chang sought to save the mines from confiscation by the foreign creditors and foreign governments. Gustav Detring, a commissioner in the Chinese Marine and Customs Service, was his most intimate foreign adviser. To him he entrusted the authority to get the property transferred to British registry because of the large British bond issue. Detring asked Hoover to act for Moreing in signing a provisional contract of transfer to a British company. On July 30, 1900, such a contract was drawn, at Detring's instruction, by a local British lawyer, providing for the sale of the properties to Bewick, Moreing & Co., under which it was agreed that Chang should retain his position as director-general for life, and that the Chinese should be represented on a local board of directors, although these conditions were not to be binding upon Bewick, Moreing & Co. until they had had time to study the provisions of the contract. This document Hoover immediately registered at the nearest British Consulate, thereby automatically placing the property under the protection of the British flag.

Then Detring asked Hoover to go to London and register it there as well. Detring, acting for Chang, assumed all responsibility for the initial steps on behalf of the Chinese, and Moreing for whatever occurred after Hoover had delivered the deed to him in London the following September.

With the subsequent complicated international financing of the property Hoover had nothing to do. Hoover went to London as requested, and was thereafter sent back to China as the chief engineer to the new company, where he arrived in January, 1901. The legal and financial arrangements in China were entrusted to a Belgian and an English lawyer sent to Tientsin for this purpose.

Now occurred the incident which became the basis of the subsequent litigation. The newly arrived lawyers insisted that it was still necessary for Chang to sign a formal deed for the properties on behalf of all Chinese parties. This he now refused to do on the ground that the deed presented for his signature did not recite the conditions as to management contained in the original contract. There was a three-day wrangle about it, during which the lawyers, with Chang and Hoover, who had been called in, lost their tempers.

Thumbs Down on Graft

All differences were finally settled, however, by the execution (in addition to the formal deed) of a separate document or "memorandum" in which the China board was again specifically guaranteed and Chang confirmed in his directorship. This was signed on February 19, 1901. It was approved by Li Hung Chang for the Chinese government. Hoover thereupon assumed management of the property in accordance with the agreement, but insisted upon honest methods, the disuse of official pay rolls, and the refusal of official "squeeze," thereby increasing the profits to the stockholders from \$100,000, which had been the maximum rate theretofore, to \$525,000 the first year, and \$625,000 the second year.

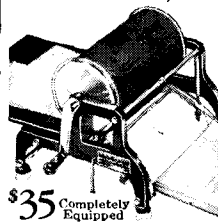
Chang was outraged at Hoover's unsympathetic ideas about Chinese business ethics. Their first row was over some title deeds belonging to the company. It appeared that, among other things, Chang had sold some of the company's properties at Hong Kong for 75,000 taels, and had kept the money for himself. Hoover would not stand for this, and when Chang objected to turning over the rest of the deeds so

THIS MODERN BUSINESS AID

Increases sales and profits, speeds up collections, reduces printing bills, gives closer contacts

WRITE FOR TRIAL OFFER

With this simple, economical duplicator sales and collection letters are turned out in a jiffy at a big saving in cost of printing. The Lettergraph is simple, easily operated. . . . prints letters, circulars, bulletins, ruled forms, etc., without type or cuts. Copies anything typed, written or drawn, from postcard to letter size, up to 1,500 neat copies an hour. Eliminates delays, insures privacy. Over 30,000 Lettergraphs in use by merchants, teachers, preachers, manufacturers, hospitals, hotels, restaurants, banks, clubs. Write today for samples of work and 10-day trial offer. Address



\$35 Completely Equipped
Cleartype Dry Stencils and Supplies for All Duplicators

Heyer Duplicator Co.,
909 W. Jackson Blvd.,
Chicago, Illinois.

HEYER ROTARY LETTERGRAPH

LEARN TO WRITE



SHORT STORIES

Jack London said: "As a veteran in the Short Story Game I feel justified in giving my judgment that your simple, direct, straight-from-the-shoulder method of presenting the course is excellently comprehensive and practical." He endorsed no other.

With our unlimited personal criticism and manuscript sales service, you too, can learn to write the stories of your dreams and experiences. Many earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 yearly. Over 25,000 publications buying stories today. Write for FREE BOOK, "The Art of Story Writing." We also have a special course in English for those who wish it! No obligation.

HOOSIER INSTITUTE, Short Story Dept. 232, Fort Wayne, Indiana

TYPEWRITER 1/2 Price

Save over 1/2-Rock Bottom Price on all standard office models—Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc.—Easiest terms ever offered. Also Portables at reduced prices. **SEND NO MONEY** All late models completely refinished like brand new. Fully Guaranteed. Sent on 10 days' trial. **Send No Money.** Big Free Catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Greatest bargains ever offered. Send at once!!



231 W. Monroe St.
International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 250, Chicago

EMPLOYMENT for 100 PEOPLE

FOR MEN AND WOMEN who want employment. Here is a good job with a steady income. You may work right in your own town and build up a profitable business as our special local subscription representative for COLLIERS, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. You need invest no outlay except a little spare time and you may earn dividends amounting to \$1.50 or more an hour. Here's the way to Prosperity! For full details, write now!



Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-73
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Yes—I want employment. What is your offer?

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

State.....

A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

RESEARCH in the Squibb Laboratories does not stop with the introduction of a new product. It goes on unceasingly, perfecting and improving.

Squibb Shaving Cream, with a five-year record of popularity among men who care about their appearance, is today a better product than ever. Its full, creamy lather contains a balm which smooths the razor's path—gives comfort while you shave. And a special ingredient in Squibb's supplies oils essential to the comfort of the skin, leaving your face refreshed, pliant, marvelously comfortable, when the shave is over.

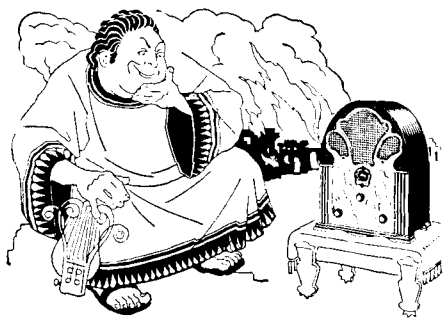
Squibb Shaving Cream is precisely the satisfactory product you would expect to bear the Squibb name. Ask your druggist for a free sample, or send 10 cents for a generous guest-size tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Squibb Building, New York City.



SQUIBB SHAVING CREAM

LAW STUDY AT HOME
Be independent. Earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW. LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 240-L, Chicago

Famous Anachronisms



He fiddled . . .

but not with a fiddle.

Nero was *THERE* with a

CROSLEY RADIO

Nero couldn't play the violin. He was no better than the rest of us. And what do we do when there's a big smoke going on somewhere? Why fiddle with the radio of course! And that's what Nero did. The announcer gave him the story and he checked the buildings off his map as they burned. Nero was *THERE* with a Crosley. You, too, can be *THERE* with a Crosley when great future events occur.

Tune in WLW, Cincinnati, (700 K.C., 428.3 Meters) every Saturday night at 8:00 E. S. T. The set shown is the Crosley LITFELLA, a genuine Superheterodyne for only \$36.36 (slightly higher in the West).

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Home of "the Nation's Station"—WLW
Powel Crosley, Jr., President Cincinnati

that he might be removed from further temptation, forcibly took possession of the safes containing them and put them in escrow in a foreign bank. All this was a great shock to Chang; moreover, both he and the new viceroy, Yuan Shih-kai, saw oodles of graft flying out of the window.

Meantime the Belgians had secured majority control of the company and now proceeded to send out to run the mines men who ignored the China board and disregarded Hoover's protests that this was in violation of the terms of the agreement.

Hoover finally threw up his position and returned to California. So far as he was concerned, his only violation of Chinese "rights" had been his refusal to permit Chang and his board to continue grafting.

Chang Resorts to Law

By this time the political atmosphere had cleared. Peace had been declared and the indemnities fixed. The Russians had withdrawn. The Chinese government could breathe once more. But no longer did the income from the Kaiping mines filter into the Imperial treasury and elsewhere. Chang was eventually called upon to give an account of his stewardship, compelled to make public for the first time the details of what he had done, and confess that in spite of the fact that he was "director-general" he no longer had power as of yore to distribute the revenue to the government officials. In Chinese parlance, he "lost face."

So Yuan Shih-kai, the new viceroy, stripped Chang of his honors and titles, and told him that he must get the contract annulled or lose his head. So it was decided to resort to the British courts. Chang was given a mandarin's button of the third class, and sent to London, where he took up quarters at Morley's hotel. From the day of his arrival, attired in full Eastern glory, he

and his retinue were the center of attention. England wanted to show her good will toward China in return for the "open door" and Chang was fêted and patted on his official back.

The case against The Chinese Engineering & Mining Company, Limited, came on before Mr. Justice Joyce in the High Court of Equity in January, 1905, with Chang sitting in an armchair beside the judge, an interpreter occupying the witness box, and a galaxy of legal talent the like of which has been rarely seen in an English court, on hand to try to unscramble the mess, including Rufus Isaacs, later Lord Chief Justice of England, who appeared for Moreing.

What was it that Chang asked? That the terms of the memorandum signed by him and Hoover on February 19, 1901, should be carried out or the whole deal called off. His claim had no reference to the method of financial reorganization; and no suit was ever brought in this connection. Much was said in fire and fury as to finance and profits but the sole issue was his right to manage the properties under a China board of which he was to be director-general for life. And who was the chief witness? Hoover—testifying throughout the trial, as he had always insisted, that the memorandum was binding, that it had been complied with as long as he was in control, and should be enforced. The court was therefore called upon to determine whether such an agreement was in fact *ultra vires* as contrary to British company law.

Political capital has been sought to be made of the fact that the judge at one stage of the proceedings commented upon Hoover's autocratic impounding of the deeds referred to, for the purpose of preventing Chang from disposing of any more company property for his own benefit. Judge Joyce was distinctly pro-Chinese and anti-Belgian. Hoover testified against the interests of both

(Continued on page 54)



"I'm just gonna keep the job
as long as the snow lasts"

Fred Neher

... HOW CAN YOU
... BUILD SALES?
DECREASE EXPENSE?
INCREASE EXECUTIVE
EFFECTIVENESS?
Ediphone
EDISON'S NEW VOICE-WRITER
USE
VOICE
WRITING
Thomas A. Edison, Inc.
GET THE DETAILS!
THE EDIPHONE • ORANGE, NEW JERSEY
business. How can
I'm in the
VOICE WRITING help me?
I'd like to see your new book, "Now—How
About MY Business?" C.1
NAME
ADDRESS
WORLD-WIDE SERVICE IN ALL
PRINCIPAL CITIES



Try this extra-moist lather for quicker, easier shaves

... keeps beard soft and limp from start to finish

MEN, here's a new, richer, heavier, extra-moist lather that will wilt your wiry whiskers in a jiffy. With it you'll follow through for the quickest, smoothest, snappiest shave ever.

Light, frothy lathers can't give you a good shave—they dry too quickly. But laboratory tests show that Lifebuoy lather will hold 52% more moisture than ordinary lather. It douses your beard—keeps it soft and limp—so your razor cuts it close and clean without slicing, pulling, topping or chopping.

Try it—for a par-breaking easy shave

For your next shave lather with Lifebuoy. Notice how the razor sails over your face—smoothly as a perfect drive sails down the fairway. See how clean—how satinsmooth—how cool and refreshed your face feels afterwards.

Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today. Or write for a free trial tube to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. E-2, Cambridge, Mass.



KINKADE GARDEN TRACTOR

and Power Lawnmower
A Practical, Proven Power Cultivator for Gardeners, Suburbanites, Truckers, Florists, Nurserymen, Fruit Growers.
Low Prices - Easy Terms
American Farm Machine Co.
1056 33rd Av. SE. Minneapolis, Minn.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
140 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

(Continued from page 53)

the Belgians and his own associates. His Honor quite properly held that not to enforce the terms of the memorandum would be contrary to the plainest principles of equity, as to which there cannot be the slightest doubt. This was what Mr. Hoover had always insisted to be the case. But the judge further took upon himself to say that Chang had not been "guilty of any breach of faith or of any impropriety at all," adding, rather gratuitously, it might seem, "which is more than I can say for some of the parties concerned." And there were many other parties. Upon this Mr. Hoover's political enemies have leaped with glee, although he was not mentioned in that statement. That by this remark the judge intended referring to Mr. Hoover is hardly inferable from the context, and it had no connection whatever with his long prior reference to the matter of the deeds.

Juggling the Truth

It is here that the misleading character of the excerpts printed on pages 63-64 of the Washington Merry-Go-Round is to be seen—for they are taken out of their context and placed side by side so as to make it appear that the judge was referring to Mr. Hoover as one of "the parties concerned," when the only reference made by him to Mr. Hoover by name was in connection with the impounding of the deeds many pages earlier in his decision.

The case was appealed to the Supreme Court of Judicature, and in the main affirmed, although all claims against Bewick, Moreing & Company were stricken out of the judgment. The Chinese could rescind the contract if they wanted to, but by now they no longer wanted to, for they were making too much money out of their shares.

Tong Shao-yi, formerly Premier of China, the head of the Tong family and nephew of the original founder, has fully testified to this as the principal stockholder. He says: "I have been informed that various persons in the United States and China have been making preposterous insinuations with respect to Mr. Herbert Hoover in relation to transactions with the Chinese Engineering & Mining Company in China more than a quarter of a century ago. I believe I am the only Chinese now living who was closely identified with the Chinese Engineering & Mining Company at that time. It was founded by my uncle, Mr. Tong King-sin, and our family has been among the largest shareholders. I make this explanation, not only from a sense of personal gratitude but in the interests of justice and accuracy. These false rumors which date back to events which transpired twenty-eight years ago seem to me wickedly inspired. Mr. Hoover's record in China was not only clean and honorable, but highly creditable, and in many ways remarkable."

Mr. Tong then goes on not only to substantiate the version of the circumstances hereinbefore set forth, but to narrate how Hoover saved the Kaiping mines for the Chinese at the time of the Boxer Rebellion, and gives a thrilling picture, as well, of how during the siege of Tientsin, when Tong's house was destroyed by a shell, killing his wife and daughter, the young engineer, at the risk of his life, rushed into the house and carried out a number of the injured and, in addition, saved the lives of thousands of Chinese refugees by carrying them food and water under great danger to himself.

The most dastardly falsehood in the Hamill book is the diabolic suggestion that in some vague way the President was implicated in the embezzlements of

one of his partners, Albert Stanley Rowe, in 1902.

Mr. Hoover was for a few years in the early 1900's the engineering member, with a fifteen-per-cent participation in the profits but not in the assets, of the individuals who comprised Bewick, Moreing & Company, an international mining firm of London. Among the other junior partners was a man who had been for many years in the employ of the firm. One of the conditions of the partnership was that none of its members should speculate in the stock market or otherwise.

On the 28th of December, 1902, during the absence of the two senior partners, Rowe absconded, leaving behind a lengthy written confession of his various misdoings, including the loss by speculation of huge sums, involving the forgery of stock certificates together with the names of members of the firm and many of their business associates.

Mr. Moreing was in China; Mr. Bewick hunting in East Africa. Mr. Hoover, then twenty-seven years old, and the sole remaining partner in London—a Mr. Welsted of about the same age—left alone to protect the interests of a great and well-established firm with a valuable good-will, hastily took counsel together as to what they should do.

Rowe's defalcations amounted to over \$300,000. They could not get in touch with the senior partners, but on their own responsibility decided to make a public announcement that the firm would voluntarily make good all losses. The senior members, on learning of their action, backed the youngsters by cable and, as a result of their courage and honorable attitude, the reputation of Bewick, Moreing & Company became second to none in the world.

Hoover sacrificed the savings of years and worked four years for nothing in order to pay his fifteen-per-cent share of this enormous and voluntary refunding of another's peculations. This part of the story is entirely omitted by the author of *The Strange Career*. Instead, in a chapter entitled *Welching*, Hamill tried to make it appear that Hoover and Rowe were engaged in playing the market together, had both lost vast sums of money and, as one of their joint efforts to recoup, bought stock from Storey, a speculator, leaving unpaid a debt of \$30,000, which Hoover refused to recognize.

The truth of the matter was that Rowe had bought the stock, falsely representing, in order to get credit from Storey, that he was acting with and on behalf of Hoover. There was reason to believe that Storey knew this to be not the case. Hoover naturally refused to allow any such unjust claim to be fastened on him, and the Court of Appeals, there being no evidence that Hoover was connected with Rowe in any way, gave judgment in his favor and awarded him all the costs of the trial and appeal.

An Unexpected Justice

It is here that Hamill makes the false innuendo that Rowe was sent to jail for failing to pay this particular debt to Storey, for which Hoover was equally liable.

"Just five days before Rowe arrived in England under arrest," he says, "Hoover found it advisable to sail for Australia at the other end of the world." "Rowe took the rap," he adds, "and Hoover went scot-free."

Every word and inference as set forth by Hamill in this connection is maliciously untrue. The facts are that Rowe, who had fled to Canada, had been arrested and brought back to London in September, 1903, nine months after the exposure of his crime. He was at once sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

The suit brought by Storey against Hoover was entirely disassociated with Rowe's forgeries and embezzlements, the losses incident to which Hoover and the other partners had volunteered to shoulder.

That Mr. Hoover might feel obliged to take some notice of these slanders would be understandable were it not for one of those curious happenings indicating that there is a power outside ourselves that makes for justice. However unworthy of credence these charges appeared upon their face, and however conclusively untrue if taken one by one, it is, to say the least, a coincidence that we should find the author of *The Strange Career* himself publicly characterizing as libelous and false the material from which his book is compiled. Retraction rarely follows swiftly enough upon accusation to remove the entire stain. But in the present instance the mills of the gods have ground exceeding small.

In granting a temporary injunction restraining the publication of *The Strange Career*, Judge Salvatore A. Cotillo, of the New York Supreme Court, in the action brought against Hamill by his employer, John J. O'Brien, recently said:

Scandal for Private Profit

"The publisher claims to be an innocent third party, and points to the serious injury which an injunction will visit upon him. His protestations of innocence, in view of his previous criminal record, hardly merit serious consideration. I have no sympathy with the purpose of a publication which is designed with no other aim than to discredit the work of a public official and to impair his present usefulness in these trying times in the important task in which he is engaged. In making this observation I am mindful of the paramount consideration of the sacred rights of the freedom of the press. On the other hand, the Constitution was never intended to protect publications devoted to scandal and defamation, without even the excuse of presenting legitimate criticism or grievance and without the possible extenuating circumstance of being issued in the heat of a public campaign. But to employ such material in publicly attacking a person's past life at a time when he is engaged in high public duties and when he is virtually powerless to defend himself, is unfair, unsportsmanlike, and not only serves no useful purpose but is detrimental to the public interest.

"It is well known that our libel laws are not adequate effectively to suppress evils resulting from a publication in a situation of this kind where the publisher is utterly irresponsible. From an examination of the papers I have arrived at the conclusion that the only purpose of the publication seems to be to provide profit to persons of unsavory reputation through satisfying morbid and idle curiosity. It is particularly reprehensible morally, if not legally, because the person 'exposed' is unable to strike back in self-defense."

Those are well-considered words. Even if these malign and reckless charges (of persons of unsavory reputation) do contain the evidence of their own inherent falsity; even if the author, himself, has, in a moment of unguarded fury against his accomplice, frankly admitted their false and libelous character and the lengths he was prepared to go to manufacture "material" defaming the President for the sake of mere money, it is a satisfaction to know that the Supreme Court of the State of New York has stigmatized the transaction in such unmitigated terms. It is surprising that up to this time no one else has done so.

The Money Maze

Continued from page 13

got money in his pockets, well, people he ain't never seed befo' goner come and make friendly tawk to him, so's dey kin git some er dat money."

"Aw," said Zeno. "Dat's what you said. I didn't know you was sayin' somethin' like dat—"

"Naw," Widow Duck told him, "you was too busy wearyin' 'bout all de money you got."

"Five dollars is kind er wearisome," Zeno admitted, "efn you ain't got nobody to spend hit on. Onless," he admitted brightly, "you saves hit. But den ev'ybody weary yo' soul tryin' to borry hit ofn you—"

"Five dollars! Humph!" Widow Duck snorted. "Son, five dollars ain't a circumstance to what you got. You's paid out, now, and you got fo' more bales—"

"Well," Zeno said, cautiously, "maybe three and a ha'f—"

"Fo', efn hit's a lock," insisted Widow Duck. "And two er dem'll be yo'n. And even wid cotton low like hit is, dat's thirty dollars a bale, clear money."

"De pickin' got to come outn dat," Zeno itemized. "Dat's six dollars a bale—"

"And you's pickin' a natchal fo' hund-d'ed ev'y day and gittin' fawty cents a hund'ed like ev'ybody else! Man, you's li'ble to have a solid hund'ed dollars befo' dis year is up! And dat ain't countin' dat five you's already got!"

"Efn hit rains," Zeno warned, "hit'll beat a heap er dat cotton out."

"You's de hardest man to please I ever did see," Widow Duck declared. "I reckon dat's how come you make such a big crop."

ZENO suddenly remembered that the woman he was talking to was the woman he had determined to marry. He grinned. "Maybe," he said, "'cause I'm so hard to please, maybe is how come I ain't never got married yit, too." His grin and the tone of his voice, while not an actual proposal, plainly were preliminaries to one.

Nor did Widow Duck misinterpret the meaning. "You's too dark, son," she giggled. "Dey tell me a dark man like you draws lightnin', and also a shower er rain."

"You look kind er like a rainy mid-night in June yo'ownsef," Zeno countered, "speakin' er how dark I am."

"You sho' is a dark boy, all right," the widow declared. "And you drawed a mule name Old Lightnin'!"

"Not cause I'm dark," Zeno stated. "But cause I'm de best man on de place and Lightnin' is de best mule. And me and dat mule done made us a cotton

crop like Whosoever-Will-May-Come."

He slid to his feet and stretched. "Well," he said, "I b'lieve I'll git out to de good road and see kin I snag me a ride into Shrevepo't. So long, Widow Duck."

"So long, Zeno," she responded.

Zeno's Saturday afternoon in the city was one of continuous self-denial. He wandered about, looking into shop windows and watching the people. But he bought nothing; and after a few hours he caught a cotton truck for home.

At home he prepared his own supper, merely by kindling a fire in the stove, setting over it the pot of already cooked beans, and making up a little corn bread with meal and hot water.

As he set the corn pone in the oven, he cast about the kitchen, and his eye fell upon the syrup can. Usually he ate syrup on Sunday only, but he was feeling a trifle hungry and a trifle reckless. "B'lieve I'll eat a little syr'p," he decided.

AFTER supper he called on Widow Duck.

"I bet you went to town and spent all er dem five dollars," the widow greeted him. "Lemme see what you brung back."

Zeno shook his head. "Things was too high," he said. "I ain't spent a copper cent, yit. But I might, later on. But cotton is so cheap and things is so high—"

"And you didn't spend no money a-tall?" Widow Duck pressed.

"Nawp," said Zeno, "but I seed some mighty purty things which I might buy, later on." He paused in embarrassment. "Stockin's," he blurted out. "About de size to fit you."

Widow Duck giggled. "Aw, go on, you scound'el!" she said. "You jest tryin' to vex me!"

"Nawp," Zeno said. "I'm gon' git you some stockin's, gal."

"You de beatinest man, ever!" Widow Duck exclaimed. "Tell me about dem stockin's. And about all de yuther stuff, too."

Zeno told her in prosaic detail. He gave a completely unromantic account of everything he had done that afternoon. And long before he had finished, Widow Duck was nodding.

"Well," he concluded, when he had finished, "I reckon I better be gittin' on back to de shanty. So long, Widow Duck."

"So long, Zeno," mumbled Widow Duck.

The next week was banner week on Red Chute. Times were awfully hard

(Continued on page 56)

Too Much Food... Tobacco Last Night



Yet... This Morning No "Acid Headache"
... No Upset Stomach

THE Law of Good Health says: "Don't overindulge—Don't smoke too much, eat too much, drink unwisely."

Science says: "If you do, the QUICKEST, SIMPLEST and EASIEST way to avoid FEELING its results is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia taken this way:

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water before bed.

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water with the juice of a WHOLE ORANGE when you get up."

Or take six Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets the same way which give an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia.

That's all. Tomorrow you'll feel great. Millions are learning this. Millions are doing it.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is judged the most powerful NEUTRALIZER of the ACIDS that follow overindulgence known. It goes into your acid-soaked stomach, alkalizes its contents, sweetens them—takes the sting out, banishes the headaches and sour stomach that usually follow.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes the acids that cause "Acid Headaches" and Sour Stomach within 15 minutes after taking!

Get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in the familiar liquid form or the new, marvelously convenient tablets. All "Milk of Magnesia" is not alike in effect. So insist on Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia... the kind doctors endorse.

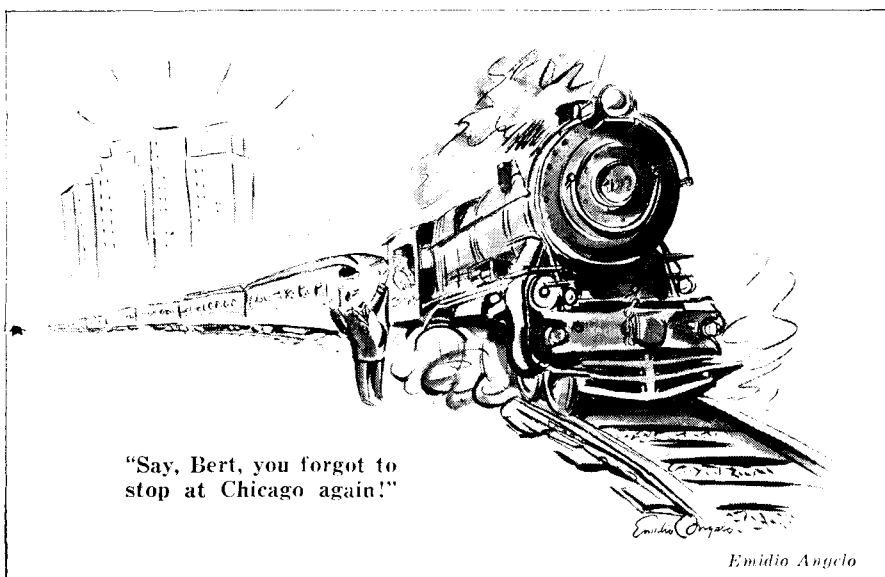
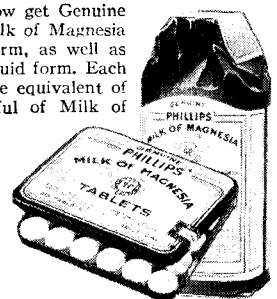
THE LAW

of Good Living says: "Don't overindulge, eat too much, smoke too much, drink unwisely."

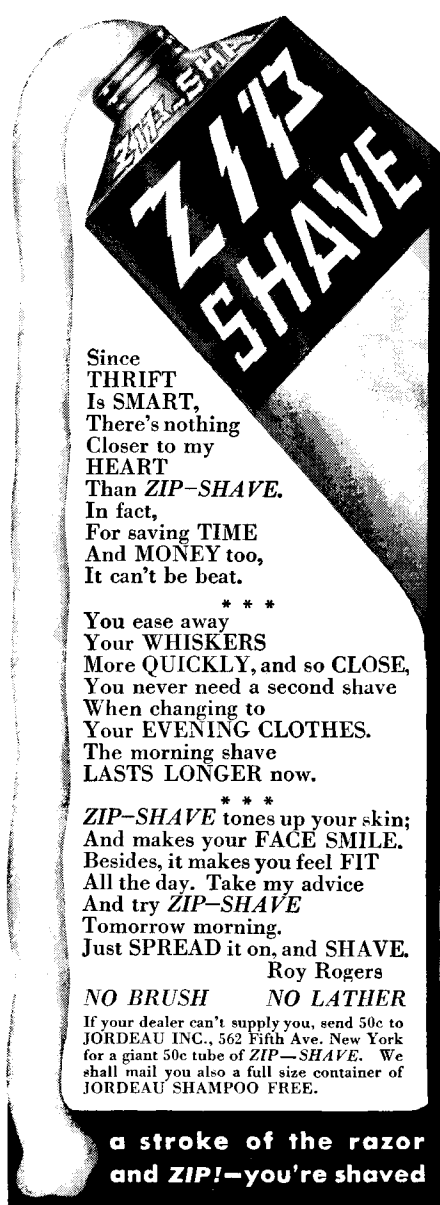
Science says: "If you do, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is probably the quickest and most effective way to avoid feeling its after-effects."

TWO FORMS NOW AT STORES

You can now get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in tablet form, as well as ordinary liquid form. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Milk of Magnesia. Carry the tablets with you wherever you go. They taste like mint candy.



Emidio Angelo



Since THRIFT is SMART, There's nothing Closer to my HEART Than ZIP-SHAVE. In fact, For saving TIME And MONEY too, It can't be beat.

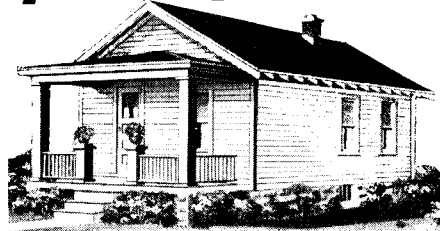
You ease away Your WHISKERS More QUICKLY, and so CLOSE, You never need a second shave When changing to Your EVENING CLOTHES. The morning shave LASTS LONGER now.

ZIP-SHAVE tones up your skin; And makes your FACE SMILE. Besides, it makes you feel FIT All the day. Take my advice And try ZIP-SHAVE Tomorrow morning. Just SPREAD it on, and SHAVE. Roy Rogers NO BRUSH NO LATHER

If your dealer can't supply you, send 50c to JORDEAU INC., 562 Fifth Ave. New York for a giant 50c tube of ZIP-SHAVE. We shall mail you also a full size container of JORDEAU SHAMPOO FREE.

a stroke of the razor and ZIP!—you're shaved

World's Lowest Priced Quality Home



\$483⁵ Rooms

Buy direct from Mill at wholesale. Price includes all lumber ready-cut, millwork, windows, doors, interior woodwork, hardware, roofing, glass, nails, paints, varnish and stains. All material shipped in a sealed box car. We pay freight. Safe arrival guaranteed. Aladdin's famous Ready-Cut System saves 18% lumber waste and 30% labor cost. Complete instructions and drawings enable you to build an Aladdin yourself if you are handy with tools.

Summer Cottages \$179 and up

FREE Catalog

Shows many designs in Homes, Summer Cottages, Garages, Filling Stations, Tourist Cottages and Roadside Stores. Overflowing with interest. A revelation to prospective home builders. Send the Coupon today. No obligation.

The ALADDIN CO. Mail this Coupon

(Address nearest office) Bay City, Mich., or Portland, Ore. Send free, without obligation, new Catalog of Homes, Summer Cottages, Garages, etc., No. 345.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

(Continued from page 55)

in the city and hundreds upon hundreds of Negroes, eager to make what little they could, swarmed to the cotton fields. Red Chute's broad, white fields were thick with pickers, and bale after bale rolled to the gin.

By the time the pickers got to Zeno's crop for the final picking, the price of cotton had advanced a trifle, and everybody was happier. Zeno's field yielded another four bales, but everybody was so taken up with work and the advancing price of cotton that no one had time to remark about the prodigious crop the little man had made.

CROP after crop was gathered, and the cotton rolled off in bale lots to the gin. And cropper after cropper, counting the wagons that left his own field, figured he would more than "pay out" in spite of the low prices. Before the end of the week it became apparent that the crop would be finished by Saturday noon. And before Saturday noon, the word went around that Hots and Dicey would arrange an "apron party" for the entertainment of the plantation Negroes Saturday night.

Apron parties were Red Chute's most enjoyable social functions. The host and hostess provided food, wine and small squares of calico of various colors. The guests each paid twenty-five cents. The women guests were given the little squares of calico, and the men guests were given a narrow strip for a "necktie." The idea was that the man had for his partner that evening the woman whose "apron" matched his "necktie."

"Widow Duck," Zeno told her, "I got me a idea which is purty smart for me." "Which is?" questioned Widow Duck. "I makes Dicey gimme a solid red necktie, and you makes her give you a solid red apron. And den I and you'll be podners at de party."

"You sho' is smart to figger dat out," Widow Duck said pleasantly. "You got a haid like a mule, son. You ain't no fool."

They walked together down the long, dusty turnrow to Hots' and Dicey's cabin. Zeno's hand was in his pocket where all his money was. Not merely the five dollars he had drawn the week before, but much more money for two additional bales of cotton, which had gone up to thirty-five dollars a bale—less the six dollars for picking—and a lot of other money he had made that week by picking four hundred pounds a day at forty cents a hundred. His pocket was fairly bulging with money.

"Well," he said by way of making talk, "hit didn't rain, and I got all er my cotton out—"

The widow said nothing. She had no crop to sell. And the money she made picking, at forty cents a hundred, had practically all gone to pay off her meager commissary bill. She knew there would be no more cotton to pick, that year, even at forty cents a hundred, and there was a long winter through which she must feed herself and her two children. She fingered a lonely half dollar in her apron pocket.

"Zeno," she said, suddenly, "we's kind er engaged to git married up, ain't we?" "Sho," said Zeno. "Efn you wants to. Why?"

"Well," explained Widow Duck, "you kin buy me a apron tonight, efn us is engaged. Yutherwise, hit wouldn't be nice to let you spend no money on me."

"Hunh?" grunted Zeno. "How come I buys you a apron?"

"You might jest as well start now," Widow Duck said. "When us gits married us pools our money, and you do de spendin'."

"Is dat de way hit go?" Zeno asked. "Sho' hit is," she told him. "'Cause, yutherwise some yuther man'd buy me a apron, and you don't want no yuther

man spendin' money on yo' woman. Hit ain't nice."

It was a trifle complicated for Zeno, but if that was the way it was, he was satisfied. "All right, den," he agreed.

Joy and happiness reigned at the party. Everybody was there and everybody was gay. The wine jug had been passed once before Zeno and Widow Duck arrived, and it was on its second round when they walked in.

Zeno bought apron and tie, and he and his woman sat against the wall on a long bench.

"Hydy, Hots," Zeno called, as the host brought up the jug and dipper, "and hydy, all."

"Well, old Zeno!" exclaimed the host. "Out cou'tin' 'at Widow Duck! Git some er dis berry juice inside you and see kin you make some sweet love, son!"

Zeno swallowed the wine. It was sour and it pulled at his throat. He made a wry face. "Whyn't you put a little sugar in dat wine, Hots?"

Hots laughed and poured a dipperful for the widow. "Widow Duck so sweet," he told Zeno, "she make ev'thing else taste sour. How 'bout hit, Widow Duck?"

"You ain't jest sayin' hit," she responded.

Presently the music started and there was dancing. The orchestra was comprised of one harmonica and one guitar, but they made good music. Zeno and Widow Duck watched the first dance from the bench. Zeno didn't dance, and he watched with little interest. Widow Duck loved to dance, and she patted her feet and clapped her hands in time with the music.

When the first dance ended, Brother made a bid for "dancer's choice," and asked for the piece called Lost John.

"I ain't hyared nobody play dat old John song since away last winter," he said, "and I'm lonesome to find him."

The musicians got started on the old river-bottom classic. Poor John got lost down in Bodkaw bottoms one stormy night while the bloodhounds roared over his winding trail through the canebrakes. The guitar player "talked out" the piece as he played the accompaniment to the air, and the harmonica supplied the melody, in addition to the moaning of the wind in the swamps and the yowling of the bloodhounds in the brakes.

Brother walked over and took Widow Duck by the hand. "Widow Duck," he invited, "le's I and you git out hyar and see kin us find old Lost John."

Widow Duck got to her feet, giggling. "You's too dark," she said. "Dey tell me a dark man like you draws lightnin' and also a shower er rain."

Brother circled her waist with his arm and they stepped into the dance. Then, with his free hand he brushed her cheek, intimately. "Dat soot on yo' face don't rub off, neither," he laughed, "speakin' er dark fo'ks."

They danced and laughed together for a minute or so.

"Feel dat bulge in my jumper pocket?" Brother asked, presently. "Well, baby, dat's de stripedest pair er stockin's in Shreveport," he told her. "I paid two bits for 'em dis evenin'."

Widow Duck giggled shyly.

THE dance finally ended and Widow Duck sat back down by Zeno, but Brother crowded unceremoniously between them. The wine was being passed once more and talk was general and pleasant.

Zeno tried to join in the talk, but before he could think of anything appropriate to say, the conversation ran away from him. Finally, with considerable determination, he said in a loud voice: "Well, I made a solid thirteen bales on dat Cuckleburr patch."

"Who keers?" demanded Brother. "Cotton is picked and ginned. Nobody

keer how much cotton nobody made. Ain't you havin' fun?"

"Naw," Zeno said, positively. "You tuck my gal and left me settin'. I ain't havin' no fun."

Brother reached into his pocket and drew out a handful of change. "Hyar," he said, "take yo' two bits back, and go home."

Zeno hesitated a minute, took the money and hesitated again before pocketing it. "I paid two bits for Widow Duck's apron, and you tuck her," he said, defiantly.

Brother took a handful of bills from another pocket. "Hyar, take another two bits," he said. "Take a dollar. Take two dollars. Who keer about money, now?"

"Don't waste yo' money on dat nigger," cautioned Widow Duck. "Give him his fo' bits back, Sweetnin', and let him travel."

Zeno took fifty cents from Brother and eased away from the party. He trudged home in silence, and when he got there he sat down by the hearth and thought and thought.

"I had a supper comin' to me over at Hots," he recalled. "But," he concluded, after a while, "maybe after I got all de money back I spent, maybe I didn't."

That decision reached, he kindled the fire in his cookstove, heated the beans, made some corn pone and ate. He ate no syrup.

After supper, he sat back down on the floor, by the hearth, still thinking. Presently he reached his decision and, without any lost motion, removed a loose brick from the hearth. He rammed a hand unerringly into the cavity, and presently out came an old, dusty baking-powder can. The can was nearly full of money—money that he had crammed into it, uncounted, year after year, when the cotton crop sold.

He did not count the money in the can, nor did he count the money in his pocket. He emptied his pockets to the final penny, however, and crammed it, coin, paper and all, into the can. Then he replaced the can, and put the brick back. That accomplished, he undressed and crawled into bed.

THE following Monday he was at the commissary bright and early. The Bossman was busy with the books.

"You gonter make a crop, next year, Bossman?" Zeno asked.

"Sure," said the Bossman.

Zeno fidgeted a minute. "Kin I plow Old Lightnin' next year?"

"If you want to."

"In de Cuckleburr patch?"

"In the Cuckleburr patch."

Zeno fidgeted again, and looked about the commissary. Obviously he wanted something but was not certain as to how to ask for it.

"What do you want now?" the Bossman asked.

"I needs a little meat," he said. "And some meal, too. And maybe a little syrup—"

"Cut your meat and throw it on the scales," the Bossman directed.

"On next year's crop?" asked Zeno.

"What?" asked the Bossman. "Broke already?"

"Cotton is so cheap—" began Zeno.

"I know," said the Bossman, "and living is so high. And you've blowed in your whole year's earnings. You niggers ought to save your money. But there's no use to talk. Go ahead on next year's crop. But go easy. We may have to give cotton away next fall."

Zeno sliced off a hunk of meat and pitched it into the scales. "Yassuh," he agreed, "and maybe cotton might git a little higher next fall, too."

"I hope so," agreed the Bossman, and he took down a brand-new gray-back book and wrote the name of Zeno Gates at the top of the very first page.

A Flop in Des Moines

Continued from page 26

"This thing about using my right name," said Sybil.

"Well, darling, it's right in the contract. We don't like your name and you give us the right to pick a new stage name—and we pick one . . . Sybil Meredith. What's wrong with that, darling?"

"Just about everything," said Sybil, and walked away.

She went directly to the telegraph office and sent the following to one Norman Wakefield in New York City:

TELL ORNITZ I WANT THAT INGENUE PART STOP MEET ME GRAND CENTRAL TWO-FIFTY-EIGHT STOP MAKE RESERVATIONS DES MOINES STOP AM COMING WITH YOU SYLVIA

WHEN Jake met her at the two-fifty-eight, her words were:

"You're sure it's Des Moines and not Sioux City?"

"Why, certainly."

"Are they anywhere near together?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. Why?"

"Well, it just happens that I have a feeling about Sioux City. . . . Did Ornitz say it was all right?"

"You're signed up. . . . I gave him a great talk. He thinks he's getting Katherine Cornell!"

"What time do we leave?"

"Eleven-forty-two."

"Well, we can go to a movie and a show tonight. . . . That'll fill in."

"Aren't you going up to see your aunt?"

"I wired her from New Haven. I'll call her up before I go. It'll just get her excited to see me. She doesn't want me to go to Des Moines. I'm sure she doesn't."

"How'd you get away up there? What'd Edwards think?"

"He didn't much care. They have a real society girl for the part—somebody named Meredith . . . She does the slouch the way it should be done."

"I'm sorry about Edwards but you'll have a great season in Des Moines. . . . A new part every week, learning all the time. We need that experience."

"It'll be just like an education for me," said Sybil.

Mrs. Meredith got a special-delivery letter, air mail, from Des Moines, Iowa, on Wednesday morning:

"Dearest Mother:

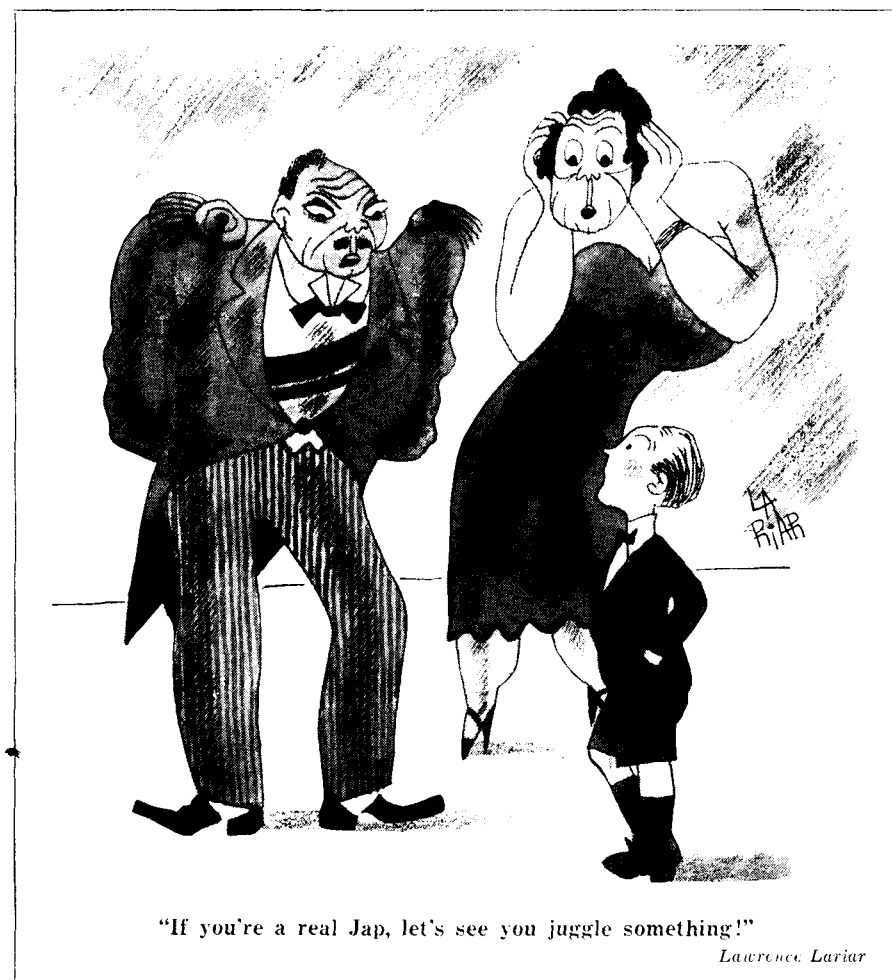
"Don't be shocked when you get this. I gave up the Edwards show and came out to Des Moines for stock experience. I'm now going to give up the stock experience. They fired me this morning. Papers yesterday said I was the worst actress seen in Iowa in eighteen years."

"Did I ever tell you about a young man named Jake Fisher? Well, the papers say he is the greatest actor seen in Iowa since it was taken from the Indians. I hope you won't mind but I am going to marry Jake Fisher. I know, I've thought about Paul for days. It's a dirty trick to him but I didn't love him and I couldn't do him any good. He has all the money he can ever use and lots of girls will be glad to be good to him. If he needed me it would be different."

"This Fisher boy needs somebody. He is infantile and helpless. But he is a great actor and he needs me. His family didn't come over on the Mayflower but his ancestors were carpenters and I'm pretty sure that one of them built the Mayflower. Now be a nice girl and send us your blessing and have Gentry transfer ten thousand to the First National of Des Moines in my name. Immediately. You'll like Jake. SYBIL"

MRS. MEREDITH sat and looked at the letter for long minutes. Then she sighed and turned to her cereal.

"It doesn't surprise me as much as it might," she mused. "There was always something on the Meredith side—"



Lawrence Lariar

National Salesmen's Training Assn.,
Dept. B-344, N. S. T. A. Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "The Key To Master Salesmanship."

Name
Address
City
State
Occupation
Age



They Laughed When I Mailed This Coupon

..But It Brought Me The Book That Showed Me How to Make \$10,000 a Year!

AS I walked up to the mail box, Joe nudged Ed and winked broadly for my benefit.

"Sh!" he hissed in a loud stage-whisper. "This is going to be the big turning point in Frank Parker's life! He's writing for a book that tells how to get into salesmanship. Pretty soon he'll be earning so much that he'll make the rest of us look like pikers!"

Ed snickered.

"Won't it be grand!" he grinned. "Now he can quit punching time-clocks and eating 40-cent lunches." He raised his voice. "Drop me a postal sometime when you get out into big business and start making \$10,000 a year, will you, Frank?"

They both laughed uproariously. And probably it did seem like a joke to them that a \$30 a week clerk would have the nerve to think he could ever get anywhere or make real money without some special "gift" or "pull."

But they laughed too soon. Just yesterday I sat down and wrote to Ed who is still at the shop, dragging along at the same old job.

"Dear Ed."—I wrote. "You asked me to send you a card when I got into big business and started making \$10,000 a year. Well, here's your card. Yesterday I was promoted to the job of assistant Sales Manager of the Western Metal Works, at a salary that goes with it. I'll loan you my copy of that book on salesmanship you used to think was such a joke."

Only a book! Just seven ounces of paper and printers' ink—but it contains one of the most vivid and inspiring messages that any ambitious man can read. It reveals the real truth about the art of selling, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master

scientific salesmanship without spending a moment on the road—without losing a day or a dollar from his present position.

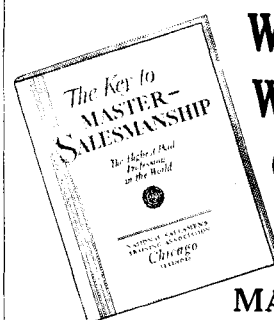
A FEW WEEKS—THEN BIGGER PAY

Reason it out for yourself. Salesmanship offers bigger returns and delivers them quicker than any other line of work under the sun. But many people have subscribed to the foolish notion that a man has to be "born" with some sort of "gift" for salesmanship. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Just like any other profession, salesmanship is governed by certain fundamental rules and laws—laws which you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. Right now an unusual demand for salesmen is being reported. City and traveling sales positions are open in nearly every line all over the country. Last year requests for trained men were received from many firms in all quarters. This employment service is free to both employers and employees, and thousands have secured excellent positions this way.

FREE TO EVERY MAN

See for yourself why "The Key To Master Salesmanship" has been the deciding factor in the careers of so many men who are now making \$10,000 a year. See how Mark Barichievich of San Francisco, Calif., for example, jumped from \$8 a week as dishwasher to \$150 as salesman. Find out how F. B. Englehardt of Chattanooga doubled his pay and commenced earning \$7,000. Learn for yourself the REAL truth about the art of selling! If we were asking \$2 or \$3 a copy you might hesitate. But the book is now FREE. You do not risk one penny nor incur the slightest obligation. And since it may alter your entire future, it certainly is worth your time to fill out and clip the coupon at the top of this page. Why not do it now!

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. B-344, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



Where Shall We Send Your Copy . . . FREE?

MAIL COUPON ABOVE TO-DAY!

With this "Better Sales" Insurance

With "The Key To Master Salesmanship" we are now sending another sensational little volume which many veteran salesmen say has been a vital help to them. It is called "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling." It too is yours—FREE.





THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor



CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Fair Play for the President

WHOEVER is President of the United States at a time of disturbance or controversy is the inevitable victim of malicious gossip and of vituperation.

Throughout the history of this nation every President whose administration coincided with a period of violent feeling has been vilified by scandal-mongers. Not one, great or mediocre, from George Washington onward, has escaped. Washington's last years as Chief Executive were embittered by senseless and brutal attacks. He was described, as he himself said, "in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket."

A grandson of Benjamin Franklin said of our first President when he retired to Mount Vernon: "If ever there was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment—every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington from this day ceases to give a currency to political iniquity and to legalize corruption."

Jefferson was no more fortunate. He was denounced by the Puritan clergy as an anarchist and an atheist. Andrew Jackson, to quote Claude Bowers' summary, was denounced "as a usurper, an adulterer, a gambler, a cockfighter, a brawler, a drunkard and a murderer." Even Jackson's wife was attacked as a person of immoral character, a thoroughly baseless accusation.

Worst of all was Abraham Lincoln vilified without cause or justice. As late as 1864 the Rev. Henry Clay Dean, an Iowa preacher, said in a Chicago speech: "I blush that such a felon should occupy the highest gift of the people. Perjury and larceny are written all over him." And when finally he was murdered, preachers all over the land echoed the sentiment of the Rev. Martin R. Vincent of Troy, N. Y., who said: "I accept God's action as an indication that Lincoln's work as an instrument of Providence ended here, and that the work of retribution belonged to other and doubtless fitter instruments. I will not positively assert that his policy toward traitors was so much too lenient that God replaced him by a man, who, we have good reason to think,



will not err in this direction. Yet I say this may be and it looks like it."

The greatest of our Presidents could not escape the malice of unfounded libel, and those who came after them have been the objects of the same bitter injustice. Hardly one has escaped. Grover Cleveland was described as a gross sensualist. Theodore Roosevelt had to defend himself against the wantonly malicious charge of drunkenness. Woodrow Wilson's private life was defamed by liars and Warren G. Harding was accused of having Negro blood.

With such an historical record any man who occupied the White House during the recent disturbed years might well have expected to be the target of libelous hatred. Mr. Hoover has not escaped. During the last six months a veritable library of base and malicious abuse has appeared.

In an article published in this issue of Collier's, Arthur Train, famous both as a lawyer and as a writer, summarizes the attacks made upon Mr. Hoover's character and shows conclusively how false and unfounded in fact they are.

Collier's is not a political partisan. We support no candidates and no parties. With some of President Hoover's policies we agree and with others we disagree and when

occasions arise we state our opinions.

We believe, however, that whether we agree or disagree with particular policies, the President of the United States is entitled to the respect of decent men and women and the occupant of that high office is entitled to common human justice. The very fact that a man is President denies him, in custom if not in law, the recourse of ordinary citizens.

If a private person is held up to public contempt and disgrace, if offenses and crimes are falsely imputed to him, he can sue his defamer and collect heavy damages. The libeler may even be sent to prison. The President, however, is restrained by the dignity of his office from defending himself by the ordinary processes of the law.

The greater the reason, therefore, that honorable men and women deal fairly with the man who happens to be President. It is possible to differ from Mr. Hoover on public

matters without accusing him of private crimes. No man in his right mind believes that Herbert Hoover was responsible for the execution of Edith Cavell and yet he is subtly charged with that crime in a widely circulated book.

His political opponents happily have no part in this shameful performance. The Democratic opposition has not stooped even to personalities. Libel and lying gossip have emanated from other sources.

Human nature being the varied thing it is, we can expect the unscrupulous to manufacture and to sell poison whenever it is safe and profitable. Because conditions have been difficult, scandalmongering has recently promised profit.

This sort of thing is beneath contempt. Collier's, as an independent, aloof from all parties and all candidates, protests against it. As self-respecting Americans we should scorn to give consideration to malicious gossip concerning any President. It is insulting to us, to our intelligence and to our every standard of decency and fair play.

Disagree and differ of course we must and will in the large issues before us, but we do not have to blind our judgment and confuse our decision by giving ear to the venders of malice and hatred.

Pure as sunlight



The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

The drink that makes *a pause refreshing*

Could you ask more in flavor than a tingling, delicious taste? Could you wish better than a cool, wholesome after-sense of refreshment? Could a drink be more perfect than to make you forget you were thirsty? And to have it ready, ice-cold,

around the corner from anywhere for 5¢. That is Coca-Cola! , , , Thus it fits into modern, busy life. It fits into anybody's busiest day. It cheers up rest minutes—making them *the pause that refreshes*. Uninterrupted, either work or play tire you out.

LISTEN IN
Grantland Rice Famous
Sports Champions
Coca-Cola Orchestra.
Every Wed. 10:00 p. m.
Eastern Standard Time
Coast-to-Coast
NBC Network

OVER NINE MILLION A DAY , , , IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

“are you listenin’?”

ARE YOU LISTENIN’—to the pleasant things men and women everywhere are saying about the mild, cool, *freshness* of Camels?

Are you listenin’—to the mentions being made of the essential part *natural* moisture plays in enriching that freshness with *flavor*?

Are you listenin’—to the promptings of your own good taste and intelligence to *try* Camels—if you’re one of those who haven’t done that?

Are you listenin’—to the friendly, restful,

entertaining Camel Quarter Hour on the Columbia Network evenings, when Morton Downey and Tony Wons sing and speak to you, and Jacques Renard and his orchestra play you mellow music?

Well! that’s just fine!—you needn’t worry about your cigarettes or your throat or your enjoyment or anything. You’re fixed up already—beautifully!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

“Are you Listenin’?”

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY’S COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, “Old Hunch,” and Prince Albert Orchestra, every night except Sunday, National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time

JACQUES RENARD

TONY WONS

MORTON DOWNEY



Smoke a
FRESH
cigarette

Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time



© 1932

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

CAMELS

Made FRESH — Kept FRESH